THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FEBRUARY 28, 1925

5c. THE COPY

Joseph Hergesheimer—Wythe Williams—Maximilian Foster—Samuel G. Blythe
Charles D. Mitchell—Thomas McMorrow—Freeman Tilden—Ben Ames Williams

for ASPARAGUS *at its best*

This message is written for the millions of people who are satisfied with *nothing* but highest quality in the foods they serve.

It is a story about DEL MONTE Asparagus.

Asparagus is one of the most difficult of all foods to handle. There is nothing more fragile or perishable. To be right, it must be grown and packed in just the right way.

Naturally, our 60 years' experience in the canning industry has made us particularly exacting in the packing of this vegetable.

Every bit of DEL MONTE Asparagus is thoroughbred stock—raised in the rich alluvial delta lands of California. It is cut just as it peeps above the ground. It is taken immediately to our canneries—located right among the fields where it grows. There it is sealed within the can and cooked—*at once*—before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

That explains why DEL MONTE Asparagus is so fresh and delicious in the can—why you like it better, even, than the best asparagus sold in the open market.

And that explains, too, why DEL MONTE Asparagus is the choice of particular buyers—the world over.

Why not serve it more often? It fits into any menu—no matter how simple. As a vegetable it has few equals—as a salad it is unsurpassed. And yet you can serve it—whenever you want it—without a bit of fuss or bother.

But be insistent—and get the quality you want.

Remember This When Ordering

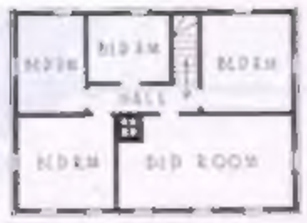
DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed and graded according to thickness or circumference of the spears or stalks—and each size is shown on the label—Giant, Colossal or Mammoth where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small where a greater number of portions are necessary.

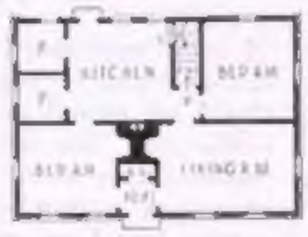
Three different sizes of cans, too—pictured actual size on this page. Long spears in the large can—tender tips in the smaller cans!

But no matter what the size of spear or can—you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor—the same superior quality—that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

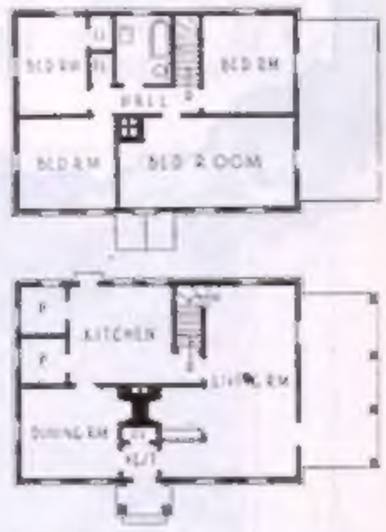
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, SAN FRANCISCO

—be sure you say DEL MONTE





Old House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below



Remodeled House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below

"There—on page six—was the idea for remodeling our old house!"

"We turned the pages of 'Better Homes from Old Houses' as far as page 6. And right there we found it! A sketch which showed us in two minutes just how we could make our plain old house attractive."

Thousands of home-owners have had that very experience with "Better Homes from Old Houses." This comprehensive manual shows how to make the common types of out-of-date American houses more attractive, more comfortable and worth more money. Interesting and workable—every step is fully covered in practical plans, sketches and descriptions. And only ten cents in stamps to bring this valuable little book to your door.

New! These Super-Size Reroofing Shingles

Barrett Giants are extra thick and extra large (12" x 14"). Economical to lay—can be laid right over the old roof. And beautiful! Surfaced with everlasting slate in fadeless moss-green, soft red or shadowy blue-black. Finally, they're fire-safe—never need painting or staining—never rot or rust.

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Don't Miss This Interesting Book

"Better Homes from Old Houses" makes home remodeling simple and economical. Every step is carefully explained in plans, sketches and text. It shows you all the short-cuts to a modern comfortable home. Your hardware, lumber or building supply merchant has this book. Or—

You can get a copy promptly by writing The Barrett Company enclosing ten cents in stamps.

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Barrett ROOFINGS

OHIO
"I am so impressed by the many good qualities of P and G The White Naphtha Soap, that I am moved to send this note of commendation. The use of this soap not only makes clothes whiter but at the same time lends such a clean odor and makes cleaning so easy, that I am sure there is no soap quite so good for the general household. P and G means 'perfectly great' to me."
Mrs. W. J. S.,
Dayton, Ohio

OHIO *and* ARIZONA

2,000 *miles apart, but neighbors in their choice of this* white *laundry soap*

IF you should travel from Cleveland, say, across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to Tucson, you would scarcely expect to find the women in Arizona enthusiastically using exactly the same laundry soap as those in Ohio used.

Nevertheless, as you looked out upon the lines of glistening white clothes, you could be sure that the majority of them had been washed with P and G The White Naphtha Soap, because P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in Ohio and Arizona, just as it is in most of the other states covered by your trip, and in the country at large.

What a recommendation for a soap! And how much it really means to you!

For it is clear that such wide favor must be based upon good reasons.

And it is. Here are the outstanding ones, as given to us by women themselves —women who have used all kinds of soaps and have decided for P and G.

P and G is *white*, and women who are careful and discriminating seem instinctively to prefer a white soap.

P and G keeps *clothes* white and colors fresh, because it washes clean.

P and G washes clean with less labor because it gives a fine, rich suds—in any kind of water, and in water of any temperature.

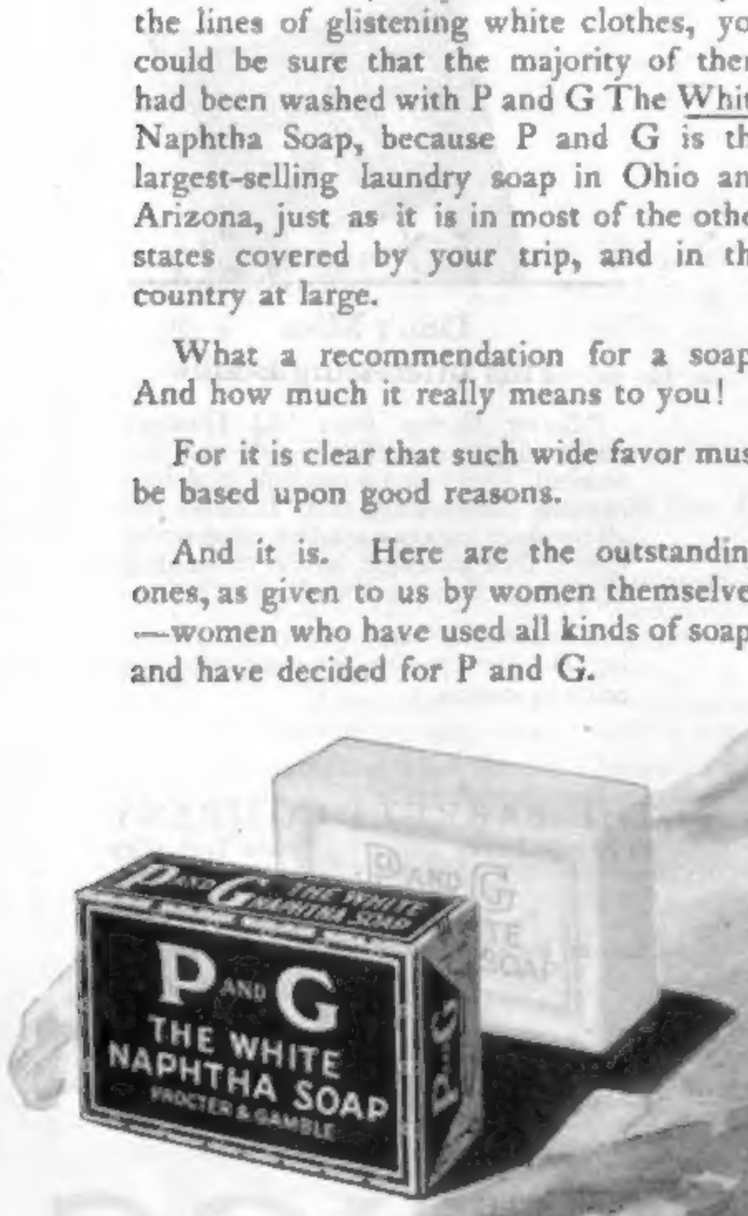
P and G requires much less hard rubbing, much less frequent boiling. Yet it is *safe*—it acts on dirt, not on fabrics or colors.

Finally, P and G rinses out thoroughly, thus preventing all grayness and soap odors.

Just try P and G for a few weeks and watch your clothes regain their fresh, new look. See how much time and labor it saves. Use it for all your household cleaning, too.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



ARIZONA
"When I first began to keep house, laundering and dishwashing were two of my biggest worries. Finally someone suggested that I try P and G Naphtha Soap. I did and found it entirely satisfactory as my using it for the past three years will testify. It cleans the clothing with less rubbing and does not injure delicate fabrics; it makes a suds in the hardest of water without the additional use of washing powders; and it does not hurt the hands."
Mrs. L. D. S.,
Globe, Arizona

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

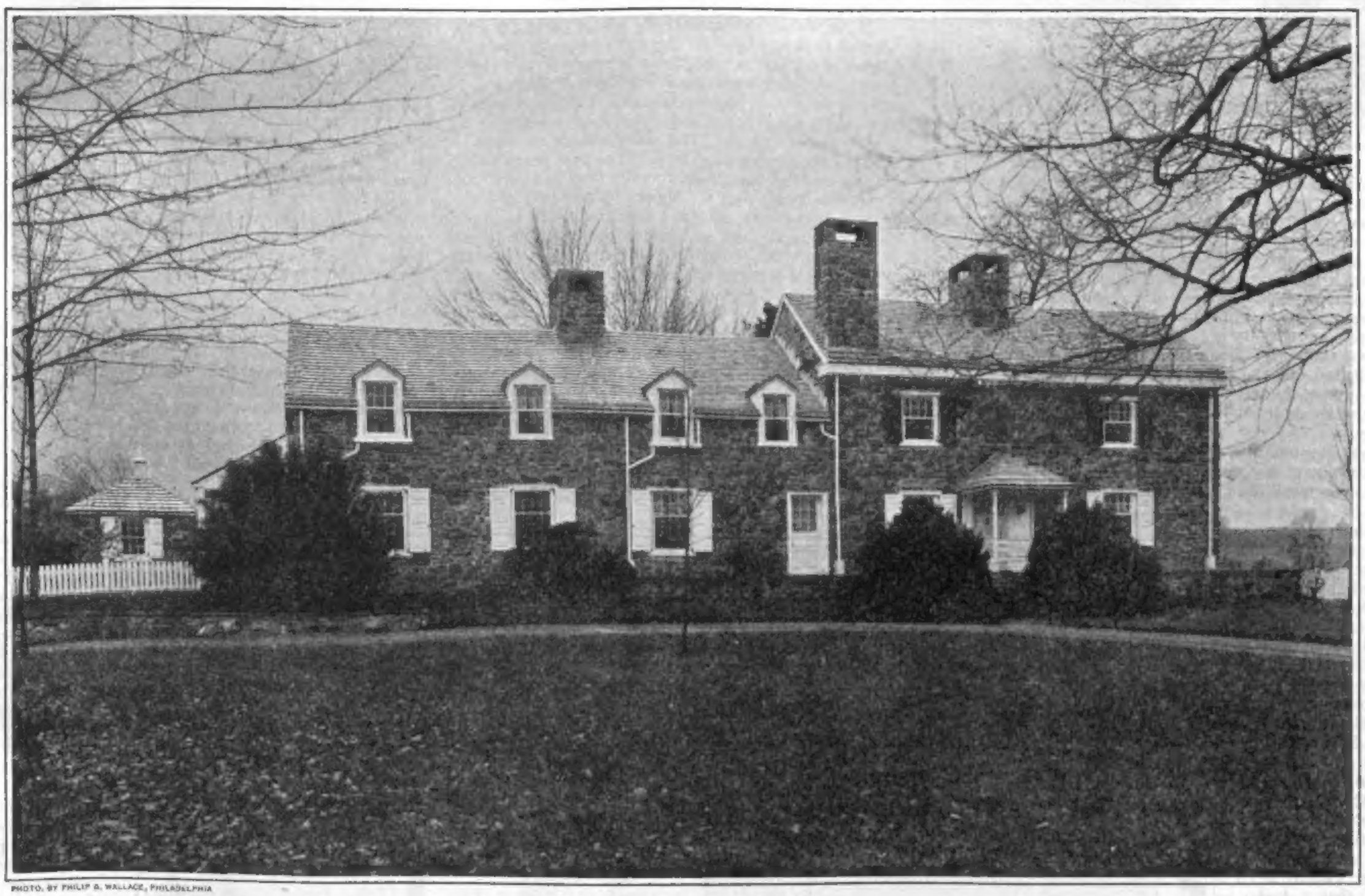


PHOTO. BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

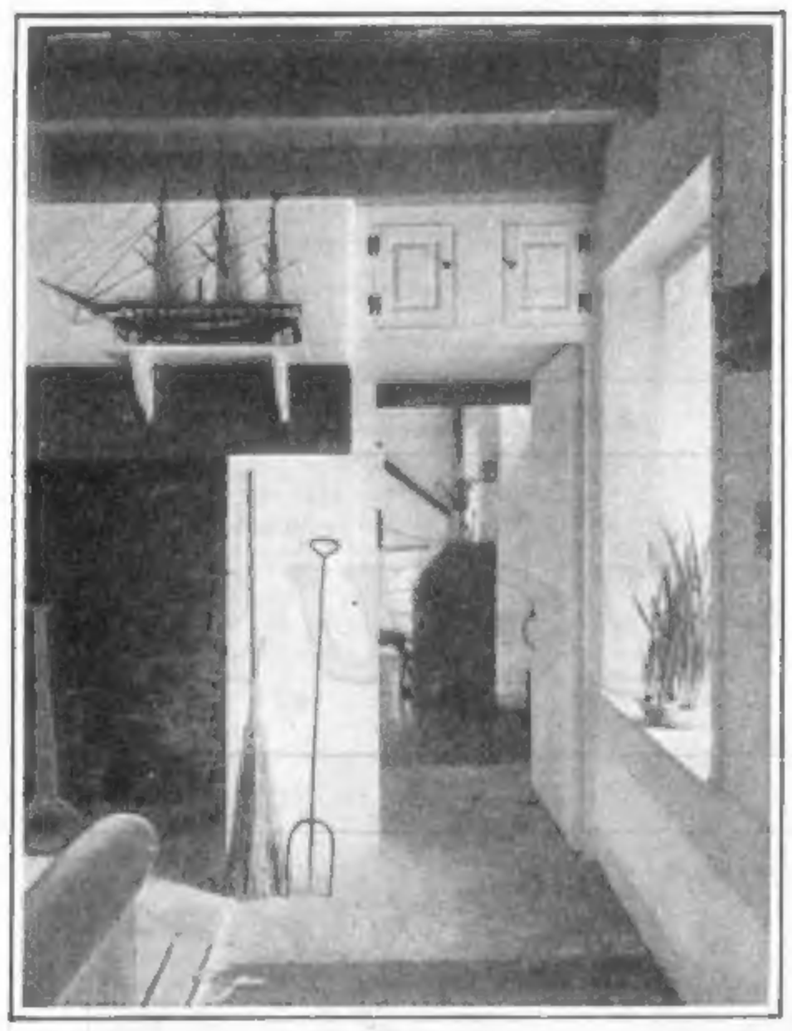
Autumn—By Joseph Hergesheimer

IT WAS a year ago, I had begun to write, that only the four stone walls of the Dower House were standing, but time is treacherous and it has been two years since then. We moved out in July, and by November—it's November now—the tearing-down process was practically concluded. How long we had lived there, talked about the projected changes, I could never remember. I came into the house, as mine, for the first time at dusk, with Hob, who was then not more than three months old; but that was no help at all in the measuring of years, for his pedigree had been mislaid and how old he was no one knew.

Yes, I reached, at last, a place of my own for supper; Dorothy had gone on ahead in the interests of a thousand preparations; we had, I recall, a ham deep-crusted with spices, and no servant whatever. It was not an ordinary occasion. And when, together, we had washed the dishes, I returned to Hob, perhaps the sickest Airedale terrier that ever survived into a life of outrageous ease. The sickness, really, was why I had bought him—the last stages, it seemed, of a complication in which distemper bore a mere part. He was the shadow, the whisper, of a dog tottering on tall weak legs. It was a little cold, his owner reassured me; but by the rapidity with which he took the fifteen dollars he asked and found me a carrying basket it was clear he was afraid that while we talked he would lose a sale by death. All that night I sat up by Hob and gave him orange juice and the whites of eggs, and in the morning, feebly, he tried to bite me. Indignantly I went at once to bed; but what the bed was like, which room it was in, have gone from my mind. It is safe to say that the furniture was not wholly early American. Then a bed was a bed; I hadn't begun to search for high slender posts in walnut. Equally, any changes to the house were not yet discussed. We were too happy only to be there—to have a place, a ham, a dog, of our own.

But, more than anything else, it was an immense relief that enveloped us—after Europe and illness and uncertainty and the houses of others. At once, I think, imperceptibly, the tranquillity of the very aged walls—aged, that was, for America—spread over us its influence. The earliest part of the Dower House had been built in 1712 and it owned a very palpable isolation from current affairs and sounds. It was impossible, almost, to call from one room to another, the walls—of the successive additions—were so thick; and to go into the cellar was to leave behind everything that had happened since the Revolution.

We were not, then, very sensitive to such qualities; we accepted with pride the two centuries that here lay behind us, and turned to the immediate difficulties and pleasures of living. Looking back, it seems to me that to a great extent the difficulties were the pleasures; I have no doubt because they were a part of youth. Money was very uncommon with us; the winter was particularly bitter, and we walked, for supplies from the stores, up and down, up and down, the long icy hill to West Chester; and I was



The Stone Passage

persisting in my mad determination to write novels, stories, papers—to write.

What I wrote in the morning I destroyed in the afternoon, what survived the afternoon I woke at night to suspect; and Dorothy cooked and swept and sang the refrains of songs in different parts of the house. I couldn't literally sell a line of what I wrote; but then almost none of it reached a stage at which it could be offered; it would not glow into any vitality or fall into any form. That was the greatest difficulty; and still, looking back, God knows why, it, too, had the aspect of a pleasure; there was about it, I suppose, the satisfaction of a struggle in which, end as disastrously as it might, there was no possibility of surrender.

What, through this, the house was actually like has gone entirely out of my mind; I don't recall the furniture, I don't even recall the pattern of the rooms; yes, a pair of brass bedsteads, a couch in green baize that opened, a narrow black slatted chair with a rush seat, and a cherry candlestand. The chair and the candlestand were the first pieces of early American furniture I intimately knew; the chair had only four slats, and the stand no bird cage; its top was fixed; but I was ignorant of those qualifications then. And now that they had gone and the chairs in the Dower House, of that type, five slats at least, all the candlestands bird cages, I remembered them, too, deficient as they were, with the happiness that warmly veiled all the details of that time.

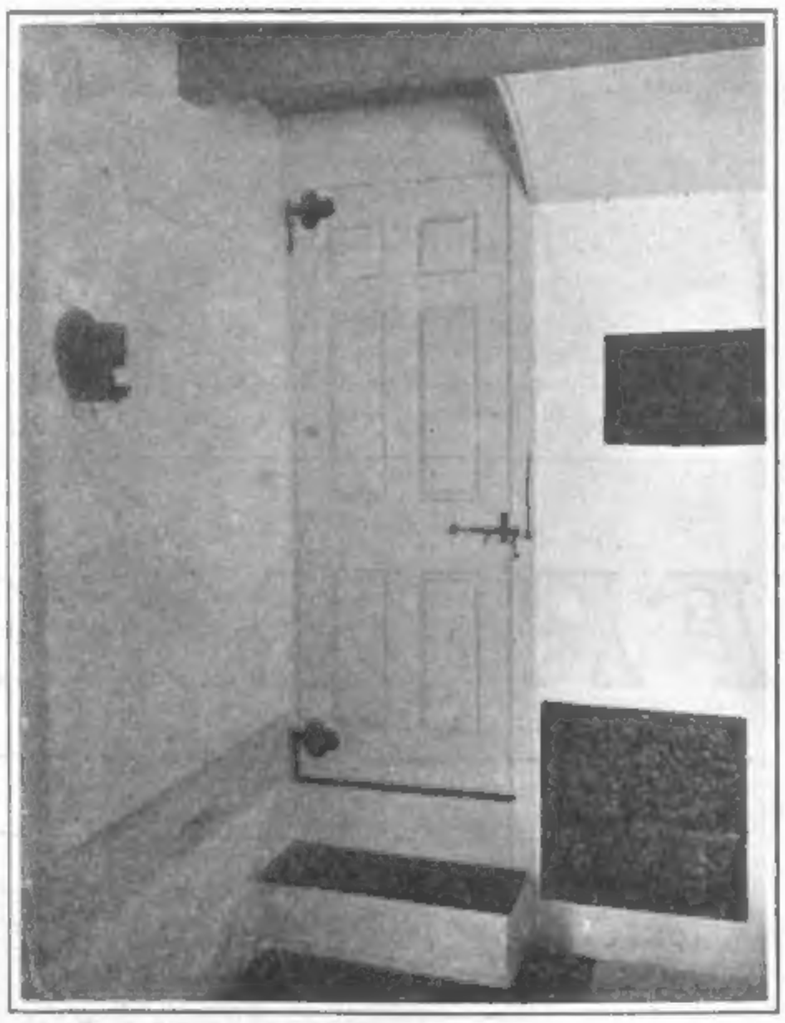
Then, of course, I was looking forward. To what? It wasn't—aside from an accompanying security—money; it wasn't what, I believe, is referred to as fame; that is, I had no exact vision of myself crowned with laurel and everywhere met with public acclaim. I had left a Quaker school in Germantown for the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; I made an effort, never very intense, to be a painter and, after a short period of years notable only for its amazing emptiness, the writing began. The impulse to do that resembled, as much as anything, the effort of a prisoner to dig his way into freedom and light. I was myself the prison; my ignorance and indolence, a total lack of mental discipline, were the locks and bars that held fast the ridiculous need to escape on paper.

But what a freedom! When it was an accomplished fact I was practically fixed in a chair, in a closed room, for the rest of life. A brutal obsession of work overtook me, as though it were a punishment for earlier wasted years: I wrote without knowing how and without stopping. I wrote the day before I was married and thought about writing the day after; and then, in Italy, I wrote so much, it was all so unsuccessful and difficult, that a wretched breakdown took two more years from the doubtful remainder.

Well, we returned from Italy. I wrote The Lay Anthony through a gray winter by the uneasy gray Atlantic Ocean; and in the spring we went to the Dower House.

When we were comparatively settled there I proceeded to New York—for the day—with the manuscript of my first novel. It was in my mind to go to Scribner's; but when I saw the Scribner Building, gazing at it from the opposite side of Fifth Avenue, I was at a loss: it was so big and held so many severely correct people. If I did go inside to whom could I speak about my book? The past years had done this—while I continued to write they had cured me, forever, of talking about it. No one—how could he be?—was interested in my effort; I mean no one was impersonally concerned; and so I had withdrawn into a grim sort of privacy. No, I couldn't force myself into the rush and importance of Scribner's, and finally I was in the small quiet beautifully furnished offices of Mitchell Kennerley. Mr. Kennerley became my publisher, I met Alfred Knopf. The period of my early struggle was coming to an end.

Another struggle, naturally, and not less difficult, followed: I was free to write, the critical success of The Lay Anthony justified my position, but it made no money. Not a penny! Not enough people liked it to bring me a dollar. And the novel I had begun immediately to write promised to be no more popular. Yet, sometime while I was engaged with Mountain Blood we acquired the after-school



Old Iron

hours of a colored boy named Clarence. My clearest memory of him was the duets he sang with Dorothy in the kitchen. Together, at the sink, they sang songs filled with precisely the essential sentiment I couldn't get into my books. There was another Clarence later, far more pretentious, who broke the first historic blue platter I owned. At least, he was alone in the house with it when the accident fell; a circumstance quite as convincing as his protests of utter innocence. But it was the voice of the earlier boy—I can't recall him as very useful—that stayed in my memory.

Without any knowledge or skill whatever, and with no manual dexterity, I planted a vegetable garden and chopped into firewood a long partly rotten plank walk. I wrote and chopped and planted and hoed, and of the four I couldn't decide which I detested most. Nobody, certainly, liked to write hour after hour, specially if he didn't know how; and I'd doubt the sincerity of any man who told me that chopping thick planks was a pleasure. Never, by any chance, did the ax engage twice in the same cut, the wood was damper than not, and how I missed hacking off a foot I can't see.

The truth is I was acutely miserable, and why, now, was it transformed by a gracious kind of magic? The wood finally was piled in the stable, the vegetables amazingly grew, and Mountain Blood I finished and had published. The question of money then more sharply engaged us, and I decided to leave for the moment a longer form and write short stories; but they were like the novels, smaller pieces cut from the same somber cloth. The note of popular sentiment still evaded me. However, I sold a short paper to The Forum and later had a check for fifteen dollars.

(Continued on Page 149)

PHOTOS. BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

The Hallway

GERMANY SAVING HERSELF

By Wythe Williams

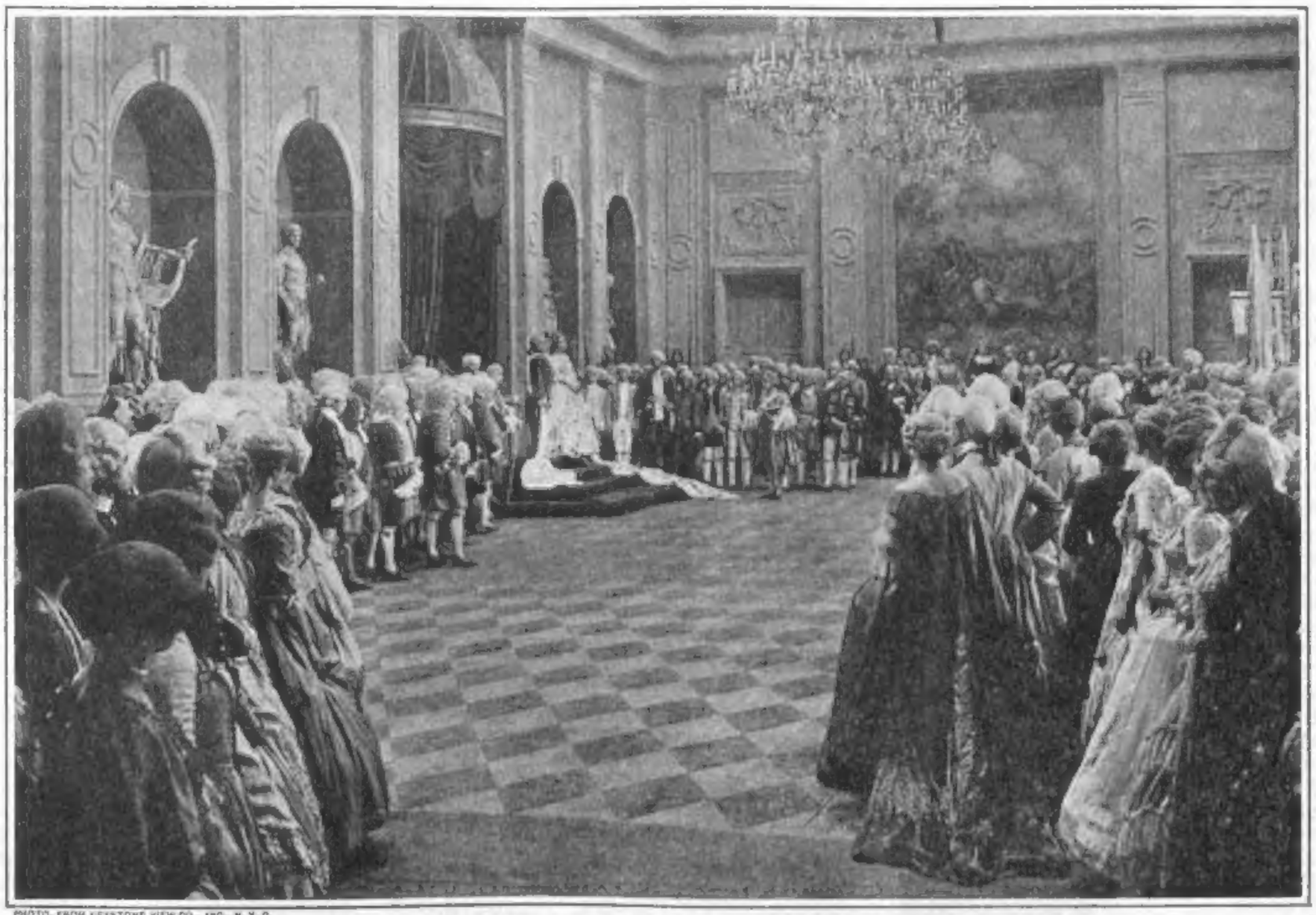
LATIN nations, notably France and Italy, decline to believe in anything except that which they know to be true. For them black is black and white is white.

Anglo-Saxon nations, notably Great Britain, often believe what they want to believe, but only officially speaking. Unofficially, they know the difference between white and black.

Teutonic nations, notably Germany, also believe what they want to believe, but with a dismaying and characteristic thoroughness. Germany—at least according to the Allies—has often succeeded in believing that her black is white.

Allied doctors prescribing for German ills often refer to the German state of mind. They admit Germany's genius, her prowess and her constitutional strength. They cannot grasp what appears to be her childlike naïveté in sticking to a conviction with an overwhelming majority against her. In the past, Germany has been charged with the philosophy that might makes right. She now disclaims that. Her present logic is that, just as fear begets fear, so might makes might. Then follows a long involved argument. Might, to the German, still bears a white label, and she refuses to see it in any color. If it is white, then also it must be right, and so does might again become aligned with right. It is just as clear as that. Reduced to simple English, it means that German mentality, official and unofficial, does not seem greatly changed.

Along most lines it has remained the same.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Film Producers Portraying the Life of Frederick the Great in the Kaiser's Palace, Which They Have Rented From the German Government

The Crutch

GERMANY is now consolidating her state of mind. The Dawes Plan is the necessary but temporary aid in her program of getting a new grip on herself and believing that she can and will again become one of the industrial leaders of the world. She accepted the Dawes Plan, but as a crutch during the period when she still limps. The plan provides a budget-moratorium period which still has three years to run and prevents disaster to her exchange or any of her possessions. Germany hopes by the end of this time to discard the crutch, and not only to walk alone but also to run.

The Allied doctors prescribed the Dawes Plan for Germany in order, so they said, that her exchange might be stabilized and her budget balanced. Before the plan came into operation, Germany herself was well on the way to arrange both these details.

The deliberate debauching of her currency—it is admitted now by some Germans that it was deliberate—had the desired effect of wiping out her internal debt. But when finally the value of her money depreciated faster than the printing presses could grind it out, Germany knew that the inflation game was up. She chucked it, and by a stroke of financial genius created the rentenmark. Since then both the dollar and the pound sterling have gone slightly below par on German exchange.

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The Berlin Restaurant Fair. The Merchants of Berlin, in Coöperation With the Restaurants, Opened the First Exhibition of Their Products Since 1914

A strong argument for the Dawes Plan was that German industrials were too rich and that something had to be done about it. Germany, though not denying the wealth of this class, insisted that the bulk of the German people were entirely too poor, and that something had to be done about that.

Wealth

BERLIN, completely down at the heel immediately after the war, now presents the outer spectacle of one of the most prosperous capitals of the world. Certainly it is the most expensive. There are few visitors; the prices are too high and there are no more bargains; but Berlin life, from the upper German viewpoint, is brilliant. The opera is superb. Nothing outside of New York can compare with it. Prices are fantastic, yet the place is packed—with Germans. Every performance is the occasion for a scintillating display of French gowns, or German copies, Savile Row evening dress for the men, and jewels by the bushel. The theater, admittedly one of the best in the world, seems at the zenith of prosperity. Every house is open and packed nightly—with Germans. That superproducer, Max Reinhardt, has abandoned his idea of locating in America; the world's impresarios are bidding for his latest offerings.

The German motion-picture industry is becoming America's only serious competitor in quality of production. Even American stars are attracted by German salary offers; several ex-Hollywood film celebrities are now working in Berlin studios.

Hotels are crowded—with Germans. Restaurant prices are exorbitant, yet it is necessary to reserve tables in all the best places. Berlin boasts of having the only restaurants in the world so exclusive as to have daytime locks on the doors. At several places you must pass the inspection of the maitre d'hôtel before being shown to a table. The dance halls and other night-life emporiums reap almost their entire golden harvest from Germans.

The streets are full of life, and the roar of automobile traffic, according to residents, increases audibly from month to month. Taxicabs, more luxurious than in America, cost three times as much, but are heavily patronized. At night, stores are gayly lighted and sidewalks crowded. Illuminated kiosks carrying much advertising brighten

(Continued on Page 138)

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

For a Moment the Banker's Face Was Expressive. "If You Like," Suggested Virgie, "I'll Telephone Mr. Dudley"

THE moving picture, five reels of saccharine sentiment, moved on to its sticky end; and the hero and heroine having faded out in a final kiss, Angie and Virgie dusted from their laps the paper remnants of the chocolate caramels they'd been consuming, and rose. As they did so, in turn each breathed a brief critique of the gem, the matinée's offering.

"Marvelous!" murmured Angie.

"Incredible!" uttered Virgie.

Yawning momentarily, they picked up their furs from the floor.

Slight and willowy in figure and of a seraphic sweetness of mien, in appearance the two bore out the name long bestowed on them—the Angel Twain. The facts, though, led to a suspicion of something hollow in the title. Their joint ages under thirty-eight—thirty-seven and a half, to be exact—they seemed, for example, already to have learned the world was their oyster. Thus, as if firm in the belief, morning, noon and night all their moments were devoted to investigating the morsel energetically.

The railroad magnate, J. Hosmer Parks, was Angie's parent. Virgie's, on the other hand, was Briscoe P. Roberts, chairman of the board at the Investment Finance Corporation. Here, however, as between families, any semblance of amity—for that matter, acquaintance—ends conclusively. Parks, Angie's parent, hated Roberts. Roberts, for his part, loathed and reviled the name of Parks, its mere mention anathema. It remains, in short, only to be said that the hatred was another interesting bond between their offspring, the Angel Twain. Why let business interfere in the pleasures of life?

Angie and Virgie didn't, naturally.

In passing, one might pause to reflect on this. One might, in fact, enlarge ad lib. on the innocent *joie de vivre*, so to speak, of Angie and Virgie as contrasted with the spleen, the conflict and the strife of Parks and Roberts, their parents downtown in Wall Street. Be that as it may, though, life is not all beer and skittles. Life is real, life is earnest—and who said, too, the rich lack problems?

Not Angie and Virgie, certainly.

As Virgie stood up, at the same time slipping into her tan-hued baby caracul, she spoke again. Inquiring idly, "Don't they ever teach actors anything?" she added, "Imagine being kissed like that!"

Angie at the moment was struggling into her otter and martens. "Not by any man I let kiss me," she confirmed; and an arm in one sleeve, she was vigorously groping for the other when all at once she paused. A muffled exclamation escaped her. "Heavens, that reminds me, Virge! I utterly forgot about Willy!" Startled, she gazed at her companion. "I left Willy parked all this time at the Plaza tea room!"

Virgie stared at her.

"Not Willy Simmons, Ange?"

It was so, whoever Willy Simmons might be; and Angie gave another exclamation. "That isn't all, Virge! I touched Willy for all he had; and all I've got on me is twenty cents!"

Virgie gave a muffled cry.

"Two dimes and a nickel's all I've got!" she exclaimed.

They stopped short, backing up the crowd that thronged the aisle; though at the moment this seemed of slight concern. Dismay, not to call it consternation, was written on their faces; and exclaiming "Two dimes and a nickel, what!" Angie cried eloquently, "I told him to take tea if I was late; and tea costs fifty, cinnamon toast a quarter; And just think! What if that muffin-hound gets to going at the muffins!"

Halted, the crowd behind them began to murmur. Angie and Virgie, though, appeared deaf even to the loudest of the murmurs. The image of the muffin-hound Willy marooned at the Plaza seemed, in fact, to suggest something even more sinister than the mere details would suggest. Briefly, it was not until a determined, square-jawed person, a woman with an umbrella, gave Angie a vigorous poke that the two saw fit to move; then it was only to step aside between two rows of vacant seats.

Here, her face severe, Virgie gave her twin dear a scowl. "Angie Parks, what's up?" she demanded.

"Father," replied Angie.

"Him!" echoed Virgie.

Angie nodded, the nod morose. "On account of Willy, Virge. Mother figured I might be fixing to slide out—elope, you know—so she tipped off father. You know what fathers are, of course."

Virgie did, evidently. "You don't mean he canned your handout!"

"Every sou!" acknowledged Angie.

The handout mentioned, it appears, was Angie's weekly allowance; and Virgie peered at her. "The way dad, too, did me, what?" Virgie cried. So it seemed.

Almost tearfully Angie gave the details. "Of course, not wishing to ruin the day, I didn't tell you, Virge; but dad says, you know, I couldn't elope, he wouldn't even think of it, unless it was with someone self-supporting." Apparently, however, it was Angie's mother who came in for the full measure of Angie's bitterness. "Think of one woman throwing down another like that!" she exclaimed.

Rotten, true. Virgie, though, merely nodded. The mind, the active principal of the twin alliance, she was plunged momentarily in thought. Willy Simmons' momentary plight was not the only problem. True, without money to meet the muffin bill, Willy stood in peril of being jugged; yet there were other matters equally vital. Was not Angie Parks her dearest, her truliest friend? Was it not due of Virgie as one woman to another to stand by Angie in a darkling moment? If Angie's life and the life of Willy Simmons were destined to be entwined, was it not Virgie's duty to lend her ablest effort? It was.

First of all, though, Willy's momentary fix must be considered; and Virgie grabbed her dear friend by the arm.

"Come on, Ange!" she directed hurriedly. "We'll see if O'Brien has anything on him!"

As she spoke, Angie, too, gave a cry, its note relief.

"Oh, Virge, aren't you wonderful!"

Outside the movie house, a select resort set down at the edge of the select Park Avenue district, a line of motors waited, among them one huge imported effect noticeable for its opulence of brass work, nickel plate and varnish. This was the J. Hosmer Parks' family barge; and as the furred Angel Twain emerged rapidly from the theater exit, as hurriedly the chauffeur scrambled down from his seat and threw open the door. A middle-aged person wearing spectacles and a clerical air, he wore, also, it appeared, an aspect of apprehension.

It grew as Angie addressed him imperiously.

"O'Brien, have you three dollars on you?" she demanded.

"Make it five," interjected Virgie.

O'Brien's air of apprehension at once stood corroborated. "What for?" he returned defensively.

"For me," replied Angie promptly; adding, "Fork it over, hear?"

If he heard, though, O'Brien failed to fork it over. "All I got's sixty cents," he said evasively, at which his mistress crucified him with a look.

"No lies!" she warned. "It's serious, and I've got to have it!"

"Make him come clean, Ange!" prompted Virgie.

The chauffeur began heatedly to protest. "S' help, it's straight Bible I'm tellin'!" he averred. Saying something about "two pair," "four typewriters pat," "th' garage" and "a little party," in testimony O'Brien turned out the contents of a trousers pocket. This, briefly, comprised a bunch of keys, a tire gauge, a crumpled gasoline ticket and, in substantiation, a fifty-cent piece and two nickels. These material evidences, however, seemed if anything immaterial to Angie.

"Turn out your other pocket!" she ordered.

"Yes, make him look on his hip!" counseled Virgie, adding, "Sometimes they keep it on their hip; ours does."

But at this juncture the blood of his race surged up in O'Brien's veins. "I'll not!" announced O'Brien.

His arms folded belligerently he declared a bill of rights. "I'll not turn out my hip; I ain't goin' to turn out my other pockets either! I've me orders," said O'Brien; "'nd if I had it on me, which I ain't, you couldn't have it neither!"

Angie gazed at her twin angel. "Did you ever hear anything like that!" she demanded.

If she had, Virgie didn't say so. "Is he lying, Ange?" she asked.

Angie turned to the chauffeur. "Are you lying, O'Brien?"

"Never you mind!" returned O'Brien darkly.

Foiled, for a moment or two they talked together hurriedly.

"Of course," said Virgie, rapidly summing up the status quo, "Willy's one thing; but the main thing's us. They may have us stymied—or so they seem to think—but though for the present we're dust beneath their feet, just the same we mustn't forget the duty we owe ourselves! Now what're we going to do about Willy?"

"Why ask me?" asked Angie.

Her air dire, all Angie knew, in fact, was that if something was not done, and done quickly, they'd probably have to put in the night hunting bail for Willy.

"O'Brien, could you put up anything for bail?" queried Angie.

"I could not!" O'Brien promptly replied.

As he said it, though, Virgie all at once gave an exclamation. "Wait, I've got it, Ange!"

"Got what? Bail?" asked Angie, brightening.

"Don't speak, don't bother me. I'm thinking!" Virgie answered sharply.

Her face absorbed, she fell silent. Left as if alone, Angie picked afresh on O'Brien. It had something to do with O'Brien's sixty cents, the shame, too, of a full-grown man out in the world with only sixty cents; but this seemed all. Ere it developed further, the chauffeur at the moment displaying signs of imminent apoplexy, Virgie spoke abruptly.

"Willy's a bond salesman, isn't he?" she demanded.

"Of course," answered Angie.

"Does he know about stocks?" Virgie asked sharply.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Angie.

"Are you sure?" questioned Virgie.

"He knows a lot of stockbrokers," said Angie.

What all this had to do, though, with Willy, Angie failed utterly to see. Willy, true, was a Wall Street man, a bond salesman into the bargain; but bond salesmen could be jugged just as expeditiously, couldn't they, as any of the other, the less numerous members of society? She was saying this when Virgie tempestuously cut her short.

"Don't be assish, Ange! Willy's not going to jail. I'm not worrying, either, about his tea check!" Giving a gurgle and her air decisive, she popped into the limousine abruptly, hauling its mistress in behind her. "Drive to the garage!" directed Virgie to O'Brien.

"What?" echoed Angie.

"The which?" inquired O'Brien.

Virgie leveled her eye at him.

"The garage, O'Brien!" As O'Brien still stared she added something else. "At the garage, O'Brien, you'll order twenty gallons of gas. Gas is twenty-two this week, O'Brien; and that makes four dollars and forty cents. As it's the cash, not gas, we want, tell the garage man," said Virgie, "to mark it down on the ice. Understand?" inquired Virgie.

O'Brien evidently understood.

For a moment a new threat of apoplexy flew its signals in his face. "On th' ice, eh?" he vociferated; "on th' ice! Charge up the gas that way, gettin' money for it? I'll not!" said O'Brien. "I'll see anyone further fust! It's as good as my job, was the boss t' hear of it!"

Virgie smiled at him. The smile, too, was as steel.

"Be nice, O'Brien! Drive to the garage. Or if you don't," added Virgie, "would you rather the boss heard the way you've been taxicabing around at night? With the car, O'Brien. When the car, O'Brien, was supposed to be in the garage. What?" inquired Virgie.

As O'Brien, dazed, stumbled to his seat behind the steering wheel, Angie gave another cry, a murmur of conscious adulation.

"Oh, Virge, you wonder girl!" she exclaimed.

The wonder girl gave one slender shoulder an indolent shrug.

"That's nothing. Wait till I really get going, Ange!"

Then, giving her dearest friend a reassuring pat, Virgie added, "Be brave, dearest! If money's all you and Willy need for your happiness, I'll see you have it! And soon too," Virgie also added after a moment.

It was about this instant, or a few minutes subsequently, perhaps, that over at the Plaza tea room the muffin-hound Willy Simmons rose from a table, glanced swiftly toward a near-by exit, then sat down again. Disclosed, Willy was, in age, the usual bond salesman's age; in height, he was about six feet or thereabouts. The reason, though, why Willy sat down so swiftly ere he'd hardly risen was that betwixt him and the exit was a waiter, the waiter himself six feet or thereabouts in height.

Observing, however, that the waiter had fixed on him a penetrating eye, Willy beckoned to the fellow.

"Muffins," Willy tersely said.

"Muffins?" echoed the waiter, the inflection rising.

"Muffins," repeated Willy.

Though it was his fifth consecutive muffin order his tone was firm; and the waiter departed. Willy's ruse, though, if it were such, proved but futile. Automatically another six-foot waiter moved strategically into place between the table and the door; and under his breath Willy murmured briefly. "Dash that woman!" was what he murmured. Just as he said it, however, the door of the tea place opened; and through the opening hurried a full set of otter and martens, accompanied by a tan-hued baby caracul.

Willy rose anew, his face, though relieved, irate.

"Say, you!" he said.

"Oh, Willy!" the otter-and-martens cried repentantly.

The tan-hued baby caracul, however, exhibited neither repentance nor regret. "Shut up and sit down, Willy!" she directed, her tone businesslike, energetic; and exhibiting in her glove four one-dollar bills and forty cents in silver, this evidently a guerdon to still Willy's fears, she added briskly, "Now what d'you know about stocks, Willy? Could you deal in them if you had to, dumb-bell?"

"Stocks?" echoed Willy. Though he'd sat down he now got up again. "What d'you mean, stocks?"

"Father's," replied Virgie; "Angie's, mine. Mine, Angie's. Do you want a map?" inquired Virgie tartly.

Willy sat down again.

"You see," said Virgie, "as Ange and I need money, cash, we've decided to take advantage of our advantages!"

II

ADVANTAGES, yes. The background considered, there was no doubt the two had advantages, opportunities included. Stocks and such were, in fact, the daily pabulum of Briscoe P. Roberts, Virgie's parent; and the same also was true of J. Hosmer Parks, the parent of Angie. Thus, in the downtown arena of Wall Street, the two lifelong antagonists not infrequently staged demonstrations of acute, you might call it painful interest to the public.

Shares of the P. K. & B., the main stem of the Parks system of traffic lines, were Parks' specialty, his baby boy. Sometimes, over on the Exchange, Parks whooped up the

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"Now What D'you Know About Stocks, Willy? Could You Deal in Them if You Had to, Dumb-Bell?"

IS GOLF A GAME?

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THERE is a newspaper that has a large circulation among the hardened-artery class—the sclerotic section of our leading citizens—our big financiers, brokers, business men and other important economic and professional pastors and masters—that reserves a portion of a column of its space for the collected chronicle of the items about the deaths of ardent, but oldish, old and older golfers who plop over on their stern set faces while playing the game, so-called, and immediately cease to have any further concern as to their drives, stances, grips and putts, or anything else relating to this mundane and golf-obsessed sphere.

Fair enough. Judging from the number of such sudden emigrations to the presumably golfless Beyond that the reader casually notices in the news columns of the papers, the editor whose job it is to sort the records of them from the obituary news grist for this column must have small difficulty in filling his space.

Usually the accounts read like this, with more detail, of course, if the decedent was a millionaire, which affluent condition is of the greatest American news importance:

"Judge Robert K. Goofus, aged 62, dropped dead on the eleventh tee of the St. Haggis Golf Club yesterday afternoon, just after making a drive. The judge was an enthusiastic golfer and it was his custom to play at least eighteen holes several times a week, with two full rounds, thirty-six holes, on Saturdays and Sundays. He appeared to be in his usual health when he started out with his friend, William N. Beegin, the well-known contractor, although Mr. Beegin, who joined a threesome that was just behind Judge Goofus and himself, and thus was only momentarily detained in his game, said, on his return to the clubhouse after his round, that Judge Goofus had complained of an occasional uneasiness in his left side and mentioned that he had not been sleeping well lately."

Old Boys, Old Hearts

"DR. CHARLES V. WAGGLE, who was on the links, said the cause of death undoubtedly was heart failure, although the fact that the doctor was engaged in a critical dollar-dollar-dollar match at the time prevented him from making an examination. Fortunately, four of the club's employes were nearby replacing divots and the body was removed immediately from the tee, thus causing no congestion on the course. The body was taken to the caddy house, as Mrs. Sylvester Sowerby, the prominent social leader, was giving a mah-jongg party in the clubhouse, and was thence removed to the judge's late residence, where the funeral services will be held on Tuesday afternoon.

"Judge Goofus, who served one term on the bench of the Municipal Court, was a leading corporation lawyer, and played in the finals of the sixth sixteen in the Senior Tournament of 1922. His handicap was thirty-six."

And so we read from day to day. Good old boys with bad old hearts making a task, a labor, a rite out of what was originally fixed up to be a game, working at it dourly, desperately, each of them as solemn as a cornerstone orator in a plug hat, trying to think of forty things at one and the same time, taxing their weary minds with jargon about pronation and rhythm and other incomprehensible hugger-mugger, flogging their weary bodies through eighteen holes, or more, of golf, taking their multitude of adversities more tragically than they would take the failures of their businesses—toiling, drudging at golf instead of playing at it light-heartedly and cheerfully, and very often dropping with dull thuds just after a mighty swing on which the fate of nations depended, or a hurry up a hill to see where the ball is, or a clamber out of a deep sand trap where, by a malign calamity comparable only to an attack of the bubonic plague, a ball has nestled. And there they are—beyond golf and beyond everything else; but they took golf seriously. That is a fine line for a tombstone.

Is golf a game? Originally, no doubt, and so intended, and so remaining in England, say, as a casual diversion. In Scotland, of course, golf is a business, and so is everything else, even eating oatmeal. However, records show that until America was inoculated the Scots did not hang all possible crêpe on golf. There was here and there a bit of cheer in a Scotch round. When we grabbed it, some thirty or forty years ago, and made it epidemic in this country the Scots cannily capitalized it on the serious side. They solemnized and ritualized, and ceremonialized it, knowing very well that that would help enormously in their export of golf professionals, golf equipment and golf importance, and their import of American golf money.

We fell for it. We bit avidly and nationally. Take a census of the golf professionals in this country, for example, just as an item. Or the value of the Scotch sweaters, knit vests, stockings, and so on, sold here to the account of the shrewd Scotch merchants. To say nothing of golf implements, and still less of the Caledonian dialect that is retailed by golf teachers at so much per half hour—anywhere from a dollar and a half, if it is merely the imitation of the real article, to a whole lot more if it is the genuine stuff.

In the Good Old Days

WHEN I began to play golf, some twenty-five years ago, the total golfing population of these now golf-obsessed states was less by millions than it is now. And we were a gay and carefree and non-ritualized lot. We played golf for the fun of it, and some of us played pretty well; pretty well, that is to say, for a lot of benighted golfing heathen who didn't know a pronation from a gutty ball, nor a rhythm from a just-emerging Haskell. We played golf with a decent regard for the etiquette of it, and solely for the fun of it, and without the faintest idea that a whole lot of us would live to see the doleful day when the game would be standardized, commercialized, impedimentized, parvenuized, socialized, moneyized, and, worst of all, solemnized to the sad, serious, engineered, experted, costly thing it is today.

A driver, a brassie, a mid-iron, a mashie, a niblick and a putter, with, perhaps, a cleek if you could use it, which few can, sufficed; a shirt open at the neck and with sleeves cut off at the elbows; a pair of so-so pants, and some shoes with hob-nails in the soles of them; a sweater for cold days and a few gutty balls, or, when the lively balls appeared, a handful of Haskells, and we were off. And now? Say, brother, I read a dithyrambic piece the other day by an eminent golf writer who solemnly pulled a lot of tosh about the soul of golf. Not a week passes without abstruse discussions of the psychology of golf. The earnestness of golf and the necessity of consecration to it, if you ever are going to get anywhere with it, are favorite topics. We don't play golf any more. We preach it.

Golf is an Old Man's Game if Old Men Will Play it Like Old Men and Not Try to Play it Like Young Men. They Won't, However. Hence That Column in the Newspaper Where They Gather in the Statistics About the Enthusiasts Who Drop Dead So Numerously on the Links

It's a social error to play golf in these days in anything but plus-fours. That is, it was last season; plus-fours pleated at the top, and preferablymade in England. Next season it may be plus-sixes or minus-eights, but, whatever it is, it will be a golf solecism to appear on the links without them. It is a notable mark of poor fishness not to bend a caddy double with a horsehide bag holding nineteen clubs, accurately graded to a mathematical nicety by the astute mathematician who has them for sale. There are now more than a hundred styles of putters on the market, and heaven only knows how many sorts of the other irons—scores of them—and how many dingbats, dinguses, gadgets and gazumas of other sorts there are, ranging from freak irons, all calculated for some impossible shot, to contraptions to improve everything you haven't got except your mind. And there are a few books out on how to improve your mind, also, and if any. Patent tees, patent gloves, patent charts, patent clocks, counters, arm straighteners, knee stiffeners, shoes, pads, grips, garters, vests, head holders, eye fixers, finger tape, arch supporters, especial golfing cigarettes, patent golfing pipes, patent practice thingamajigs, books and pictures, pictures and books, neckties, movies, diagrams showing just how the awe-inspiring ex-caddy, now pro, uses his mashie-niblick for his world-famous hop-skip-and-jump-three-cartwheels-and-a-Risley shot, and cute little tassels to dangle at the knee.

I Mean Golf With No Adventitious Lead-Pencil Aids, or Forgotten Strokes

Forestalling the obvious expert clamor that will arise to the broad and contemptuous effect that all this is merely the wail of a stuffy middle-aged duffer for the return of the palmy days, let me say here that it is nothing of the sort. Far from it. Those golfers who desire to decorate their knobby knees with cute little tassels can so decorate without protest from me, provided, always, the tassels match in color the dominant color in the shirt or sweater. That is obligatory. It wouldn't be real 1925 golf without that.

Trapped, Bunkered and Penalized

THIS is merely an inquiry into present-day golf to discover whether it is a game as it is complexedly carried on in these United States, or whether it is a rite requiring certain apparatus, certain robes, certain rhythms, pronations and other incredible and ineffable bunk, including the solemnity with which Rodin's Thinker regards his big toe, translated and transferred to the vast number of golf-hipped Americans who toil their way around our expensive and elongated and deliriously penalized golf courses and get about as much amusement and entertainment out of it as I used to get out of hoeing corn.

This is a recital of many pertinent facts tending to show that under our American system of improvement by increased complexity and our idea that efficient progress consists of elaborately augmented intricacy, our American system of standardization, our American system of attaching the utmost importance to the trivial, our American and abysmal failing of making over our play into mechanicized and serious labor, combined with our susceptibility to the canny Scotch and English professional and commercial effort to create just that consequential atmosphere with their patter and hocus-pocus and for their own vast benefit, our unceasing efforts to split the game into class layers and to buy exclusiveness by the expenditure of enormous sums of money in clubhouses, elaborate courses, and so on, and our consequent and miserable snobbishness, we have turned the once pleasurable game of golf into a rigidly precepted and foolishly elaborate labor, changed it from a sport to the snobbishly social, sartorial, expensive, complicated and altogether preposterous thing it now is in many of its manifestations.

But, comes the triumphant rebuttal from the club golfers, look at the great number of municipal golf courses that have been built across the country. There's democracy in golf for you. Well, let's look at them. The municipal golf courses are the last refuge of golf as a game in this country. They play golf for fun on the municipal courses, not for the purpose of wearing plus-fours. If it were not for the municipal courses golf in this country would be almost entirely codfish. There are some golf clubs left where the courses have not been butchered into fantastically trapped, bunkered, penalized and inordinately lengthened affairs for the benefit of the professionals and a few star amateurs, most of whom do no contributing to the exchequer. There are a few golf clubs left in this country where the costs are not prohibitive to a man of moderate means. But not many. On the other hand, the tendency is to smother the game with the egregious expenditure of money for palatial clubhouses, by remaking courses time and again at the behest of the small minority who play the game with near-par expertness, by promoting exclusiveness by making it cost money, which is our typically American way of arriving at exclusive distinction.

The list of golf clubhouses and courses in this country that have cost and are costing from three hundred thousand to a million dollars and more, is long and is constantly lengthening. There are several golf clubs in this country that require ten thousand dollars for a membership fee, and those where the first cost is a thousand dollars and up are numerous.

The answer to this in the American manner, of course, is that those who cannot afford to pay need not expect to play. These are at liberty to go to the municipal courses, and if they go early enough in the morning on Saturdays and Sundays, which are the days most people have free for golf, if they get there and take a number at six o'clock in the morning, say, they may be able to get started by ten or eleven o'clock. Our tenets of civilization do not admit of criticism of the segregation idea for purposes of social or other distinction and exclusiveness. That idea is one of the fundamental principles of life wherever lived, especially Anglo-Saxon life. The thought of the man sitting in the club window that he is better than the man passing on the sidewalks because he can come into the club and sit at the window and the other cannot, is an old and powerful thought. Carried to its last degree it consists of a series of hermits sitting in a series of caves, a plan which has some advantages because of its cheapness.

Wherefore, there is no criticism of the golf-club idea, as such, because the golf club affords the only means for men and women who can pay for it to play golf in agreeable surroundings. The criticism that holds for golf as we do it in this country is that the expenditures for it have become fantastic in view of the benefits derived, and that instead of maintaining golf as a game we have made it a medium for silly wastefulness, and for sillier social buncombe.

If you could see the balance sheets of all the golf clubs in this country, for the past five years or so, or since the absurd craze for lengthening and retrapping and making more difficult golf courses began to spread across the country, since the parvenu idea of magnificent clubhouses began to bear its most expensive fruit, you would find that a large per cent of these clubs, a very large per cent, even where annual dues are a good ways up in the hundreds of dollars per year, have not broken even, and that assessments on the members, in addition to annual dues, are the rule rather than the exception. You would find schemes for selling bonds, for selling life memberships, and other financial hocus-pocus resorted to in order to keep these ornate and florid foolishnesses afloat. You would find boards of governors meeting and searching out ways and means to make the cash income jibe with the outlay. You would find membership drives projected and carried out.

Young Men Kept Out

IN SHORT, you would find that the whole system of club golf in this country is topheavy in every way—in its organization, in its expense, in the exactments of its playing in such ways as clothes and implements and other expenses. We have taken golf in the United States and inflated it until it isn't golf any more and is a cross between a social function, a sartorial exhibition, an architectural debauch, a golf-engineering fantasy, a financial exploitation and a sad, serious and suffocating rite.

We have made golf so expensive that the natural oncoming supporters of the game, the young men who are starting in life for themselves, cannot afford to belong to the clubs where, in normal circumstances, the best opportunities for enjoyment of golf should be obtainable. They are forced to the crowded municipal courses, or to the smaller and, often, unsatisfactory clubs—unsatisfactory in a golf sense.

We have blown this once pleasurable game up to grotesque proportions. Being the greatest natural snobs in the world, we have taken this game and used it for a medium of a snobbishness in many quarters that is incredible. And even then the thing falls of its own weight at times, and will so fall far more frequently in the future.

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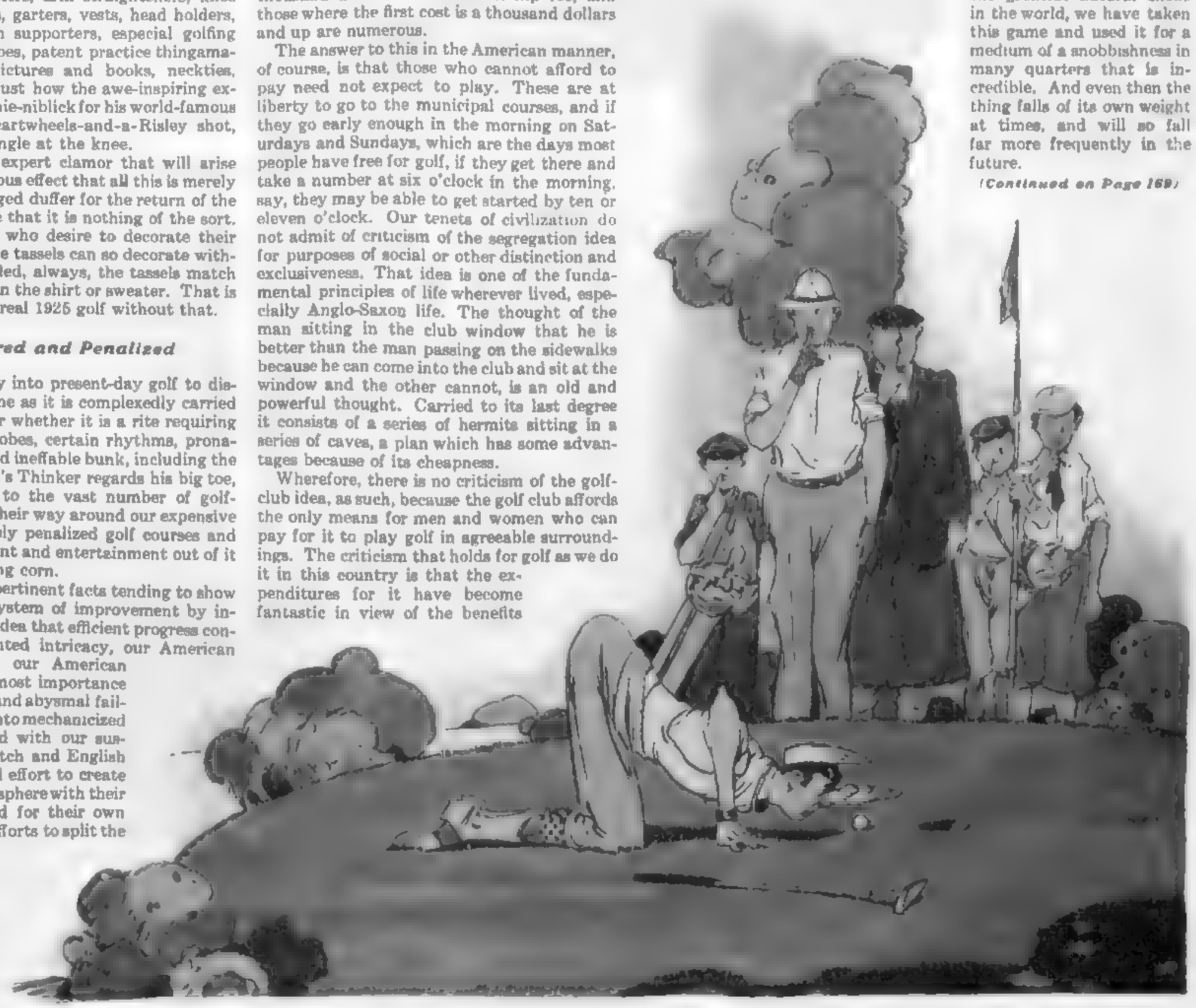

There Must be a Solemn Hush. The Business is Incrossmact

Mr. Pethick Meets the Check Grabbers

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

PETHICK was in my real-estate office in Harlem one Saturday afternoon—Horace T. Pethick; you may have heard of him. Pethick sells North River brick and Cow Bay sand; I was putting up a flat up in the Bronx at the time. He had a cigar, and sat around talking of this and that, and waiting for me to ask him out to lunch. He's quite a fellow—big, imposing, chin whisker and white waistcoat; he likes to talk and I like to hear him. I was waiting for a salesman to report. I had a bunch of lots up in Pelham Manor that I took in a trade and I was trying to saw them off on the Italian colony up that way. They weren't very good lots, low ground near the canal and the power house and the incinerator; but they were plenty good enough for the people I was shooting at, and I'd put on a salesman on salary and commission. He didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I was holding his twenty-five dollars in a pretty tight fist when the young fellow himself opened the door and blew in.

He Whispered, Glancing Over at Pethick. Pethick Seemed Unnecessarily Interested, as a Matter of Fact, and Was Bending Over to Listen and to See

"How is it this week, Andrus?" I said, jumping him.

"Wonderful, boss," he said happily. "You can draw your contract for the whole works!"

"Yes—and how come?" I said, feeling looser.

This young fellow came over to me and put an arm over my shoulders and looked right into my face. He whispered, glancing over at Pethick. Pethick seemed unnecessarily interested, as a matter of fact, and was bending over to listen and to see. Pethick has a cast in one eye, and it is sometimes hard to be sure what he is looking at; but I had him right this time, and I hunched closer to my salesman.

"I've got an appointment for four o'clock with the head of a big Italian fraternal order," the young fellow whispered right into my left ear. "They've seen the property and are sold on it and want the whole thing or none; so let me have a couple of blank contracts and I'll get out of here."

"Is that right?" I said, smiling all over.

He grabbed my hand to shake on it. By chance, if that was it, he grabbed the hand that was holding his week's money, and I let him have it. Then he snatched a couple of blanks and legged it for the door.

"Good boy!" I shouted after him. I was naturally very tickled.

"Say, Conway," said Pethick quickly, "who is that fellow? What's he doing here? Isn't his name Andrus? Why, he was down in our office last Thursday, and we put him on to sell for us at thirty a week and commission."

"He—wha-a-at?" said I, and I saw that big sale to the Italian fraternal order disappearing into the blue. I got to the door in one jump, but he was already going out into the street below and going fast. "You're fired!" I shouted.

I felt sore; stung again.

"Check grabber," I said. "I'll bet he never tried to sell a blessed lot. All he wanted was to get that old salary every week and while the getting was good. Selling for you, too, was he? Yes, and I'll bet money he has half a dozen other suckers on his list. I am certainly slow to learn. The next bird that comes in here and asks for Westchester territory or Jersey or some place where he has an excuse for not reporting here every morning, I'm going to hit him. I'm going to take a chance and hit him. I'd give a box of good cigars to know what's come over them."

"I confess I am at a loss to say, Conway," said Pethick in his deep and friendly drawl. He pushed out his thick red lips, reflecting, and his cross-eye looked very sad. "They do, indeed, seem to be a lot of check grabbers, as you call them, many of them. It wasn't like that years ago when I was selling, before ——"

"Yes," I said, saving him trouble.

He meant before he was put in the coop, to be frank. I don't cotton to jailbirds or care to do business with them; but there's so many laws to put people in jail nowadays, and so many other laws to keep people out, that it's not the way it used to be. Pethick seemed like a good fellow to me, and his brick and sand were aces, and I knew the jam he'd got into was some business difficulty, so I was suspending judgment.

"My reaction to it, Conway," he said, looking at the end of his cigar, "is to say the present lamentable condition among salesmen is the result of the emphasis put on selling, as much as anything. In every business I've been in, and I've seen the wheels of quite a few, there was a standing feud between the factory and the office; the factory says that bad business is the fault of the sales force, and the salespeople say that they can't sell such poor goods against competition. But the onus falls first of all on the selling end; I could illustrate that by an anecdote from my own experience.

"Some years ago I spent a summer in the open air at Coney Island, that playground of New York's teeming millions. My business associate at the time was a gentleman named Elgar, an ex-laundry worker, who had been atrociously mauled in an industrial accident, and who was in consequence of extremely unlikable physiognomy. I must, however, give Elgar credit for great courage and determination.

"He had not been dispirited by his extreme ugliness, but had rather been elated thereby, and he hired this booth on the Midway and exhibited himself to the general public as a dog-faced boy—an inspiring example of an apparent defect being turned into an overwhelming advantage. I stood on a rostrum outside and called upon the passers-by to come in and have a look at my partner for five cents, a nickel, half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar. I was thus, in a business way —— But, pardon me, Conway, what was it?"

"Nothing, Pethick," I said, coughing. "I must have thought of something. Go ahead."

"I was thus, in a very real sense, the sales force of our joint enterprise; and Elgar might be looked upon as the factory. You follow me, don't you, Conway? I performed my duties conscientiously, selling him to the public as well as I was able. Indeed, it may be that it was some of the expressions in my selling talk that he overheard that brought about our first disagreement. In any event, he took umbrage and he came out and said that we weren't grossing half what we should, and that he could give a much better selling talk himself. Well, you know the sort of repartee such a typical business row precipitates, and I said to him, as any salesman would to one of the production people, 'Perhaps you'd better try.'

"The incensed fellow said he would, and glad to, if I would retire into the tent and pose as the attraction. Can you imagine such idiocy, Conway? But I knew that an ample vocabulary, a clear and resonant voice, practice in public speaking and a knowledge of crowd psychology were essential to success in the work that he had the presumption to undertake, and I knew the pitiful fellow had none of these; but to humor him, as a tactful partner will, and to let him find out his inadequacy for himself, I let him have his way for the time being, and I went into the tent while he mounted the rostrum."

Pethick relit his cigar, taking his time about it.

"Your partner must have ruined the business," I said. "He gave the show away, didn't he?"

"Rather on the contrary, Conway," said Pethick. "And that brings us to the dissolution of our partnership. If you can believe me, we did three times the business we had done before! The patrons flocked into the tent in positive masses, so that we had to put on a cashier at once. This was gratifying, properly regarded, but none the less it brought us to an open breach at our departmental conference late that night. I stoutly maintained that the big business constituted no reflection on my personal appearance, but that the trade was roused to enthusiasm by the sight of Elgar at the door; but he would have it that we were properly cast and should continue in our reversed employment.

"We parted on that. The point I am making is the unhappy effect of recrimination between the producing and the selling ends, the factory and the office. You get it, don't you, Conway?"

"Oh, very clearly, Pethick," I said.

"I parted with Elgar because I knew that the business must eventually land upon the rocks if he had his way. We were concentrated on selling, you know, when we had nothing to sell. We were doing a purely transient trade, with no repeat value. That sort of thing is done at Coney Island, where they will charge you ten cents to look at a wrecked schooner and will then show you a broken beer glass, a mere play on words; but that's not sound merchandising, is it? One must sell anew always from the beginning, instead of building up consumers' acceptance. I abandoned the cigar business for a similar reason."

"You were in the cigar business, Pethick?"

"For nearly two years, Conway. I was selling a cigar called the Corona de Kroner. It was manufactured by a

gentleman named Emil Kroner, on Baxter Street downtown, and it was rather poor stuff. However, he wholesaled them to me for twelve dollars a thousand, and they were good value for the money. I put them out in the saloon and small-restaurant trade, the sort that served business men's lunches and twenty-five-cent regular dinners. I had an excellent approach; I'll give you my saloon approach.

"I was wont to enter the place and order a glass of liquor. Upon being served, I would contemplate the glass and ask the proprietor what he was paying for them per dozen. I had this information already, having bought several gross of the glasses from a regular supply house; and the goods were standard throughout the trade, having the interior base diameter of a silver half dollar, and being thus-and-so high. The proprietor told me, as a matter of course, and I then said I could let him have four dozen at half the quoted price, being, as I said to him, an auction lot. He was always glad to take them, and I handed them over.

"Going to the cigar case, I asked him what he paid for his Dervish cigarettes, a tremendous seller to that trade. He told me that he paid three and a half cents a pack by the carton, and I let him have two cartons at three cents, and very happy to get them he was, you may believe. And then I asked him what he was paying for a certain standard twenty-five-cent smoke."

"I see," said I. "You could give him a real bargain in those, couldn't you?"

There was something guileless about Pethick; something was left out of his head. If I had heard the same story from any one of forty other salesmen I'd have told him politely to get out and stay out.

"Oh, something very attractive, Conway," said Pethick. "I did reasonably well in the cigar business, netting about a hundred and a quarter a week; but I came to perceive there was no future in it, and I was young and properly ambitious. Not to bore you with a recital of the enterprises I set afoot and later abandoned, I come at once to my experience in the brokerage field. I opened an office on Forty-second Street near the Grand Central. At that time the Grand Central zone was not the high class and established business section it is today. There were many shady concerns doing business of doubtful sorts about there, and I should have preferred to be on Wall Street with the better houses, but a young broker starting out must do what he can. It was a modest little office tucked away in the rear of a dilapidated old building, but well do I remember how my heart swelled within me when I sat in it for the first time and surveyed its four walls. With what pride did I view the ground-glass door on which was lettered in genuine gold leaf Consolidated Brokers of America, Horace T. Pethick, President."

He stopped to swallow a sigh, and I said, "Now I remember! That's what got you in the jam, wasn't it, Pethick?"

"There was a difficulty eventually," he said. "The stupidity of an employe named William McCann, formerly a deck hand on one of the Hudson River ferryboats, you know, occasioned me a great deal of annoyance. You've heard of the affair from others, and no doubt you'll be glad to have the facts as to the Consolidated Brokers. An inspiring story, Conway, and showing what any young man can do, or could do in those days.

"Thus I entered the field in which I made my greatest success, the selling of stocks and bonds. Fortune smiled upon me from the first with vigor. Before the sun set that night I had been appointed fiscal agent for the Greater Niagara Power Company, a Delaware corporation capitalized for three hundred thousand dollars and beginning business with five hundred dollars paid up in full. It was a very promising enterprise, and the capitalization was conservatism itself when one considers the value of Niagara Falls as a power site. I am sure the company would have paid enormous dividends and made good on every last insinuation in its prospectus if it had succeeded in procuring the falls at a reasonable figure. That was prevented by political intrigue and the company was forced to suspend; but that was the affair of the operating end and I was concerned only with selling the stock

"I confess that in my boundless enthusiasm I made representations as to the falls which should have been made *in futuro*, and the authorities seized the pretext to pin a charge of fraud on me. There's something of value for you in that, Conway. If you have lots to sell, don't say there's a sewer in the street if there isn't; say, that one will be put in bright and early tomorrow morning, and you can't be charged with fraud, as you have not misrepresented a present condition. My lawyer explained this to me, and I found it very interesting, if, one might say, a bit belated.

"I procured also the agency for the Incorporated Gushers, Inc., and for the Boreal Exploration and Improvement Company. This latter corporation, having for its purpose the improvement of the Arctic regions, was backed by Doctor Rook, an eminent navigator of troubled waters who was decorated by the crowned heads of Europe and who has won universal acclaim as the most farsighted man who ever discovered the North Pole.

"The stock of these corporations was unquestionably somewhat speculative; on the other hand, it was very cheap and a buyer could get a surprising quantity of it for his money. I did not seek the business of the corporations controlled by the interests; I should have turned Standard Oil down flat, and I wouldn't have given New York Central house room. Stocks of that sort are all very well for the rich man who has made his money and who wants to keep his return low so as to beat the income tax; but they are not attractive to the poor man, to the salaried man, to the widowed and the fatherless. I had resolved to devote myself to the service of people of modest means, shut-in people, uninstructed people, showing them how to get ahead and be quick about it, and I handled the propositions such people hanker for. It was foolish sentimentality on my part; I see that now. There's no money in working for poor people, Conway; work for the people who can afford to pay well.

"This venture of mine was made in the fall of 1913, an extremely inauspicious occasion. The buyers' strike, that psychological phenomenon, was then on. Suspicion was rife and the public wouldn't buy; you couldn't sell a child an apple on a stick if you offered to eat it for him yourself. Pure psychology and nothing else. Are you at all acquainted with the law of reversed effort, Conway? I started off with a loud report. At the end of a month, when I should have been totting up my winnings, I found that I owed twenty dollars rent and two hundred dollars in the salary account and was about ready to go into insolvency. I had put on two crackajack salesmen. It doesn't pay to save money on help, Conway; get a good man even if he comes high, and he'll make money for you—that's the racket."

Pethick pulls a line once in a while that sounds odd, coming from him. As a rule, he's full of culture and a perfect gentleman; but I suppose a man can't bat around as he has batted around, with all sorts of people, without getting a few spots and cracks.

"These two men of mine had been selling stocks and bonds for fifteen and twenty years. To be perfectly candid, I had had a well-conceived idea of learning the business from them and then passing them out for cheaper help. They were good, and when they couldn't sell I knew it was time to save the pieces. I told them bluntly that there was no money for them. They got nasty and asked me where I got off to open a broker's office when I didn't have two hundred dollars.

"Insolence from subordinates, Conway, is one thing you must never brook; it destroys discipline. I told those two ruffians that they could go to thunder for their money, and if they didn't like it they could do the next best thing, and if they thought for one second that they could bulldoze me, why, just let them try it on! Perhaps I was unnecessarily rough with them, but I flare up very easily. They told me to stay right where I was until they could get down; but I wasn't taking orders from them, so I slapped down the receiver—I had called them up from outside the office, you understand—and walked away from the pay station.

"There's one thing you must have noticed about the lives of successful men, Conway, and that is that they built their successes on their failures. Well, now my old partner, Elgar, was an example of what I mean; or you might take the case of that Westchester farmer who was clawed by a bear escaped from a circus and who sold his place for big money to some New York sports for a hunting preserve; or you might take my case. I was sick when I walked away from that pay station, but I went right to work to figure on some scheme to turn that dark cloud inside out

"When a sales manager falls down, Conway, it's generally because he doesn't know his product or he doesn't know his men. If he knows his product, it's a sound and merchantable proposition or he wouldn't lose his time on it. He must know when to plug his proposition, of course. In your line now you tell me that property with a private lake on it is always in big demand; but if you were one of six survivors on a raft in mid-ocean and the company got to talking real estate, as they naturally would, you might mention casually that you knew of a nice piece on Staten Island that could be bought right, but you'd soft-pedal on the lake, wouldn't you?

"Well, that's a bit far-fetched, but that's the idea. Circumstances alter cases, you know. I was up against a hard market, as I've said; but that only meant that the feature of safety had to be plugged, and I was pretty sure that my salesmen hadn't hammered away on that point with the sincerity that breeds conviction. They'd probably admitted that there was an outside chance that the prospects might lose out; the fault didn't lay with the goods. What could the

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A Big Fellow at the Head of the Line Took Me by the Shoulder and Announced That He Came First and Proposed to be Served First

ALMOST A GENTLEMAN

By Edward Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

ON THE Sunday morning after the game there were many students and graduates of the Yale persuasion who claimed that young Mr. Gildersleeve of Princeton was a lucky stiff. In New York, New Haven and, I doubt not, Hartford, they called upon heaven to punish him and to lay a curse on the unkind fate which had guided a Yale forward pass into his arms during the last quarter, with the score Yale 3, Princeton 0.

It was not, however, until the event had been almost forgotten in undergraduate circles that George Banks began to harbor a grudge against young Mr. Gildersleeve for his glorious run. For Gildersleeve had inadvertently brought a great deal of sorrow upon George Banks' head, although George was a recent Princeton graduate and should normally have benefited, both financially and spiritually, by the victory.

This is how it was:

When George asked Mildred Trudeau to go to the game with him—and in fact right up to the moment when Gildersleeve's cleats tore a chunk out of the Yale goal line—she seemed to him to be quite an ordinary sort of last year's debutante.

"I Have a Healthy Normal Desire to Kiss You"

Pretty, of course, or she never would have been honored with the invitation. But otherwise a little blah. Good mouth, a mouth a fellow might kiss with a certain amount of satisfaction, but not a mouth from which wisdom could reasonably be expected. Pretty eyes, but no suggestion of anything behind them except a blue back drop. Nice, even features, but too even for much character.

That was, as I have said, George Banks' estimate of Mildred Trudeau until close to the end of the fourth quarter, up to which point he was what you might call a rational young man.

But Gildersleeve's run did something to George Banks' entire being. At its conclusion he pounded the back of the ponderous, middle-aged gentleman in front of him. He emitted a yell which would have set a high standard of audibility for a locomotive whistle. He flung both arms around Mildred Trudeau and hugged her as, I hope, she had never been hugged before.

He tore off his rather modish gray felt hat and scaled it toward the field. He drank at some length from a frankly illegal square bottle and whooped again louder than before.

As they changed Princeton's 6 on the scoreboard to a 7, George Banks augmented the loss of his hat with the loss of its erstwhile contents. During the minute that remained of the game he babbled and gurgled and laughed into the ear of Mildred Trudeau like one bereft of his senses. Again and again he besought her to tell him if she had ever seen anything like that before. And she showed her teeth, which had been well spoken of, and tried to be as excited as he was, which was absurd.

Even after the game his exaltation held. Outwardly he became a little calmer, but his heart thumped with the fullness of his emotion. He found himself overwhelmed with a love of the world he lived in, of the human race in general, and of Mildred Trudeau, with whom he had shared this transfiguration, in particular. Walking with her, he squeezed her fur-coated arm until her shoulder was in grave danger of dislocation.

Presently, when they were buttoned into George's roadster, protected from the cold November wind, his love of things in general focused itself more and more on his companion. The girl at his side was warmish and smallish and very much his.

Before they got to New Brunswick he told her intimate details about himself and the peculiarities of his mind.

Just past the Raritan bridge he slipped one of his hands into both of hers.

Right in the middle of Metuchen he put his arm around her.

A couple of miles farther on he kissed her tentatively.

A minute or two beyond Rahway he asked her to marry him.

He alleged—in a voice that carried surprising conviction—that he had loved her passionately ever since he had first met her, though that would have taken him back through the Dorothy Husted era into the time of Louise Vanderlin, as he might have remembered. He told her that he had loved her always, for that matter, for she was the ideal for whom he had sought.

To give her a chance to answer, he stopped the roadster with a suddenness which nearly caused horrible carnage in the line of cars behind.

When she raised her eyes to his and said that she would marry him if her mother would let her, you might have expected him to realize the enormity of the thing he had done.

He did not. Rather, he bent his head a little and drew her face close to his, murmuring "My dear, my dear" in a whisper he could not help admiring, if he did it himself, who shouldn't have. He found his exaltation increased by this new entanglement. The jeers of homegoing football fans seeped through the side curtains, but he heeded them not. He kissed her rather thoroughly.

The rest of the journey was joy unstinted.

She told him things about his charms that even he had never suspected. He answered with gallantries he would have labeled the grossest sort of exaggeration a few hours before. They planned how they would tell her mother, and his father and mother and kid sister. They speculated joyously about how astonished Marian would be and what Paul would say. Stalled in the line of cars on the hill leading to the ferry, they petted shamelessly.

That is a brief explanation of the resentment toward Gildersleeve of Princeton which grew and grew in the heart of George Banks toward the last of the year; a resentment which became stronger as the New Year came in and January and February passed, and Mildred Trudeau was in fact the fiancée of George Banks, and was turning out to be, as he had suspected, pretty, but otherwise blah; quite hopelessly blah.

They went to deb parties at the Ritz and Sherry's and Pierre's. They saw musical comedies and farces and plain comedies and melodramas together. They became recognized and were bowed to in most of the fashionable night clubs. They motored hither and yon in the environs of New York. They were lavishly entertained at teas and dinners and suppers and luncheons. By all ordinary standards they should have had a most enjoyable winter.

Probably Mildred was having just that. Her picture appeared in the papers with reasonable regularity. She was on whatever committees it was right to be on. She was engaged to George Banks, who was no mean catch socially, financially and personally.

Through the eyes of the desirable young man, however, things were not so satisfactory. This girl who seemed destined to be attached to him for life fell several running broad jumps short of his ideal of womanhood. She had looks and poise and serenity—and not another visible gift. He knew by heart her answers to everything he might conceivably say to her, which discouraged him from saying anything. He knew even what she would do in any given set of circumstances, which took most of the interest out of creating sets of circumstances. She repeated herself with perfect regularity.

He knew her seven facial expressions as well as if he had had a photograph of each with a descriptive caption: Disappointment, Pleasure, Love, Annoyance, Surprise, Interest, Boredom—every one of them mild.

She danced average well, but with an indefinable sense of heaviness. She played bridge passably, but with too frequent recourse to the wide-eyed look which is supposed to excuse misplay. Her conversation was fair until you got onto her system, or until the talk slipped off the field which is covered by the society columns. Her intellectual interests were limited to an attempt to classify everything she came in contact with as either nice or vulgar.

For some men, no doubt, she would have been an ideal mate. George credited her with this possibility. The elder Bankses seemed to approve of her as prospective daughter-in-law. Young men who knew her slightly congratulated George on her charms with unlimited fervor.

He was even willing to admit that the whole trouble might be the result of something wrong with his own make-up; but the main point was that there was something awfully wrong with someone. That he knew.

II

PERHAPS it would be just as well for the story to skip lightly over the late winter and early spring and bring the reader snappily to the week-end in May when

Mildred Trudeau and George Banks went to Barbara Kittridge's house party. It was there that things started to happen.

As a matter of fact, the exact time when things started to happen was 12:17 A. M. on Saturday, May eighteenth. It was at that particular moment that George Banks and Barbara Kittridge stopped dancing and stepped through a French window of the living room to the terrace. It was at that particular moment that Barbara Kittridge turned her head upward so that she could catch George Banks with the corners of her eyes, and said, "What you need, Mr. Banks, is to sit down quietly in the moonlight and talk about yourself."

Her voice was pleasant to the ear. She was soothing. Had it been May of last year, with the moon just exactly the way it was, George Banks would have proceeded to flirt outrageously with her. But it was May of this year.

"Oh, no," he said self-consciously. And again, "No."

He lighted a cigarette, and they walked out to the edge of the terrace.

"But you're depressed," she said. "If I ever saw a depressed man—and I have seen depressed men you are gruesomely depressed."

"Oh, no, I'm not." He spoke without conviction, listlessly

"You are! Listen to yourself! You sound like a funeral oration that has been badly received. Come along. I am going to take the liberty of leading you to a place where you can sit down quietly in the moonlight. You can decide then whether to talk about yourself."

They went down the steps to the bottom of the terrace and down a path thickly bordered with shrubs which cut off the moonlight. He was moodily silent while they walked twenty steps. Suddenly she laughed softly.

"Which is the leper?" she said. "You or I?"

"Leper? I don't think ——"

"I have had men tell me they were afraid of me, but they have always been chronic bachelors and they have suspected me of wanting to marry them. Now you are Trudy's fiancé and Trudy's a friend of mine. You ought to know I don't mean you any harm."

"My dear Miss Kittridge, I really haven't been thinking of you at all. I ——"

"If I believed you, I should think you very rude. But I don't believe you. I know perfectly well that you have been thinking of me and that you're afraid of me. That is why you have kept this careful yard of space between us."

George Banks laughed uneasily.

"No," he said. "Oh, no—didn't notice it."

He stepped closer to her, miscalculated the distance and rubbed her soft, cool forearm with the back of his hand. He snatched the hand back as though it had touched hot iron. She laughed again.

"You see? You are afraid."

The path widened and they came into a tiny plaza in the middle of which there was an inactive fountain. To right and left, back against the shrubbery, were low stone benches, one moonlit, the other in darkness. Barbara Kittridge led him to the dark one. She seated herself, leaning back against the curved stone arm at one end, and placed her feet on the middle of the seat.

"Now," she said, "let me explain. Sit down over there."

She paused while he produced a cigarette and lighted it.

"Now here is the idea: I don't want you to flirt with me. I don't want you to try to kiss me. I don't want you to do anything that bothers your conscience in the least. I have no designs whatever upon you.

"But I like Trudy. I've known her around school and at parties for three or four years, and I like her. When I heard about her engagement to you I asked you both down here so that I could see the happy couple. And what do I feast my eyes on?

"Trudy about as usual, and—you! A dignified young pallbearer. It looks bad. Something is wrong. It hurts me to see the course of true love so bumpy. Therefore I have enticed you out here among the moon and the shrubs and the nasty cold stone benches to find out what is wrong."

George Banks lighted another cigarette and withdrew to his corner of the bench.

"It's very —nice of you," he said at length, and lapsed into silence.

"Come now, tell me about yourself. What sort of person are you? What did you do at Princeton?"

"Played baseball a couple of years."

"No poetry? Never contributed to the Lit? Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Were you notoriously gloomy or silent?"

"No."

"What was your nickname? That will tell something."

"Phooey."

"What?"

"Phooey."

"Where did you get a nickname like that? It doesn't fit you now."

"That's kind of a long story. It had something to do with drinking applejack sophomore year. I don't believe you'd care to hear it."

"Then you drink applejack?"

"Well, I have."

"Phooey, do you know what I've got?"

"No. At least I don't know everything you've got. I have some idea of your talents."

For a moment the old George Banks threatened to show himself. There was life in his voice

"I've got about ten bottles of applejack in the cellar."

"You're lucky."

"So are you."

"I?"

"My applejack is your applejack."

"Oh, that's very good of you; but —— Well, you see, Trudy doesn't like my drinking much and I'm pretty careful. Cocktails and punch, but that's about enough." He rose and walked to the inactive fountain, balanced himself upon its stone rim. "It's mighty good of you," he said again.

"Not at all. Trudy ought to know better than to cut a strong young man off from his applejack! That may be just what you need to make you cheer up."

"No, that isn't what's the matter. It's ——"

He broke off suddenly. He went back and sat at his end of the bench, lighted another cigarette

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His Eyes Followed Barbara Kittridge as She Went, Laughing, Through the French Windows With a Man

PARLEYVOO

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

NO DOUBT Wilfrid Smith's curly blond hair and his innocent, ingratiating eyes had something to do with his getting a job on the Everton Daily Record. But said hair and said eyes couldn't have effected this miracle alone—not at that particular time. Experienced newspapermen, with and without hair, and with eyes ranging from squint to wall, were pounding the pavements looking for a berth. Reporters who were gray over the temples when Wilfrid Smith was taking nourishment from a glass cow, were seeping out into the cold business world and trying to sell insurance, books on etiquette, and something for two dollars to go on an automobile worth one dollar.

No, Wilfrid's eyes and hair were a fine front, but to get a job on the Daily Record in those lean days required an upholstered background. But Wilfrid had it. Just at the moment when Benson Reeves tilted rearward in his chair, and looked sad, and folded his fat hands over his waistcoat, and gave that affecting cough which is preparatory to saying no in three hundred well-chosen words, Wilfrid Smith looked out the window into the ugly main street of Everton, below, and sighed.

"It makes me think of the Avenue des Champs Élysées!" he said.

The owner of the Record dropped forward suddenly in his chair and asked, "It makes you think of the what the what? What does?"

"Oh, it doesn't look anything like it," continued Wilfrid Smith, in a sort of blissful reverie, "but gazing down into the street just now somehow took my thoughts back to Paris. I suppose I ought to have stayed there."

"Stayed where? In Paris? You mean to say you've lived in Paris?"

A sad sweet light of fond recollection surged into the countenance of the applicant for a job. "Yes," he answered softly, "most of my life. I wasn't born there, but I went there very young. It's like home to me, of course. The boulevards, the cafés, the glorious Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile looking down on everything, the Bois on Sundays ——"

"Well, well, well," said the owner of the Record, with a wholly changed tone. "Why didn't you say that before, Smith? Come to look you over now, at close range, there is something kind of foreign about you. So you've lived all your life in Paris? Parleyvoo fransay?"

"*Oui, certainement,*" replied Wilfrid Smith, with a smile.

Benson Reeves was delighted. He had been in France for two weeks, the year before, and had come home with a fund of marvelous stories about his adventures, and people had turned coldly from them. Even the boys in the office had treated his travels with contumely. Some wag among the reporters had even circulated the yarn that the old man hadn't been abroad at all—he had merely been in Hoboken and acquired his foreign atmosphere there. But the old man had been in Paris just long enough to become enamored of that interesting capital. He had even dreamed, since his return, of cashing in and retiring to yon citadel of joy on the banks of the Seine.

And now here was a kindred spirit! Here was a young fellow who was of Paris; indeed, this curly-haired blond, with the air of bohemian abandon, was Paris—a sort of pocket edition. When Benson Reeves asked, "Parleyvoo fransay?" he used up practically his whole stock of French in one mighty effort. A flush of ruddy pleasure swept over the newspaper owner's face as the answer came back, "*Oui, certainement.*" Smith had understood his French! They were Gallic twins. For a moment Reeves was on the point of continuing, "Comment voo porteyvoo?" but he hesitated, and was lost. He couldn't recall whether he should say "voo" twice or only once in this flight of eloquence.

But a dark thought assailed Mr. Reeves. "Why the dickens, Smith," he asked with a touch of suspicion, "should anybody who has lived in Paris want to live in Everton?"

Wilfrid laughed, and showed a set of well-kept teeth. "I don't wonder you ask, Mr. Reeves. Well, in the first place, good jobs are scarce over there—and you know what a fellow gets when he's paid in francs. But, in the second

"Say—Joe—Cable Somebody to Meet That Ship With the Wimmen on It—Never Mind the Expense—Somebody Who Can Speak French"

place, I'm an American, after all, Mr. Reeves, and I was beginning to forget my nationality. Being with French people all the time, speaking nothing but French, never hearing my native tongue—well, somehow I didn't want to forget the country of my birth. I'd like to go back to Paris sometime, of course—I get homesick for the dear old city—and yet I want to remain an American. I dare say I could have my old job back on the Paris edition of the New York Herald ——"

"You worked on the—on the Paris edition of the New York Herald?" gasped Reeves. That settled it. Wilfrid Smith had the job right then and there. "I guess we can find a place for you, son," he said, patting Wilfrid on the shoulder affectionately, as one Frenchman should do to another. "You come in tomorrow morning about eleven. I'll talk with Jolliffe, my city editor. Er—you might get a wrong idea of Joe Jolliffe when you first meet him. Joe is hard boiled. Joe worked on this paper for my father when I was in short pants, and he—well, he doesn't altogether respect my opinions about anything. He's got a big heart, Joe has, as big as a barrel—not a big barrel, perhaps, but a fair-sized keg—but the first time he ever saw me I was in short pants, see? That explains it. Sometimes I'm afraid Joe will take this paper away from me and give it to somebody he has more confidence in. You understand?"

"Yes, I think I do, Mr. Reeves," acknowledged Wilfrid Smith, smiling.

"But I can manage Joe all right. You just come in at eleven, and I'll introduce you."

Having explained the matter to young Mr. Smith, it remained for the boss to explain it just as clearly to his city editor. After smoking a couple of cigars and pacing his room awhile, Benson Reeves heaved a long, soulful sigh and went out into the city room, where Jolliffe, the man-eating city editor, was glowering over a lot of copy, and sending up clouds of smoke from an aged corncob pipe.

Reeves deposited half of his plump bulk on the edge of the city editor's desk, and breathed gingerly, "How's everything, Joe?"

"Rotten," replied the city editor, without looking up.

"Business could be better," admitted the boss. "But there's signs that advertising is picking up. The business men have gone into their holes and locked themselves in temporarily. But cheer up, Joe. We can stand a few skinny months. Fact is, Joe, I wasn't thinking of that end. I was just going to say I've got a bright young fellow coming in to see you tomorrow morning, to go on the staff."

Jolliffe laid down his pipe and looked up at the boss with refrigerating disgust. "Bright young fellows are just what I don't want," he barked. "I've got two or three bright young fellows that I'm thinking of sending out on an assignment to drown themselves. What's the joke, boss?"

"No joke at all, Joe. I tell you, you'll want this boy when you see him. He's got something. He's just over from Paris."

"Oh, I see. Imported," snorted Jolliffe. "Something else European! Don't fall for that, boss. Just because we want to collect our war debts, all the European countries are getting hunk with us by sending their poets and actors and newspapermen over here."

"But this young chap has been on the Paris New York Herald, Joe," persisted Benson Reeves, warming up to his enthusiasm.

"Oh, he has, has he?" Jolliffe's upper lip curled so savagely that his mustache almost lost its balance. "And you fell for that, boss? Why, boss, that's one of the oldest ones in the business. There's enough slick guys in this country who've worked on Paris newspapers to make a parade, marching twelve abreast, that would take three hours to pass City Hall. Why don't they tell a new one? Now if this bird had said that he had worked on the Jerusalem Bladder or the Moscow Evening Dishrag he might have signs of promise. Besides, even if your trick journalist has really worked in Paris, what good would he be to us? We've got only four French people in the city, including O'Shaughnessy, the milliner, and a Rumanian lady who raises canaries. What we want now is a few birds who'll work sixteen hours a day without salary, and can speak enough gas-house language to sell a few papers in the South End."

Benson Reeves rose in all his power, his face red, and his manner fringing on the imperial. "I want you to give this young man a chance, Joe. Understand?"

"You mean you've already hired him!" snarled the ancient employe. "Well, why didn't you say so, instead of getting my opinion? All right! It's your paper. I'm taking orders. Send him in and I'll have him write an essay on French pastry for Sunday. That'll build up circulation."

Reeves tried to maintain an attitude of severity, but the conflict between disgust and surrender which was being depicted on his city editor's face got the better of him. It started with a snicker and ended with a roar of laughter. "You're all right, Joe!" said Reeves, patting the thin shoulders and bent back of the loyal Jolliffe. "I love you, Joe. We understand each other. Give the boy a job and see what he carries under his chapeau, see?"

It was characteristic of Joe Jolliffe that he spent all his bitterness toward Wilfrid Smith in his conversation with Benson Reeves. City editors are human, or nearly so. Jolliffe held no rancor against Wilfrid. He merely hated his boss, temporarily, for going over his official head and hiring a reporter whom he hadn't seen. Toward Wilfrid the Parisian, Jolliffe adopted an attitude which was entirely fair. He would give Wilfrid every opportunity to demonstrate that he was a tin fish. Nothing could be fairer than that.

Of course Jolliffe's behavior toward the new reporter was not tinctured with any especial gentleness. It couldn't help reflecting, in the city editor's ironic language, a certain bitterness which remained in Jolliffe's soul.

After Benson Reeves had introduced the two men, and then fled precipitately to his private office, Jolliffe remarked, "Well, I'll have to tell you frankly, Smith, we weren't needing any new men. But the boss thinks you'll do us a lot of good, and maybe you will. I'm sorry I can't

send you out to interview William J. Bryan or the Norwegian consul general. But you might take a run down to Potter Street and ask this man Moscovitz here's the clipping—whether he is in the habit of letting his horse starve to death or whether he is trying out some new ideas of diet. The S. P. C. A. is going to have him in court. That'll be your typewriter and desk, over near the elevator. If you chew gum don't leave the quid on my chair or desk, because I've only got one suit of clothes. Make yourself at home, Smith. We're just like one big family here—and you know what that means. Here's a key to lock the top drawer of your desk."

Not a smile flitted across the funereal face of the city editor. But Wilfrid knew his man. He grinned his cheeriest grin, went to the indicated desk, got a wad of copy paper and thrust it into his pocket, sharpened up a couple pencils, and went out to work.

Within a week Wilfrid had stormed the ice-bound fortress of Jolliffe's heart, and made solid headway. Wilfrid wasn't brilliant, but he was reliable and active and tireless. Jolliffe regarded brilliance as a doubtful asset, and he did greatly applaud the qualities Wilfrid had shown. He started by giving the young Parisian all the worm-eaten and bad-smelling assignments he could conjure up. Wilfrid took them all seriously, and performed them all without a murmur.

The wavy blond hair and the innocent blue eyes evidently worked their magic with the outside world, for Wilfrid brought in photographs that nobody else had been able to get, and wormed his way into circles where other reporters had been ejected.

One thing remained to be done before the last trench was taken. Wilfrid did it. About six weeks after he had come to the Daily Record, Wilfrid appeared in the office one afternoon, on his day off, and reported to Joe Jolliffe.

"I heard there was a three-alarm fire, Mr. Jolliffe," he explained, "so I thought I'd better come in to see if you maybe needed any help."

Jolliffe's eyes actually became nearly moist. Jolliffe's idea of heaven was a place reserved for good newspapermen who reported for duty on their day off. "Glad you came, Smith," he gurgled. "Mighty decent of you. I can use you, fine."

To Benson Reeves the city editor came, and spoke with an almost apologetic voice. "That young fellow Smith is all right, boss. I guess you picked a good one—for the first time. I've been sort of roasting him with punk assignments. I'm going to give him something good from now on."

"Fine, Joe! And if you ever have any job that calls for the parleyvoo, you know—he's our ace. Don't forget that. Raised right up in gay Paree, Joe, and he can spill French better than a native."

"Parleyvoo be damned," replied Jolliffe. "He's got a million-dollar pair of legs. That's what I fancy about Smith."

Nevertheless, Jolliffe felt rather proud, after he considered it, that so faithful and clever a reporter as Wilfrid could also parleyvoo. He began to take a friendly interest in the young man. Sometimes he paused beside Wilfrid's desk and glanced at the books which cluttered the top. Always they were French books—Dumas, Victor Hugo, Renan, Jean Aicard, De Maupassant, Anatole France—always in French. Jolliffe's knowledge of French was not extensive. He was intensely American, and it rather hurt him to think that a people who had fought so bravely during the big war should indulge in accented letters and c's with tails curled under them, and other eccentricities which had no place on any decent linotype machine. Still, a man who could get his tongue around this lingo, and was also a good reporter, was no slouch.

Jolliffe began to call Wilfrid affectionately, "Parleyvoo."

"Say, Parleyvoo, are you busy? Run down and talk with this real-estate man, will you?" "Oh, here's a little assignment for tomorrow evening, Parleyvoo."

The day came when Jolliffe actually taunted the city editor of the Herald, when he met him in a restaurant, with not possessing a reporter who could read, write and speak French better than any Frenchman. "Now we've got a fellow named Smith ——"

Wilfrid was a friendly soul—and yet he walked alone, so to speak. The other reporters, Frank Corby and Pete Leach and Harry Frawn and Pickering and Earle and Johnny Murphy, and the rest, sometimes discussed Wilfrid in that frank and unmalicious way reporters acquire of appraising one another.

"He's a good kid," said Harry Frawn. "But as to his life in Paris, I don't know that I fall for that, much. Sure, he says so. But anybody could say they've been in Paris, around here. Who's going to prove they haven't?"

"But the boss says he talks French with a perfect accent," added Frank Corby slyly.

"The boss would say the same thing if Smith was talking Polack," was the reply. "When the boss orders chicken à la King, he has practically exhausted his vocabulary The boss came back on the same ship he went over on, and the only French he's sure of is the words for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Not that I care whether Parleyvoo is a romantic liar or not. He's a clean little chap, and minds his own business. Only I wish somebody would come along some day who could give him a whirl in this French-language thing."

"But Parleyvoo seems to read nothing but French. Look at the books he always has on his desk."

"Sure, Johnny; but look at the way I used to read Cæsar's Commentaries when I was in high school; and what d'ye think I'd do if Julius Cæsar walked up to me and asked the way to the nearest forum? I'd have to make believe I was cuckoo or had swallowed my palate, wouldn't I?"

But in spite of envious doubts and scurvy hints, Wilfrid Smith's stock had a tendency to rise, slowly but healthily. Even the head proofreader came to Wilfrid with knotty questions in French spelling, and Parleyvoo uttered judgment like a member of the Academy. Sometimes, after the paper went to press, Wilfrid entertained the members of the staff with reminiscences about his life in the French capital. It would seem to have been a full, fragrant bohemian life. Wilfrid had been the white-haired boy among the restaurateurs of the Quarter. He had practically put the Bon Bock, the Aux Lilas, the Lapin Souriant and other restaurants beloved of the artists and journalists, on the map. He was a bosom friend of Forain, Poulbot, Jean Cocteau, Albert Guillaume, Marcel Prévost, Steinlen and Bouguereau. The assistant head proofreader suggested, with a clammy eye, that Bouguereau must have been at least ninety-seven years old when Wilfrid knew him, as he was born soon after the Napoleonic wars.

But Wilfrid never turned an eye winker. "I mean Bouguereau *fils, naturellement,*" he replied loftily; and the assistant head proofreader slunk away like a creature who has been detected stealing the handles off coffins.

Wilfrid had a great chance during the following January to make use of his intimate knowledge of the French language, but missed it through rotten bad luck. A French journalist, M. Alphonse Bourdon, the editor of La Vie Économique, was making a little tour through the United States, and was to give a lecture at Wilmerding College,

(Continued on Page 154)

Wilfrid Felt That He Wasn't Going to Like This Young Woman at All. Either She Was Peevish at Heart or She Already Suspected That He Was Not a Gay Returning Parisian

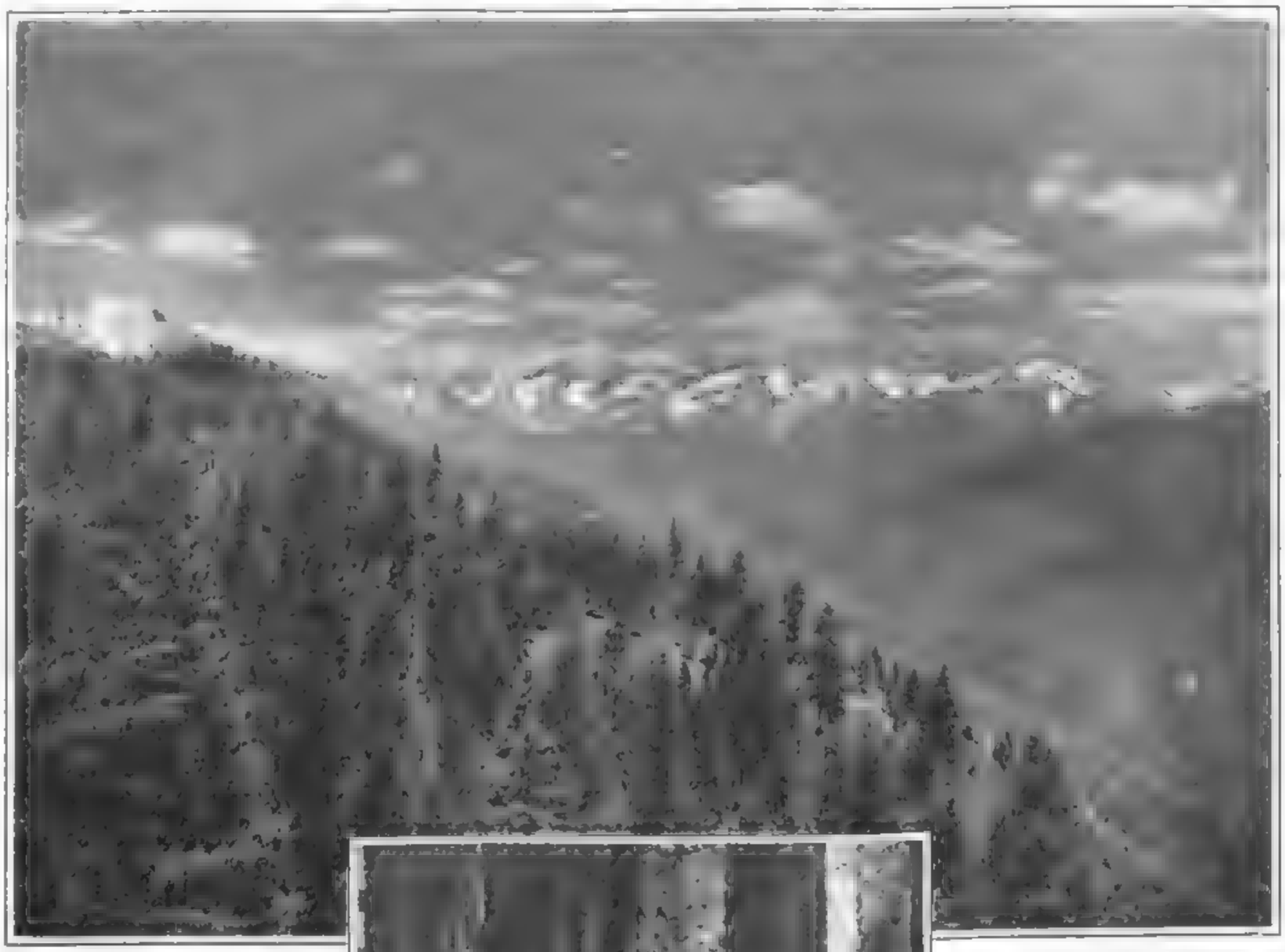
NATURE AS CREATED

By Albert W. Atwood

IT IS sometimes said that the automobile is making us a restless nation. Nor is there much doubt that it serves as an outlet for the gypsy complex and presents a fresh and puzzling impression of a whole series of old social problems having to do with tramps, casual laborers and other shifting, nomadic and discontented elements of the population.

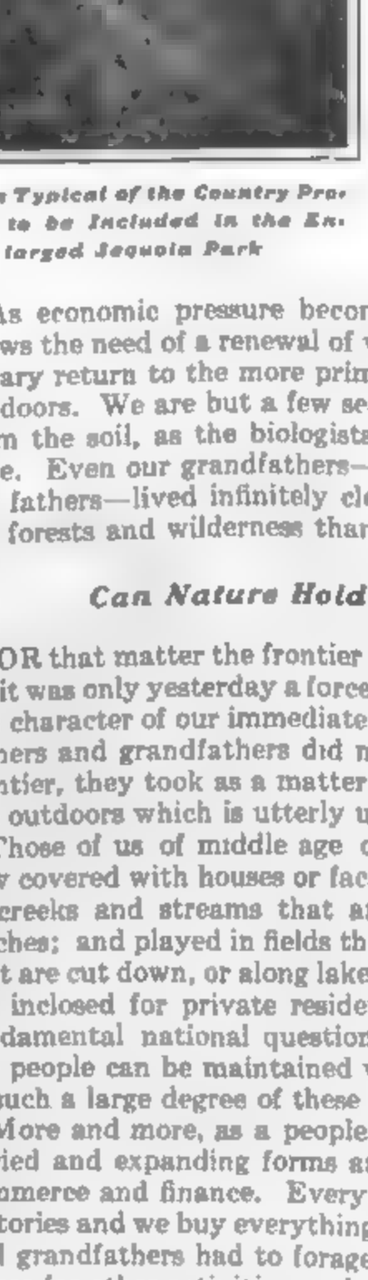
But it is just as true, and far more important, that the automobile is the great central driving force which is sweeping the bulk of the contented and prosperous middle and working classes of the American people into life-giving contact with the outdoors and all that recreation close to Nature means in the upbuilding of health and character.

It may be a rather bitter pill for the enthusiasts of other forms of sport, but there is little use in denying that the automobile is far and away the main factor in outdoor recreation. Beside it baseball, football, tennis, golf, fishing, hunting, riding, boating, camping and hiking all seem small. In fact, only the automobile makes possible the present dimensions of many of these other sports. The whole world of the outdoors is at the command of the motorist: one end is at his doorstep, the other end is the place to which he desires to go—the fishing pond, the duck-shooting marsh, the beginning of mountain trail, the golf club and the camping place.



The Great Western Divide From Moro Rock, Alta Peak on the Left, 11,911 Feet Elevation

An Indian Play in the Giant Forest, California. "Jazz" Amusements are Frowned On by the Park Service, But Forest Plays and Entertainments Which Harmonize With the Purpose of the Park are Encouraged



This is Typical of the Country Proposed to be Included in the Enlarged Sequoia Park

Hidden Wonders of the Future

MOST fitting as well as fortunate is it that this highly mechanized product and expression of an industrial civilization should thus contain within itself the very means to offset and combat the evil effects that may flow from industrialism. For surely the swift pace of material progress cannot be maintained unless the primitive and indispensable instinct for outdoor life is satisfied.

Man is very much like the fabled giant, Antæus, whose strength soon ebbed away unless his feet were always in touch with the earth from which he sprang. Only to a slight degree is our inheritance one of city breeding. For uncounted ages man's ancestors were in direct contact with untamed Nature. We have behind us only the most superficial veneer of factories, stores, banks and a commercialized life. We can no more slough off the need of Nature's life-giving touch than we can lay aside our digestive apparatus, likewise the product of millions of years of racial experience.

Human progress is dependent upon the laws of growth and evolution of many other types of life. Our knowledge of the nature of life is painfully limited. Until we know more than is even now conceivable, there will always remain the necessity of working in the great laboratory of "the unmodified remainder of the original life world in which we came into being." As Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution, recently said:

"We can no more predict today the values to be derived from either the plant or animal world in the next thousand years than the average American Indian, who for a thousand years or more daubed his implements and ornaments with asphalt, could have predicted the development from petroleum of the wonderful variety of brilliant dyes, or the great range of valued medicines, or the possibility which gasoline would offer for creation of the automobile and the aëroplane. It is of the utmost importance that as the wave of so-called civilizing influence sweeps across the world, laying in waste a large part of the great realm of our natural resources, we protect for future examination some of the marvelous wealth of the life of the world which the infinite wisdom of the Creator has prepared for us through hundreds of millions of years. . . .

"It would be presumption on the part of man to assume that he has yet reached a stage where it is wise for him to take for granted that the laws and methods of operation used by the Creator in making the living world may at once be set aside for man-made methods. Is it not better that the human hand that rests so heavily upon Nature be used in some measure for protection rather than for contamination and destruction, and that Nature be left at least some small opportunity to do its continuing work, as it has done through the ages before we came upon the scene?"

As economic pressure becomes more relentless so grows the need of a renewal of vigor by at least a temporary return to the more primitive conditions of the outdoors. We are but a few seconds in time removed from the soil, as the biologists and geologists count time. Even our grandfathers—indeed, in many cases our fathers—lived infinitely closer to the frontier, to the forests and wilderness than we.

Can Nature Hold Her Own?

FOR that matter the frontier today is gone, although it was only yesterday a force that molded the vigorous character of our immediate ancestors. Even if our fathers and grandfathers did not live near the actual frontier, they took as a matter of course a freedom of the outdoors which is utterly unknown today.

Those of us of middle age only played ball in lots now covered with houses or factories; waded or swam in creeks and streams that are sewers or irrigation ditches; and played in fields that are fenced, in forests that are cut down, or along lake shores or sea cliffs that are inclosed for private residences. It is a grave, a fundamental national question whether the vigor of the people can be maintained with the disappearance in such a large degree of these former conditions.

More and more, as a people, we are turning to the varied and expanding forms and instrumentalities of commerce and finance. Everything is made for us in factories and we buy everything in stores. Our fathers and grandfathers had to forage about. But our time is free for other activities, and we concentrate increasingly upon stocks and bonds, insurance and real estate, trading and commerce. Even agriculture is becoming industrialized.

In times like these, when prosperity soars, it is most appropriate to pause long enough to see whether the resources of the outdoors can hold their own against the swift-rising tides of modern life.

Except in few wilderness spots, which are remote from most of the great centers of population, it is difficult today to find even a camping place for the night which is not littered with last week's Sunday paper, tin cans and garbage.

If one desires to camp by a running stream it is more than likely that the waters have been polluted for years by the waste and noxious chemical products of industry.

There is no question that we have worked overtime to cut down and burn up the forests, erode the natural watersheds by overgrazing the prairies and mountain meadows, drain the swamps, kill off the game, use up the oil and minerals in a couple of generations, harness every mountain stream for power, starve good agricultural land, and under the impetus of real-estate exploitation reclaim and irrigate great areas unsuited for agriculture and not needed for the purpose.

But over against all this is the fact that the automobile is taking people from the city and town to the outdoors in an ever-expanding multitude. Since the automobile came, or rather since the restrictions upon travel incident to the World War were ended, the effect of its use has been for people to break for the open, for camping, sight-seeing, hunting, fishing and just mere outings, on a scale unknown before.

There were twelve times as many automobiles in 1923 as in 1913, and no one believes the increase has stopped. It is true that in the towns and cities motor traffic has become congested, but there is room for prodigious expansion throughout the country as a whole, for only about 10 per cent of the highways of the United States are today fit for motoring.

Certainly there will be no stop in the improvement of these roads, and their gradual transformation from horse-and-buggy to motor use. As the motorist has more places to go, as roads are built farther and farther afield, it is almost an arithmetical certainty that his journeys into the open will multiply.

Other sections have great attractions, but the outstanding scenic and recreational areas are in the Far West. This is natural enough. The great mountain ranges are there, the counterpart of Switzerland. It is a less thickly settled region and therefore nearer the wilderness state. The largest virgin forests are there, and most important of all perhaps is the fact that by far the largest areas of publicly owned lands, consisting of nearly all the chain of national parks, the bulk of the national forests and the unreserved public domain, lie west of the Mississippi Valley. In the thickly settled regions along the Atlantic Coast and below the Great Lakes there will always be many people who cannot or will not fare as far afield as the Rocky Mountains. For them there must be built up a system of state parks. Perhaps in time also large sections of the Appalachian and Blue Ridge Mountain wooded areas will be preserved in the form of national or state forests or parks.

Roads

NEVERTHELESS there is little likelihood that anyone will overestimate the future increase in travel to and in the more westerly areas. Real transcontinental automobile travel did not exist until eleven or twelve years ago, and received no impetus until 1919. The extensive marking of highways, now so characteristic of many of the Far Western states, did not begin until 1915. Moreover until a very few years ago the roads in the Rocky Mountain states were atrocious.

Grand Sentinel, King's River Canyon, California

But the main routes across the backbone of the continent are being steadily improved and even shortened. One new road will be eighty-eight miles shorter than the present route. Just what the increase in travel will be when all-the-year-around routes, with no bad desert places, have been provided, no man can say.

Then, too, it is only in the last few years that automobiles have been admitted to the national parks. Only one hundred and thirty-seven cars went into Yosemite in 1915, when they were first admitted, whereas less than ten years later nearly thirty thousand automobiles made the trip; and this in spite of the fact that no good road as yet enters that famous valley. Travel is on this great scale, although all the routes entering the valley are typical mountain roads, narrow and winding, with turnouts necessary in many places One road crosses the Sierras at an elevation just under ten thousand feet, yet travel over it increased 50 per cent in one year.

At the present time summer motor traffic on the narrow limited floor of the Yosemite Valley is so great that traffic officers are required to regulate it. Many thousands of cars are there at one time, and dust has become intolerable. Congress recently appropriated funds to pave the roads on the floor of the valley. Yet no hard-surfaced or moderately wide and straight highway leads into the valley itself.

The Rising Tide of Tourists

BUT such a highway is now under construction, and will probably be completed in 1926. It will then be possible to make the run from San Francisco in eight or nine hours the year around. At present motor travel into the valley stops entirely in winter. What dimensions the traffic will assume from 1926 on, no one can say. But a conservative estimate places the number of people who will enter the valley the first year of the new road at three hundred thousand instead of the present one hundred and thirty thousand, with probable large additions each succeeding year.

Some fifty years ago John Muir spent the summer in the Yosemite and toward autumn noted the fact that there had been an unprecedented number of visitors, two thousand in all. "I am glad they are gone," he wrote. "I can now think my thoughts and say my prayers in quiet."

There are other national parks to which the automobile has been even more recently admitted. Such travel to the rim of the Grand Cañon was practically unknown prior to 1919. Nor is there any good or at times even passable road approaching the cañon even now. El Tovar, the chief—in fact practically the only—motor objective is about seventy miles from a good road. Yet in a recent year in which railroad travel to that point increased 6 per cent, motor travel increased 100 per cent.

In the Sequoia National Park, where in winter a comparatively few miles take one from the semitropical conditions of lowland California to New England snows, the better part of a day is required for the trip, the last part on snowshoes or, under more favorable conditions, on horseback. But when the new automobile road, now under construction, is completed, the trip will be made in two hours.

For all the national parks there has been an increase in motor travel in about eight years of just under 1000 per cent.

These figures are taken almost at random and could be supported with endless additional data, all hammering away at the fact that the outdoor recreation seekers are becoming a veritable tidal wave. Most of the roads in both the national parks and the national forests were built for horses. As they are rebuilt for motor travel, under pressure of a relentless public demand, the traffic will of course grow heavier.

(*Continued on Page 72*)

Moro Rock, in Sequoia National Park, California

STILLBURN FASHION

Tonight There Was Something Wanting in the Atmosphere; He Felt a Difference in the Way the Two Girls Rattled the Dishes

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

TOM LATTIMER watched the two men uneasily, foreseeing in Jud Armstead's frowning, tight-lipped silence a promise of something sterner than the words in which Lattimer would have dealt, had he discovered it, with the matter of a new farm hand stealing a rest and smoke in the cool dimness of the hay barn.

The new hand seemed to share in Lattimer's apprehensions. He had risen to his feet and held himself in manifest readiness for trouble—a big, loose-jointed figure, his long arms inbending at the elbow, his red-burned face sullenly watchful and defiant.

Armstead's hand moved. The gesture was so swift that Lattimer hardly saw it, and before the hired man's awkward arm had risen in defense to shoulder level, the pipe spun whirling through the door. Its owner clapped a great palm against his jaw.

"Mighty near busted a tooth on me." There was a whining note in his voice that hardened as he sidled warily till his back was near the doorway. "If you got a notion I got to work f'r a jailbird ——"

"You ain't."

Jud spoke for the first time since Lattimer's entry, in the rusty, creaking voice that he had brought home from prison. Again Lattimer expected blows, but the farm hand's quick backward glance reassured him.

"Mean I'm fired? Why, say ——"

"Meant you ain't worked; but you're fired, all right." Armstead pulled a wad of bills from his hip pocket and thumbed off the outermost. "Here, it's worth this to get shut of you."

The man took the money and backed away. Beyond the door his courage seemed to improve; he spoke freely of jailbirds in general and of one with the pungent particularity of the elemental. Lattimer's hand dropped lightly on Armstead's elbow as he moved forward.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Jud. Let him talk; you can afford to."

"Ain't so sure." Armstead wagged his head and Lattimer saw that his frown was that of reflection rather than of anger. "Fired him, all right; but that don't help me get the rest of my alfalfa under cover before sundown, and I don't know where to get me another hand, neither. Got a good notion to see if I can't take and whale a decent day's work out of this here one."

Lattimer was startled to see that he was soberly in earnest.

"Shucks, Jud; you know you can't handle help that way."

"Can't, eh?" Jud laughed sourly. "Ever been to state prison you'd know different. Get a pretty fair day's work out of right mean help down to Stillburn. Looks like the only way to farm this place right'd be to get me a gang of jailbirds and a gun."

Lattimer chuckled soothingly.

"Don't worry. We'll get another hand all right, same as we always have. It don't matter so much as it used to anyhow. We can make money out of the place, even if we don't raise horse feed on it, the way the hotel's paying."

He let his mind dwell contentedly on the thought. It was true enough. Ever since they'd turned the big house back into the tavern for which old Joseph Lattimer had built it a hundred years ago, there'd been more money coming in from the motor tourists than even Jud's thrifty farming could squeeze out of the land. For Tom Lattimer there had been something better than money, of course; but he knew better than to expect Jud to understand or share his pleasure in that side of it. Indeed, the notion of running the place as a hotel had been due to Jud's deep-rooted hatred of the summer-visiting relatives with whom, in the old days, Tom Lattimer's passion for company had filled the big empty house.

Tom Lattimer was secretly ashamed of enjoying his new job so much better than he had liked having Cousin Hattie Marsh and her boys and Lem and Eddie and the rest of the relations sleeping in his beds and eating his food, with the farm work everlastingly interfering with his fun, and all the worry, too, about the store bills and the mortgage. He tried not to admit that he was happier, now that Jud practically owned the farm and looked after it, leaving Lattimer free to hang about the house and entertain a steady stream of interesting strangers who, when they left, paid generously for board and bed. It was usually Dora who made out the bills and took their money, so that sometimes her father could almost forget that he was being paid for his hospitality and could think of his guests as if they had been really company instead of customers, as Jud stubbornly called them.

He was reminded, as Jud returned the wadded bills to his pocket, of the errand that had brought him down to the barn.

"Spare fifty dollars, Jud? Running kind of low on cash."

Jud eyed him narrowly.

"Had plenty in the drawer this noon. What's happened to it since?"

"Oh, that's all right. I gave what there was on hand to young Parlow and he wants about fifty more. He'll give us a check for his board bill and the cash when he goes." Lattimer was mildly annoyed by the steadiness of Jud's disapproving eye and his voice warmed a little. "Shucks, Jud, you know he's good for it. His father's head of the Lakeport bank."

Jud pulled the bills from the reluctant pocket and moistened his thumb.

"Maybe he's good for it, but I don't see what he wants with it. No chance to spend a cent, settin' on the porch and drinkin' free lemonade." He drew the stained notes through his fingers. "Sight of work in fifty dollars; goes against the grain to take and give 'em to a kid that never done a lick of nothin' in his life."

Tom Lattimer laughed impatiently.

"Wouldn't show good sense if he did, I guess. Don't think I'd work if I didn't have to, either. Strikes me first-rate, this youngster does. Mighty good comp'ny."

"Got time for it." Jud took up his hayfork. "Have to help me with that there alfalfa, Tom. Bound to rain before morning."

Lattimer was prompted to dispute the prophecy, but a glance at the banking thunderhead above the Notch told his trained weather sense that Jud was right. There was

a spiteful sting in the sun and it would be even hotter in the hayfield. On the porch there was cool shadow and the grateful clink of ice in the glass pitcher, the indolently funny chaff of Lonnie Parlow and his friends over their bridge game; but he saw that none of these matters would have weight with Jud Armstead, with his alfalfa ready for hauling and a thunderhead in sight.

"All right, soon as I take this money up to the house."

He was sorry for himself as he handed the bills to Lonnie Parlow. For the first time since that lucky mischance of a broken wheel had marooned the cheerful party at the tavern he felt a certain want of sympathy for young Parlow's friends, even for Lonnie himself. They seemed to find something funny in his reference to that hayfield. Somebody offered to bet either way on the issue of the race between Jud and the weather, and Lattimer moved toward the clack of Jud's wagon with their lazy laughter in his ears.

Thigh-deep in the mounting load, he watched Jud's shoulders tighten under the wet cotton shirt as the fork handle bent with the weight of each haycock; they reminded him of Lonnie Parlow's shoulders, wide and straight in the cool whiteness of tailored silk. It was just silly to resent the youth and strength of them wasted on a dawdling game of cards; that was the way Jud would look at it, as if there was something disgraceful in taking things easy when you could. A nice young fellow, Lonnie Parlow; no wonder Chrissie and the girls liked him. That lemonade, for instance—Chrissie wouldn't have bothered to make that for everybody. Yes, sir, the kind of boy you liked to have under your roof with your girls; not that you were trying to get rid of either of them, of course; but

"Wish 't I'd whaled the daylight out of that soldierin' tramp instead of firin' him." Jud scrambled up to the top of the load and turned the team toward the barn. "Bet I'd 've got a coupla hours' good work out of him anyhow."

Lattimer frowned; it was too bad that Jud insisted on talking like this, as if those years in Stillburn hadn't taught him the risk and folly of fighting, even if you only used your fists; as if he wanted people to remember that he'd killed a man with his bare hands and done time for it. Lattimer was tempted to say as much; but, as always, found that something tempered the speech before he had put it into words.

"Wouldn't pay, Jud. Can't make a man work unless he wants to."

"Can't, eh? Think them soft-handed crooks down to Stillburn wanted to break rock?" Jud chuckled harshly. "Su'prise you to see how much work you c'n scare out of some folks and hammer out of some others." He lapsed into a morosely reflective silence. "Why, I'd get a first-rate day's work out of every one of them lily-fingered loafers down on the porch if I c'd handle 'em Stillburn fashion."

Again Tom Lattimer thought of Lonnie Parlow's wide shoulders, and for a moment he seemed to understand and almost to share Jud's feeling. Sweating in the hayfield, you couldn't help resenting the comfortable, detached idleness of somebody better equipped for your task than you were. Of course it was silly. Lattimer dismissed the notion impatiently almost before it found a foothold in his mind, and yet——

"Wish we c'd quit this hotel business, some ways." Jud spoke in the same tone he had used before, as if he had not changed the topic. "Know there's good money in it, and if we didn't run the place for a hotel we'd have to take and gag you to keep you from fillin' it up with them relations of yours too; but all the same"—he shook his head—"I don't like it. Makes me sore to see Mis' Lattimer and the girls waitin' on"—he jerked his hand contemptuously—"on anybody 't takes a notion to drive in an' hitch."

Tom Lattimer's common sense rejected this. Chrissie and the girls were all delighted with the new scheme of things. They'd worked a lot harder in the old days, and for a lot less. Since there'd been a little money to spare on clothes and fun they'd chirked up—even Chrissie, who'd always been a miracle of cheerful contentment. Lattimer had a little glow of pride in her revived prettiness, in the way Annie had bloomed in those new dresses. She'd always been pretty as a picture, but you couldn't help noticing what a difference little things made—pretty shoes and stockings, for instance. Lattimer thought of the way Lonnie Parlow's eye followed her about and told himself that it wasn't just her father's prejudice that saw the new quality in her looks. A young fellow like Lonnie must have seen a lot of pretty girls; he ought to be a first-rate judge.

As for Jud's objection to their waiting on the guests, that was almost funny, when you remembered that they'd always helped with the housework when it meant waiting on hired men instead of on paying guests. Lattimer thought of how Hattie Marsh had sputtered at the idea of their cooking for one of those hired men who had been a surly jailbird with the prison bleach still on him. He dismissed the memory impatiently, ashamed; but it served to answer Jud's suggestion most effectively nevertheless.

They drew the last load under the shed just as the first big drops spattered down like bullets in the deep dust of the lane. Lattimer left Jud at the chores and ran for the house. Now that it lay behind him, the afternoon's work discovered a friendly aspect; he enjoyed a sense of accomplishment as he gave himself over to the sting of the shower bath. After five years there was still a certain novelty in the command of warm running water in a farmhouse, in being able to bathe and change after a day's work. He sang softly as he dressed, conscious of shelter against the rain that roared on the roof. Descending to the porch, he found that the bridge players had retreated to the old taproom, restored as nearly as possible to what it had been when Joseph Lattimer had fed the stage passengers at its pine tables. There were electric lights now, instead of candles, to brighten the dusk of the storm; but Dora had shaded them so that the effect was almost the same. The old tables, brought down from the loft and scrubbed back to their soft, velvety, honey-colored surface, the ancient Windsor chairs, the bright rag carpet, the crumbling bricks of the great hearth that had been uncovered after fifty years behind wall-papered boards, united to greet and welcome him; his spirits lifted to something like a passion of content.

Upon this mood the voice that met him grated a little. It was indolently good-natured, pitched to a conversational note. There was even a hint of mirth in it; and yet it struck unpleasantly on Tom Lattimer's ear, so that he paused abruptly in the doorway instead of entering. The game seemed to have ended; the cards, at any rate, lay in a slovenly litter on the bare table and the players had thrust their chairs back. Lattimer noticed that three of them turned curiously similar faces toward the fourth, as if something had united them against Lonnie Parlow. Torbitt, the owner of the car, was speaking.

"Nothing stirring, Lonnie, old son. I've got all your checks I can use right now. If you're cleaned out of cash touch your hick friends for a fresh bit of change." He laughed lazily. "Your honest young face looks good to them so far."

Expecting anger, Tom Lattimer glanced apprehensively at young Parlow, looking up from his pocket check book,

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Parlow Sat Up, Shaking His Head Experimentally. "Got Me Again, Did You?" He Chuckled. "Can't Seem to Learn to Look Out for That Left"

The Windy Side of the Law

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

A MAN'S past clings to him. Others may not perceive its marks upon his countenance or in his manner; but the man himself can never forget. That which he was remains a part of what he is, asserting its existence at unexpected and sometimes inopportune moments. He who began his business career as a clothing salesman can never afterward buy a suit without counting the threads in the weave; he who was brought up on a farm will never accustom himself to the egg of commerce; he who was used to eat with his knife will always find a fork unhandy; and the man who has once learned the lock step will have a slight hitch in his gait till he goes to his grave.

This persistence of old habits is particularly true of petty sins. Most men have these secret weaknesses, vulgar or vicious, as the case may be. One can never forget how palatable is coffee drunk from the saucer; another secretly indulges in the delightful pastime of sopping up his gravy with a slice of bread; and countless thousands conceal their fondness for putting tobacco to other than the uses of combustion.

It is well for young men to remember this fact and to be careful to begin their business career in a manner of which they will not later be ashamed. Wallie Trimm had begun life as a shoplifter, and the memory still made him cringe with chagrin.

It is true that Wallie had reformed. Shoplifting was not his deliberately chosen profession; it was, as you might say, thrust upon him. There may have been an inherited instinct in this direction, for he could remember an incident of his boyhood. His mother had sent him, with an umbrella to be mended, to the neighborhood shop of a small mechanic. While Wallie waited, he perceived upon the mechanic's bench a small pair of pliers, brightly nickeled and insidiously attractive to the youthful eye. He was drawn toward them without any evil intent in his mind, and he at first picked them up merely to examine them. It was only the accidental discovery that the owner had not perceived his action which awoke in Wallie a fierce desire for possession and made him slip the pliers into his coat pocket. A few minutes later, with the mended umbrella in his possession, he escaped from the shop with his crime undetected. If remorse had thereafter tormented him, he might have abandoned his vice in its infancy; but he felt no remorse at all. The pliers were a delight to him for several days, and when he presently lost them, his grief was the more tragic because it had to be concealed from his mother.

"I Got My Eye on the Gang That's Working Here," the Detective Told Him

Later on, he went to work as an errand boy in a department store in the city; and when the Christmas season approached, an electric flashlight combined with opportunity to betray him into a new theft. This, like the first, went undiscovered. Later that winter he acquired a pair of skates; in the spring he selected and possessed himself of a baseball glove. The process was easy and seemed to bring no consequences in its train. The fact that he subsequently sold the glove to one of his fellows for thirty cents revealed to him financial possibilities in the profession into which he was drifting. When eventually he was discovered, his youth protected him. He was discharged with a bad character; but easily found another job, so that the experience left him with a demoralizing sense of invulnerability. By the time he was twenty he had begun to develop his occasional thefts into a systematic pilfering; and when he lost another job and fell into disrepute at home—his mother was by this time dead, and his father merely abusive—Wallie decided that he could work more freely if he were not confined to any single establishment. So he did not seek another job.

He became, thus, a free-lance shoplifter; and so eventually came into contact with others of his ilk, and also with practitioners of kindred trades. Thus there was borne home to him the fact that his own art was held in disrepute by members of the higher branches of thievery; and with a laudable ambition, he decided to abandon shoplifting for some more difficult and at the same time more remunerative line. He had already done an occasional bit of pocket picking, at first stealing hand bags, then extracting from them their more valuable contents. A short sentence to the House of Detention introduced him to members of his new profession in good standing; and by the time he was twenty-two years old he was a member of a working squad.

At first his function was to jostle the victim, anger him, and thus make him easier prey. He graduated from this into the office of receiver, standing by while the actual pickpocket did his work, receiving the loot and unostentatiously disappearing with it so as to leave the victim, if he discovered his loss, to strike at thin air.

Wallie was an intelligent young man with a good deal of manual dexterity, and he had ambition. It was this which prompted him one day to make off with a fully clothed tailor's dummy and install it in his room, so that he might practice upon this inanimate form the art in which he wished to become adept. He was naturally secretive, concealing his lodging house from his fellows, and they knew nothing of this preparation for an independent career. Wallie was able to develop a considerable ability, and this flattered his pride, but he was not impetuous. He persisted for a long time in his dummy practice before attempting to put his skill to its intended use. When he did so, he worked alone, the idea already forming in his mind that a pickpocket might as well avoid the necessity of dividing his gains.

Even Before the Man Finished His Remark, Wallie Had Acted

He chose New York as his field, leaving Boston without ostentation. The arrival at his destination occurred late in the afternoon, when most people are tired and inattentive. The passengers in the Pullman in which he rode—Wallie was always a person of discrimination—rose and stood in the aisle as the train pulled into the station; and Wallie, from one end of the car, crowded past them all to the door and was the first to alight. In his progress down the aisle he opened two hand bags, with a net profit of a hundred and twenty-two dollars, and lifted a man's wallet from the gentleman's hip pocket. The wallet contained more than two hundred dollars in bills.

Any young man of equal manual dexterity might have done this much; but even in this first essay, Wallie showed the artist in him. He thought it possible the man might feel the absence of that comforting bulge on his hip; so he replaced the wallet with a powder puff, wrapped in a handkerchief, which he had taken from one of the hand bags.

Later that evening, when he had found lodgings, Wallie chuckled at the thought of this gentleman's expression when he should discover the substitution.

The young man plunged into his new profession with the zeal of the beginner. On the second day he moved from the boarding house he had first chosen as his home into the Hotel Waremore. He stayed there almost a week, watching his opportunities and netting a comfortable sum each day. It pleased his fancy to complain to the house detective that his own pocket had been picked; and the man assured him that the sum lost would inevitably be recovered.

"I got my eye on the gang that's working here," the detective told him.

"Gang?" Wallie asked.

"There's four of them," the other replied. "I'm waiting to get them right."

"Have they robbed anyone else?" Wallie inquired curiously.

The detective shook his head.

"They know I'm after them," he replied. "They're laying low."

Wallie was amused.

"All of them men?" he asked.

"There's one woman," the other assured him. "She's a bird too. Always hanging around like she was waiting for somebody. Every so often she picks up a guy. I've seen her talking to them, and I'm just waiting to catch her making the break."

"You've an interesting job," Wallie told him. "I expect you could tell some stories."

"That's right," the detective agreed importantly. "Yes, sir, I see some funny things."

"Been at it long?"

"This is my second year here."

"Graduate from the police force?" Wallie asked. "Or how did you learn the trick of it?"

"No, sir, I used to be just an elevator man here, but I kep' my eyes open, and I nailed a crook one day jumping

his bill. Then after that I spotted a blackmail gang working in a suite upstairs, and that nailed down this job for me."

Wallie nodded.

"Good business," he agreed "You seem to be on your job. I'll tell the management so"

"You do that," the other heartily approved. "Martin's the name."

Wallie gravely sought out the manager and paid Martin a compliment. The manager received it stoically. The next day Wallie checked out. To take leave, he lifted ninety-two dollars from the guest who paid his bill just before Wallie approached the cashier's window. As he went toward the exit a moment later he met Martin, and shook hands with him, and as a farewell gesture relieved the man of his watch. The watch was of no account to Wallie; but it amused him to make Martin absurd. He took the train for Chicago and tossed the watch out of the vestibule door at the first opportunity. Jewelry, he knew, was dangerous.

He felt, on the train, a glow of honest pride. He had left shoplifting, that weakness of his adolescence, well behind him, and there would be no one in Chicago to remind him of his ancient shame. Also, he had satisfied himself of his own competence; and it was his intention to establish himself in Chicago on a firm basis and go into business on a more pretentious scale.

This intention Wallie carried out. He spent his first weeks in a curious scrutiny of the city, and at length rented a small bachelor apartment in a quiet location. It appeared to him desirable to move in select circles, and in order that he might be at home in these surroundings he entered the university and took a well-chosen course in the cultural subjects. He attended the opera religiously, the theater as well; and he read the books other people were reading. Since he never associated with others in his depredations, the police did not so much as suspect his professional existence. Wallie lived frugally, and he chose his enterprises with care and discretion. It was his fancy to frequent cafés and cabarets and to rob those men who seemed to him to bear the earmarks of a pretended respectability. He believed such victims would be reluctant to report their losses to the police, and it is probably true that not one in four of the persons whose pockets Wallie picked ever took it upon themselves to make an outcry. Through his university friends and his regular attendance at the opera he began to make acquaintances, and he was able to hold all the ground thus gained and establish himself more and more securely

He was known as a young man of independent means; and about this time he acquired a hobby. He took up amateur photography, and he displayed such aptitude and artistry that his work became, among his intimates, the vogue. It amused Wallie; he developed one or two processes of his own, and specialized in delicacy and precision It was said that in one of his photographs you could count the hairs in his subject's mustache, and this without marring the softness of line which gave his work its particular charm. After a time he began to make a charge for these photographs, and found them remunerative, so that at the age of twenty-eight he had, from vocation and avocation, an income of some ten or twelve thousand a year and was a little bored with his own success.

He sought surcease from this boredom in enterprises slightly more dangerous, at first reverting to the coarser methods of his younger days. He installed a fire-alarm signal in his room so that he might be advised of any occasion when crowds were apt to gather, since a crowd offered him many opportunities; and now and then he permitted himself a small theft in the foyer of the opera. He became selective and discriminating. If he stole a man's wallet and found less than a hundred dollars in it, he often put the wallet back.

One night he observed in a seat near his own an elderly gentleman of irascible disposition. As they went up the aisle after the second act, Wallie removed a comfortable roll of bills from this man's waistcoat pocket. The man discovered his loss almost at once and made loud outcry and complaint, attracting a circle of interested and amused spectators in the lobby before he was escorted to the manager's office. When he returned to his seat afterward, it pleased Wallie to restore the money to its original pocket and watch to see what should happen. The man, fuming at his loss, fumbled at his pocket and found the roll of bills intact; and his bewilderment amused Wallie immensely Thereafter, at other performances, Wallie saw the same man again and again, and played this trick upon him half a dozen times, hugely enjoying the jest, finding an intoxicating delight in evading the precautions which the gentleman took in his effort to turn the tables upon his tormentor

There was another jest which pleased him. A policeman came to his apartment one day to ask if he would buy two tickets to the benefit ball given annually by the force. Wallie did so, and that night downtown he ran riot. From pocket after pocket he lifted purses or rolls, took two dollars from each and returned it to its owner. The resultant sum, an even hundred dollars, he forwarded to police headquarters with a courteous note announcing that the sum had been collected for the benefit ball. Some of those who were robbed made complaints; the story got into the papers, and Wallie, unknown, nevertheless enjoyed a temporary notoriety. He allowed discretion to persuade him to abandon his vocation for weeks thereafter.

It was during this interlude that an incident occurred which affected his future plans. Wallie had a fondness for good jewelry; his watch was the best of its kind, his studs perfection, his scarfpins well chosen; and when he was not at work—they would have interfered with his use of his fingers—he often wore a ring or two. One day he observed that the stone in one of his scarfpins, a good sapphire, was loose in its setting; and he took it to a leading jeweler to be repaired

When the pin was returned the stone seemed to his eye lifeless; he suspected a substitution, and by consultation with another jeweler confirmed this suspicion. His protests were met with denials, and the incident awoke in him an unreasonable anger against all jewel merchants. He, who had them at his mercy, had always spared them his attentions. It appeared to him now that he had left them too long immune

He had never stolen jewels, since to dispose of them required a confederate; and he could discover no profit in altering his methods now. But it was obvious to his mind that all jewelers were fair game, and perhaps other merchants as well. He began to consider ways and means, to seek methods by which he could mulct them; and after a

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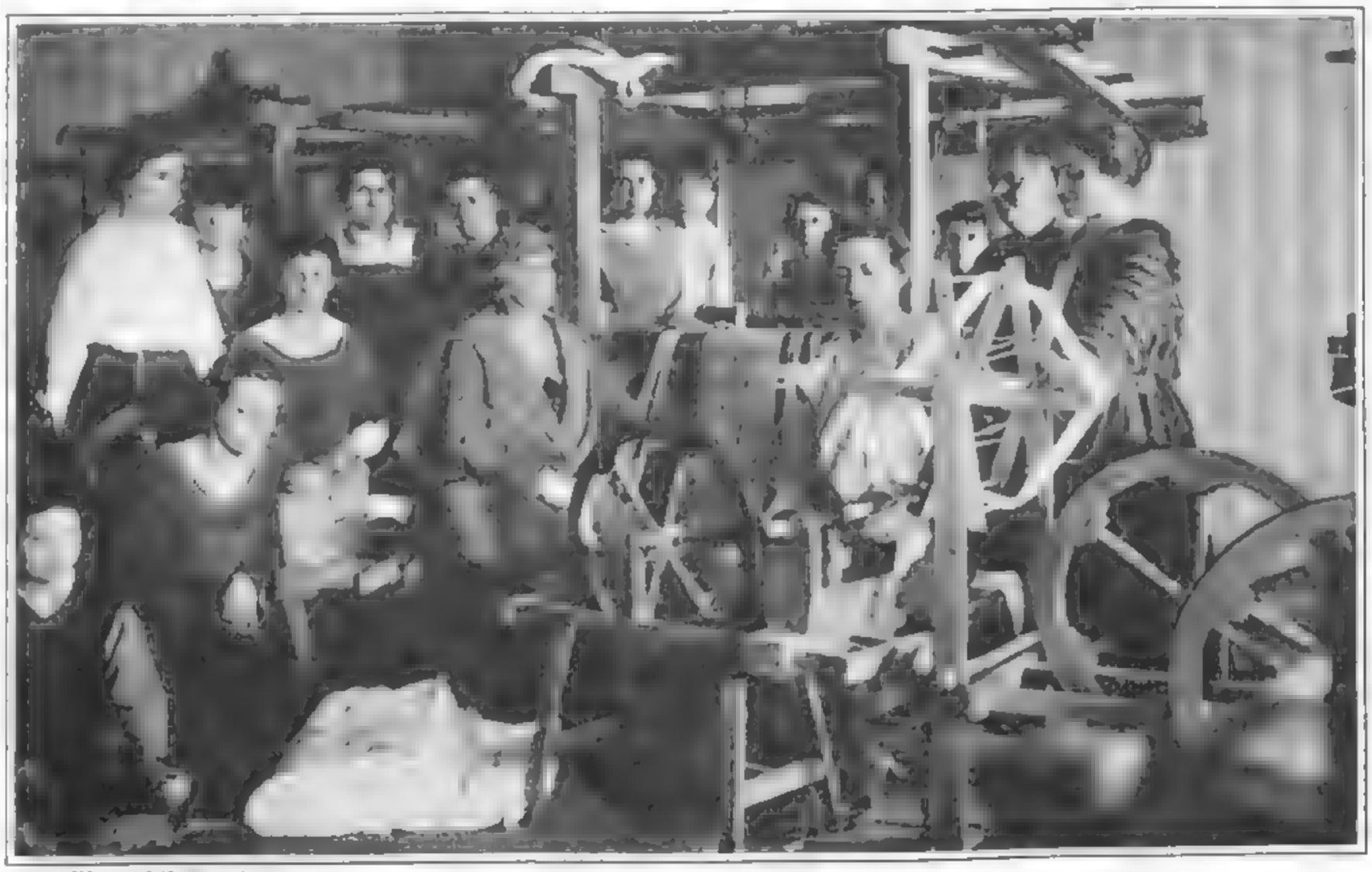
Wallie Took Up Amateur Photography, and He Displayed Such Aptitude and Artistry That His Work Became, Among His Intimates, the Vogue

The Day of the Money Lenders

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



Mme. Horthy, Wife of Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, Taking Part in the Opening Exercises of a School of Weaving in Budapest

POSSIBILITY of war still haunts Europe. Sensitive Americans at home still believe that when the curtain goes up on the next act of the world's history Mars, the god of war, may again clank out and, as the theatrical people say, come down center blowing poisoned gas, sowing disease cultures and in company with Science making conflict so hideous that General Sherman's figure of speech would be a gross understatement.

In America there is a zeal to prevent war so strong that it often becomes, from the European point of view, impractical and blind to realities as to the causes of war. In Europe there is a fear of the shadow of war so deeply planted by the horrors and costs, to both conquerors and conquered, of the conflict ended six years ago, that even among some statesmen and students of affairs there is blindness to the realities in the causes for peace.

Everyone in the United States is familiar with the two types of Americans who have been returning from Europe during the last six years waving the signals of distress and danger. One kind is the pessimistic busybody who hopes to rush the United States into peace ventures and European snarls merely by crying "Wolf!" The other kind are recruited from the men and women who, instead of weighing the evidence and gathering and inspecting the forces which may lead to war and the counter forces which will lead to peace, merely gather the confidences of that great host of Europeans who still believe sincerely that they are living on volcanic ground.

The psychology of being on volcanic ground is a peculiar psychology, and until one has begun to wear out one's apprehensions it is an unreasoning state of mind. At one time I made an official call on Mount Etna when that monstrous volcano was in lively eruption. Lava streams as wide as the Mississippi were being gulped up by new craters which had yawned suddenly in the mountainside. Standing somewhere on the giant slope and covered with the drizzle of ashes, it was not unnatural to ask oneself whether, if craters yawned and blossomed over there a distance away, they might not suddenly yawn and bloom under one's own private and personal feet. Indeed, it was not unnatural to look up, when the wind veered, at the great cap of Etna and remember that sometimes Etna had blown its head off.

Old Ghosts Walk Again

I OVERHEARD on that occasion a member of my staff consulting with an eminent Danish expert on volcanoes. He asked the learned man, "Is there any possibility that this whole mountain may split open?" The geologist specialist gave his diagnosis and prognosis. He replied, "No. On the contrary this eruption has now reached its maximum."

The member of my staff, who never saw a volcano before, came to me and said, "I do not believe that fool knows anything about it. The only one who knows anything about it is Etna!"

This is still the state of mind of serious Europeans, and even of certain important statesmen of Europe. Traversing England and nine different countries on the Continent I have found that the apparition of war, though less discussed, still remains to haunt minds, even minds of size which have been put by selection or by fate into directing positions. Like my companion on Mount Etna they will, in confidential voices and realizing a moral obligation not to spread an alarm, point to the craters which are still unhealed in the international aspect of Europe, and to new rumblings which indicate new irritations. They find themselves reminded that Europe has blown her head off before now, and usually without any warning.

For several weeks I have been listening to low voices in Europe resurrecting war phobia. In various forms I have heard a great deal about the old ghosts, Pan-Islamism, Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism. I have heard even more as to the Continental bloc which the voices say France is arranging to crystallize under the mask of the League of Nations protocol against war. The leader of one nation whose past history has been one of the foremost of imperial colonizers has told me flatly that four years will be quite enough to give to the present interregnum of the dove and that nothing can prevent the cooking of a great conflict now already on the stove. It is pointed out to me with truth that when the world fixers in Paris at the Peace Conferences clothed various nations in garments of democracy which did not fit them or become them and carved out new boundaries, they made more messes than millenniums. I am reminded by admissions in some nations and by violent assertions in others that the map surgery done to Europe by awkward hands, though it may have closed some wounds, has opened even more. I am requested to give attention to the smoldering hates, the racial bitternesses, the old antipathies which do not spare the great powers and which burn in the secret hearts of little smarting nations.

Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a Boston Lawyer, Commissioner General of the League of Nations

Europe's Vague Fear of War

ALL this is accepted. It is accepted almost universally. But to believe that it means the proximity of war is to believe that the presence of fires in the heart of Vesuvius means that tomorrow Vesuvius will go into eruption. Vesuvius will not go into eruption tomorrow; nor will Europe go into wars of any dimensions for many a day.

It is not the unreasoning fears of those who expect craters to open under their feet which furnish the best testimony. The diplomat who the other day raised the fear of a Pan-Islamic contest with Europe in which the Russian Slav and possibly Germany might join, was unable to give much detail for his belief. When I pointed out that Turkey, the old center of influence of the Islamic world, had broken away from orthodox and blind devotion to that ideal, and indeed is stewing an internal squabble in her own new untutored democracy, he looked across the Golden Horn at the mosques and minarets of old Stamboul and shook his head in the same unreasoning attitude of mind which led my friend on Mount Etna to reject the evidence summed up by the expert on volcanoes. In other words, the various war phobias in Europe are just as vague as they are natural.

The Red Army of Russia is a great ghost to some who will not weigh the cold facts as to the limitation of its power, the difficulties of its motion, the grotesque impotence of its supplies. The secret arming of states like Germany, Austria and others may emphasize the pathos of minorities who would have their innings if they could; but, looked at in cold blood, the facts show any such attempts yet made as measures of baffled impotence rather than as indicating any ability to make war. Before we in America had tasted of war, Colonel House, who foresaw its coming, once told me that one of the great tragedies of modern war was that conquered nations would be for years at the mercy of the conquerors; in days gone the only way to keep the conquered in subjection was extermination, not often undertaken, whereas now no matter how great the man power of a conquered race, the conqueror can maintain subjection by depriving the vanquished peoples of the arms and materials necessary to carry on modern warfare.

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WINTER FISHING

By Stewart Edward White

Landing a Big One

IF IT were not for February storms, I verily believe that the sporting-goods stores would have to go out of business. Or if not that, then they would function as clipped and contracted things in comparison to their present six-story magnificence. As for sporting-goods catalogues, there wouldn't be any!

For when the snow is deepest on the ground, then your earnest fisherman first begins to feel the sap stir. The ground hog has nothing whatever on him when it comes to instinctive harmony with the inner processes of Nature. His reaction may not be a reasoned longing for the open seasons at all. But about this time he thinks he'd better look his outfit over and see that the moths haven't got busy. And this is the time when he just drops in at MacLiesh's to jaw things over with one of the clerks he knows; and while he is there he is sufficiently impressed by some handy gadget either to buy it or—if he is a real crank—to go home and try to improve on it himself. Thus he accumulates duffel; thus the sporting-goods stores pay their overhead; thus it comes about that the catalogues run into the hundreds of pages of weird and wonderful specialties.

Of course ninety-nine-hundredths of this product of midwinter madness never gets into the woods at all; at least not in the hands of anyone of genuine experience. A man can fish with only one rod at a time; and when that time comes he nearly always falls back on his trusty old friend of years' standing, with perhaps one in reserve. The other nineteen stay home, awaiting their proper midwinter season once more to be taken out and gloated over. They live a highly artificial and theoretical life, but they fulfill their function.

Perhaps they may dwell in a camp closet, or even in a camp room. I know a man—and a very good, practical out-of-doors man he is—who possesses what might be called a camp apartment. He loves to show it off for your admiration after dinner. In it are laid out separate and complete outfits for every sort of an expedition it is possible to imagine. Each outfit, however, is made up according to his own individual and ingenious ideas. No proposal could possibly catch him unaware. Did you suggest a trip on foot, via flivver, on horseback, with sledge dogs, up in a balloon, in a diving bell, in snow, in mud, uphill, downhill, in the arctics or the tropics, he could on the instant rush upstairs and lay his hands on an equipment lying all ready and made up for just that sort of trip. Furthermore, it would be a complete equipment, even down to such things as knives or socks or some other article that one must have no matter what kind of a trip is undertaken. He takes no chances on such things. There is a separate supply of them in each unit.

A Whopper in the Net at Last

Hours and hours in the off season he putters happily over these things, refining his ideas, inventing new gadgets of remarkable ingenuity. Nobody could possibly catch that man unprepared to depart at a moment's notice. But most of the outfits look strangely unused. I suspect that when the time comes to go afield this man does as we all do—he digs up a few disreputable and worn necessities, tried and proved by many years, and fares him happily forth. The vapors of winter have been dissipated by the sun of springtime common sense. The camp apartment, having served its purpose as a safety valve, is closed until another winter of discontent.

Of course there is the tenderfoot, and the occasional crank who takes all these matters seriously and lugs all his plunder afield, and consumes all his time keeping his equipment conscientiously exercised. The tenderfoot soon gets over it. The crank probably obtains a lot of his fun that way. It seems like rather a laborious type of fun; but every man to his taste. However, even some of the oldest old-timers generally possess some weaknesses. The hardiest go-light woodsman will cherish some one gadget or doo-dad which he swears by and would not be without, but which really has little practical use. Perhaps I should say material use, for it is very practical in that it fulfills a psychic need. It is the umbilical cord, the connection between the dream outfit of winter and the realities those dreams represent; so that when once again the land lies under the dark season his visions will have substance.

The most frequent manifestation of this principle—since we are talking of fishing—is a superabundance of flies; I mean in the way of variety. Most of our fly books are extravagantly overfurnished from the point of view of effectiveness. Fish do not possess the degree of discrimination we give them credit for. They know the difference between a light fly and a dark fly; between a hackle, a wet fly and a dry fly; they recognize red and gray and white and brown and have certain preferences as to their combination. As between the different types of fly, fish in different weathers and in different waters or seasons will rise to one in preference to others. But when you come to

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There is Never Any Excuse for Anyone to Kill More Than He Can Use. Most People Seem to Think That They Must Make a Bag, Get the Limit

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

John Quincy Circled Round Her and Plunged Into the Bushes. Angry Branches Stung His Cheek. He Stopped; He Couldn't Leave the Girl Alone. He Returned to Her Side

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XVII

MONDAY brought no new developments, and John Quincy spent a restless day. Several times he called Chan at the police station, but the detective was always out.

Honolulu, according to the evening paper, was agog. This was not, as John Quincy learned to his surprise, a reference to the Winterslip case. An American fleet had just left the harbor of San Pedro, bound for Hawaii. This was the annual cruise of the graduating class at Annapolis; the warships were overflowing with future captains and admirals. They would linger at the port of Honolulu for several days and a gay round of social events impended—dinners, dances, moonlight swimming parties.

John Quincy had not seen Barbara all day; the girl had not appeared at breakfast and had lunched with a friend down the beach. They met at dinner, however, and it seemed to him that she looked more tired and wan than ever. She spoke about the coming of the warships.

"It's always such a happy time," she said wistfully. "The town simply blooms with handsome boys in uniform. I don't like to have you miss all the parties, John Quincy. You're not seeing Honolulu at its best."

"Why, that's all right," John Quincy assured her. She shook her head.

"Not with me. You know, we're not such slaves to convention out here. If I should get you a few invitations—what do you think, Cousin Minerva?"

"I'm an old woman," said Miss Minerva. "According to the standards of your generation, I suppose it would be quite the thing. But it's not the sort of conduct I can view approvingly. Now in my day ——"

"Don't you worry, Barbara," John Quincy broke in. "Parties mean nothing to me. Speaking of old women, I'm an old man myself—thirty my next birthday. Just my pipe and slippers by the fire—or the electric fan—that's all I ask of life now."

She smiled and dropped the matter. After dinner she followed John Quincy to the lanai.

"I want you to do something for me," she began.

"Anything you say."

"Have a talk with Mr. Brade and tell me what he wants."

"Why, I thought that Jennison ——" said John Quincy, surprised.

"No, I didn't ask him to do it," she replied. For a long moment she was silent. "I ought to tell you, I'm not going to marry Mr. Jennison after all."

A shiver of apprehension ran down John Quincy's spine. Good Lord, that kiss! Had she misunderstood? And he hadn't meant a thing by it. Just a cousinly salute—at least, that was what it had started out to be. Barbara was a sweet girl, yes, but a relative, a Winterslip; and relatives shouldn't marry, no matter how distant the connection. Then, too, there was Agatha. He was bound to Agatha by all the ties of honor. What had he got himself into anyhow?

"I'm awfully sorry to hear that," he said. "I'm afraid I'm to blame."

"Oh, no!" she protested.

"But surely Mr. Jennison understood. He knows we're related and that what he saw last night meant—nothing." He was rather proud of himself. Pretty neat the way he'd got that over.

"If you don't mind," Barbara said, "I'd rather not talk about it any more. Harry and I will not be married—not at present. And if you'll see Mr. Brade for me ——"

"I certainly will," John Quincy promised. "I'll see him at once." He was glad to get away, for the moon was rising on that spot of heartbreaking charm.

A fellow ought to be more careful, he reflected as he walked along the beach; fit upon himself the armor of preparation, as Chan had said. Strange impulses came to one here in this far tropic land; to yield to them was weak. Complications would follow, as the night the day. Here was one now—Barbara and Jennison estranged, and the cause was clear. Well, he was certainly going to watch his step hereafter.

On the far end of the Reef and Palm's first-floor balcony Brade and his wife sat together in the dusk. John Quincy went up to them.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Brade?" he said. The man looked up out of a deep reverie.

"Ah, yes, of course."

"I'm John Quincy Winterslip. We've met before."

"Oh, surely, surely, sir." Brade rose and shook hands. "My dear ——"

He turned to his wife, but with one burning glance at John Quincy the woman had fled. The boy tingled—in Boston a Winterslip was never snubbed. Well, Dan Winterslip had arranged it otherwise in Hawaii.

"Sit down, sir," said Brade, embarrassed by his wife's action. "I've been expecting someone of your name."

"Naturally. Will you have a cigarette, sir?" John Quincy proffered his case and, when the cigarettes were lighted, seated himself at the man's side. "I'm here, of course, in regard to that story you told Saturday night."

"Story?" flashed Brade. John Quincy smiled.

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm not questioning the truth of it. But I do want to say this, Mr. Brade—you must be aware that you will have considerable difficulty establishing your claim in a court of law. The 80's are a long time back."

"What you say may be true," Brade agreed. "I'm relying more on the fact that a trial would result in some rather unpleasant publicity for the Winterslip family."

"Precisely," nodded John Quincy. "I am here at the request of Miss Barbara Winterslip, who is Dan Winterslip's sole heir. She's a very fine girl, sir ——"

"I don't question that," cut in Brade impatiently.

"And if your demands are not unreasonable ——" John Quincy paused and leaned closer. "Just what do you want, Mr. Brade?"

Brade stroked those gray mustaches that drooped in saddened mood.

"No money," he said, "can make good the wrong Dan Winterslip did. But I'm an old man, and it would be something to feel financially secure for the rest of my life. I'm not inclined to be grasping, particularly since Dan Winterslip has passed beyond my reach. There was twenty thousand pounds involved. I'll say nothing about interest. A settlement of one hundred thousand dollars would be acceptable." John Quincy considered.

"I can't speak definitely for my cousin," he said, "but to me that sounds fair enough. I have no doubt Barbara will agree to give you that sum"—he saw the man's tired old eyes brighten in the semidarkness—"the moment the murderer of Dan Winterslip is found," he added quickly.

"What's that you say?" Brade leaped to his feet.

"I say she'll very likely pay you when this mystery is cleared up. Surely you don't expect her to do so before that time?" John Quincy rose too.

"I certainly do!" Brade cried. "Why, look here, this thing may drag on indefinitely! I want England again—the Strand, Piccadilly—it's twenty-five years since I saw London. Wait! Why should I wait? What's this murder to me? By gad, sir"—he came close, erect, flaming, the son of Tom Brade the blackbirder now—"do you mean to insinuate that I ——"

John Quincy faced him calmly.

"I know you can't prove where you were early last Tuesday morning," he said evenly. "I don't say that incriminates you, but I shall certainly advise my cousin to wait. I'd not care to see her in the position of having rewarded the man who killed her father."

"I'll fight!" cried Brade. "I'll take it to the courts!"

"Go ahead," John Quincy said. "But it will cost you every penny you've saved, and you may lose in the end. Good night, sir."

"Good night!" Brade answered, standing as his father might have stood on the Maid of Shiloh's deck.

John Quincy had gone halfway down the balcony when he heard quick footsteps behind him. He turned. It was Brade—Brade the civil servant, the man who had labored thirty-six years in the oven of India, a beaten, helpless figure.

"You've got me," he said, laying a hand on John Quincy's arm. "I can't fight. I'm too tired, too old; I've worked too hard. I'll take whatever your cousin wants to give me—when she's ready to give it."

"That's a wise decision, sir," John Quincy answered. A sudden feeling of pity gripped his heart. He felt toward Brade as he had felt toward that other exile, Arlene Compton. "I hope you see London very soon," he added, and held out his hand. Brade took it.

"Thank you, my boy. You're a gentleman, even if your name is Winterslip."

Which, John Quincy reflected as he entered the lobby of the Reef and Palm, was a compliment not without its flaw. He didn't worry over that long, however, for Carlota Egan was behind the desk. She looked up and smiled, and it occurred to John Quincy that her eyes were happier than he had seen them since that day on the Oakland ferry

"Hello," he said. "Got a job for a good bookkeeper?" She shook her head.

"Not with business the way it is now. I was just figuring my pay roll. You know, we've no undertow at Waikiki, but all my life I've had to worry about the overhead." He laughed.

"You talk like a brother Kiwanian. By the way, has anything happened? You seem considerably cheered."

"I am," she replied. "I went to see poor dad this morning in that horrible place, and when I left someone else was going to visit him—a stranger."

"A stranger?"

"Yes, and the handsomest thing you ever saw—tall, gray, capable looking. He had such a friendly air, too. I felt better the moment I saw him."

"Who was he?" John Quincy inquired, with sudden interest.

"I'd never seen him before, but one of the men told me he was Captain Cope, of the British Admiralty."

"Why should Captain Cope want to see your father?"

"I haven't a notion. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I've met him," John Quincy told her.

"Don't you think he's wonderful looking?" Her dark eyes glowed.

"Oh, he's all right," replied John Quincy, without enthusiasm. "You know, I can't help feeling that things are looking up for you."

"I feel that too," she said.

"What do you say we celebrate?" he suggested. "Go out among 'em and get a little taste of night life. I'm a bit fed up on the police station. What do people do here in the evening? The movies?"

"Just at present," the girl told him, "everybody visits Punahou to see the night-blooming cereus. It's the season now, you know."

"Sounds like a big evening," John Quincy laughed; "go and look at the flowers. Well, I'm for it. Will you come?"

"Of course." She gave a few directions to the clerk, then joined him by the door.

"I can run down and get the roadster," he offered.

"Oh, no," she smiled. "I'm sure I'll never own a motor car, and it might make me discontented to ride in one. The trolley's my carriage, and it's lots of fun. One meets so many interesting people."

On the stone walls surrounding the campus of Oahu College, the strange flower that blooms only on a summer night was heaped in snowy splendor. John Quincy had been a bit lukewarm regarding the expedition when they set out, but he saw his error now. For here was beauty, breathtaking and rare. Before the walls paraded a throng of sight-seers; they joined the procession. The girl was a charming companion, her spirits had revived and she chatted vivaciously. Not about Shaw and the art galleries, true enough, but bright, human talk that John Quincy liked to hear.

He persuaded her to go to the city for a maidenly ice-cream soda and it was ten o'clock when they returned to the beach. They left the trolley at a stop some distance down the avenue from the Reef and Palm and strolled slowly toward the hotel. The sidewalk was lined at their right by dense foliage, almost impenetrable. The night was calm, the street lamps shone brightly, the paved street gleamed white in the moonlight. John Quincy was talking of Boston.

"I think you'd like it there. It's old and settled, but ——"

From the foliage beside them came the flash of a pistol and John Quincy heard a bullet sing close to his head. Another flash, another bullet. The girl gave a startled little cry. John Quincy circled round her and plunged into the bushes. Angry branches stung his cheek. He stopped; he couldn't leave the girl alone. He returned to her side.

"What did that mean?" he asked, amazed. He stared in wonder at the peaceful scene before him.

"I—I don't know." She took his arm. "Come hurry!"

"Don't be afraid," he said reassuringly.

"Not for myself," she answered.

They went on to the hotel, greatly puzzled. But when they entered the lobby they had something else to think about. Capt. Arthur Temple Cope was standing by the desk and he came at once to meet them.

"This is Miss Egan, I believe. Ah, Winterslip, how are you?" He turned again to the girl. "I've taken a room here, if you don't mind."

"Why, not at all," she gasped

"I talked with your father this morning. I didn't know about his trouble until I had boarded a ship for the Fanning Islands. Of course, I came back as quickly as I could."

"You came back ——" She stared at him.

"Yes, I came back to help him."

"That's very kind of you," the girl said. "But I'm afraid I don't understand ——"

"Oh, no, you don't understand, naturally." The captain smiled down at her. "You see, Jim's my young brother. You're my niece, and your name is Carlota Maria Cope. I fancy I've persuaded old Jim to own up to us at last." The girl's dark eyes were wide.

"I—I think you're a very nice uncle," she said at last.

"Do you really?" The captain bowed. "I aim to be," he added. John Quincy stepped forward.

"Pardon me," he said, "I'm afraid I'm intruding. Good night, captain."

"Good night, my boy," Cope answered.

(Continued on Page 107)

John Quincy Saw Red Everywhere—Red Curtain, Red Hair, Red Lamp Flame, Great Red Hairy Hands Cunningly Seeking His Face

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 28, 1925

Time to Spray

SAN JOSÉ scale and the boll weevil are not the only farm pests and parasites. Professional friends of the farmer, politicians and panaceists, have almost succeeded in persuading him that his problems are unsympathetically viewed by business men in general and by big business in particular. It is not, however, the farmer and his problems, but his professional friends and their panaceas, that business men view unsympathetically. Their attitude is due precisely to the fact that they are business men.

Manufacturers and merchants, East as well as West, are as deeply concerned, as vitally interested in seeing American agriculture profitable as is the farmer himself. They realize fully that business will not be on a sound and permanent basis until agriculture is a thoroughly going and profitable concern.

The vital difference between the business man and the professional friend of the farmer lies in their angle of approach to the agricultural problem. This difference is most apparent in the attitude of each toward our exportable surplus.

The business man asks: What can we raise to export at a profit?

The professional friend of the farmer says: We must raise and export wheat at a loss.

So much has been made of this exportable surplus of wheat that the real agricultural problems have been obscured. Once they are squarely attacked, our worries over the exportable surplus will tend to disappear.

American agriculture needs reorganization from the ground up. This is literally true. A foundation trouble that we refuse to recognize and to cure is the American mania to exploit the land and to get it on the market at the earliest moment possible as real estate. The need for more farms, for more food is rarely the motive behind this haste to get everything arable and semiarable, arid and semiarid, up for sale and under the plow. Infallibly we have half-farming, poor farming, overproduction and waste as a sequence to this boomer-booster complex.

Western apples achieve a deserved popularity both at home and abroad, and growers make a profit. Immediately, orchard companies plant every available hillside with trees, and promise a competence to any city dweller who will buy their acreage. If orange growers begin to make money, the promoter invites everyone to buy ten acres and independence. If fortuitous rains on semiarid lands produce an accidental crop of wheat, trainloads of settlers are rushed to the new gamble. With good farmland offered at reasonable prices in the East, we find pressure being brought to bear on Congress to irrigate some millions of acres in the West to produce more wheat, more hay, more alfalfa, more potatoes, more of everything with which the market is glutted. All this may be good for the promoter, but it is bad for the farmer.

No industry in the country gets so much good advice about the production end of its business as the farmer, and so little real practical help in the marketing end of it. This, we believe, is because every other business has learned to meet and to solve its own marketing problems, while the farmer has been taught to look more and more to governmental agencies for help. And the limitations of Government in practical business affairs are very quickly reached, except in the fortunate instances when it is able to enlist the services of great business executives like Hoover and Mellon. Nor does it ever realize the full possibilities of men like these, for they are hampered by red tape, by departmental jealousies and by petty politicians in places of power.

As a consequence agriculture is in the position that a great manufacturing business would be in if it kept on blindly and continuously expanding its plant without reference to the capacity of the market to absorb its products; without curtailing the manufacture of lines in which competitors can unquestionably undersell it; without real knowledge of which are its profitable and which are its unprofitable goods; without stopping preventable wastes; and without a thoroughly trained selling force that has an accurate knowledge of markets.

It is, therefore, quite natural that manufacturers and merchants, with their exact information on costs, their accurate gauging of market conditions, their carefully worked out programs of selling and distribution, their limitation of production when markets will not absorb their goods, should view with suspicion any program that does not recognize basic conditions and begin with sound business reorganization. But professional friends of the farmer have actually made him suspicious of other business men and business methods.

There are of course plenty of farmers who have laid out their farm plants scientifically and efficiently, who apply common sense to production and good business sense to marketing, but there are enough of the poorer grade to prevent these better business farmers from realizing the full profit to which they are entitled.

It is not a surplus of low-priced wheat, but a surplus of low-grade farmers that is holding down agriculture. Under any conditions many must fail at farming, just as many must fail in manufacturing or storekeeping or any other human pursuit. There is nothing about agriculture that entitles the man who can't learn, or who won't learn, or who won't work, or who has no business sense, to make a success. With the best advice that can be given, with the soundest methods that can be taught, with the largest amount of cooperation humanly possible, a fence will often divide a success from a failure. But there is no reason why every good farmer should not have an opportunity to make a good profit; every reason why his crop, once raised, should go to a receptive market, without waste or partial confiscation through a bad marketing system.

Recently it was reported in the press that the President had offered to make Mr. Hoover Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Hoover is a thoroughly trained and unusually able executive, the type of man who could undoubtedly step out of the cabinet tomorrow and into the presidency of a big corporation at a six-figure salary. But Mr. Hoover declined, no doubt much to the relief of the professional friends of the farmer, for he has small faith in panaceas and much in business methods and organization.

The failure of the President to secure the services of Mr. Hoover is a very definite loss to agriculture. If it is to pull up and out of its unnecessary uncertainties it must in the end turn to a great business executive of the Hoover type. Imagine any other big business without a big boss and without its various departments, no matter how good their personnel, no matter how fine their individual work, welded into one big machine, under one big man, driving them to one big end. Agriculture has tried, or is being advised to try, about everything except this idea that has put other American business on a sound foundation. The little fellows will fight the idea, because it will shake them out of comfortable ruts; but as the biggest business in America agriculture is entitled to have the biggest business man in the country at its head. Then we shall start out with the idea that we are going to farm for a profit to be distributed to every farmer according to his deserts, instead of with the panaceist's idea that we are going to farm at a loss that ultimately will be distributed to everyone who pays taxes. There are defeatists in agriculture as well as in war.

Farmers are not a class apart, as their professional friends would have us believe, entitled to special coddling, exemptions and privileges; but they are entitled to every help of law, of tariff, of credit, and of governmental encouragement that is extended to other business men. Their work is essential, but so is that of almost every other great business. There is one basic law that no business can long break with impunity—economic law.

American agriculture will never realize its full possibilities until a strong man heads a strong and thoroughly disciplined department at Washington; until the farmer plans before he plows, thinks before he seeds, and looks before he reaps; until he sprays for the political codling moth, Paris greens the pretty, but deadly, theory bugs and hands the parasites on his business a dose of black leaf forty.

Eleanor Franklin Egan

READERS of these pages will learn with sincere regret of the recent death, after a protracted illness, of Eleanor Franklin Egan, for many years a brilliant and popular contributor of world news and comment to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mrs. Egan wrote successively of the Philippines under American rule; of India and the Reforms; of Mesopotamia after the fall of Bagdad; of Japan, struggling upward and onward to consolidate her place in the family of nations; of Russia in the strangle hold of Bolshevism; of China in the agonies of the great famine.

Many magazine readers, perhaps the majority of them, firmly believe that traveling in foreign lands to observe trends and conditions is a sort of holiday junket, an occupation that is all play and no work. Mrs. Egan, had she chosen to do so, could have made them see the other side of the shield. She could have told them of the bulky volumes of tedious history that one must read, the mass of governmental structure, racial and national tradition, outlines of trade and commerce, national resources, past and current politics, and intricate international relationships that one must master as a preliminary to setting forth to gather material for an important series of articles about a foreign country or the events that are taking place there. The story of the hardships and dangers of Mrs. Egan's trip through China to investigate conditions during the great famine would give pause to any eager amateur.

A biography of Mrs. Egan as a world correspondent would be a continuous story of adventure and peril—peril of U-boats and of hurricanes at sea; of brigands, lawlessness and epidemics on land; of the hardships of bad water and of no water, of cold, of hunger, of unwholesome food, of filthy hotels and filthier trains, of boorish fellow travelers, of insolent officials and of contacts with all classes, the mighty and the lowly, the governing and the governed—all a part of the day's work with her.

Every year of Mrs. Egan's career proved her a courageous woman and a brilliant writer. She had not only the grit and the pertinacity to fit herself for the thorough performance of the exacting tasks which fell to her lot, but the educational background and the intellectual perception that enabled her to see far beneath the surface of things. Danger and hardship she accepted in the spirit of the soldier, as a matter of course. Most eagerly of all she sought those assignments through which she could work to improve conditions and alleviate suffering and famine.

THE DIRT FARMER COMPLEX

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ONE of the most benign influences on the farmers and the farm products of the United States has been the Department of Agriculture. Not so many years ago the American farmer worked almost entirely by rule of thumb. He guessed at the weather that the next day would bring; and though long experience gave him some skill at guessing, storms and frosts caught him unprepared far too often.

He fertilized his farm and planted his seeds in the manner that had been laid down by his father and grandfather and great-grandfather before him. If the seeds grew and escaped the storms and the frosts, he gave thanks and took similar chances on the following year. If pests and the weather beat him, he figured that nothing could ever be done to prevent such catastrophes; and when the next planting season came around, he again took a chance.

Today, thanks to the Department of Agriculture, skilled scientists daily apprise the farmer of the exact whereabouts of winds, rains, snowstorms, thundershowers, floods, frosts, cold waves, earthquakes and all other weather peculiarities that might influence or affect his land, his crops, his livestock or his personal belongings. Other skilled scientists tell him what to plant, where to plant it and what to do when it has been planted.

One of the bureaus of the department provides money to assist him in exhibiting his products at state, interstate and international agricultural fairs within the United States. State agricultural colleges and experiment stations assist him in every possible way and show him how to improve his home, his farm, his diet, his mind and his bank account.

The scientists of the Bureau of Animal Industry investigate the diseases that distress his livestock, and prevent their spread by eradicating either the diseases or the livestock with neatness and dispatch.

No longer does the farmer dispose of his daily problems by merely milking his cows and selling the milk. Today he turns to the Bureau of Dairying, whose scientists supply him with their latest findings concerning dairy sanitation, the breeding and nutrition of dairy cattle, dairy plant management and the manufacture of dairy products and by-products.

The Bureau of Plant Life, with thirty investigating groups, has made a careful study of plant life in all its relations to agriculture, and has hurried its findings to the farmer in frequent bulletins.

Soil is not just plain soil to the farmer, as it was as recently as in Civil War days, when all soils looked alike to him. The Bureau of Soils now studies the texture and composition of soils in field and laboratory, maps the soils, studies the cause and means of preventing the rise of alkali in the soils of irrigated districts, and the relations of soils to seepage and drainage conditions. The Bureau of Entomology labors ceaselessly and effectively in the farmer's behalf by studying insects in their economic relation to agriculture and to the health of man and animals, by experimenting with the introduction of beneficial insects, by making tests with insecticides and by identifying insects sent in by curious inquirers.

The Bureau of Biological Survey tells him about the relation of wild birds and animals to agriculture; the Bureau of Public Roads tells him how, why, when and where to build roads, and helps him to do it; the Bureau of Chemistry solves his chemical problems; the Bureau of Home Economics tells him how to buy his wife's clothes, wash the baby, keep the linoleum tidy, wash out the ice chest, and so on; and finally the Bureau of Agricultural Economics collects and disseminates tons of information concerning farm costs, crop marketing, agricultural production, agricultural history, the handling and storage of agricultural products, the market price of all farm products everywhere, current statistics dealing with everything on the farm, and everything else of any possible value to any farmer, anywhere, any time.

(Continued on Page 134)

THE TREASURE HUNTERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ode to a Water Ouzel

To the Editor:

I send, for your pious perusal,
An ode to the aqueous Ouzel;
These twenty-six words
On that sweetest of birds
I trust will not meet with refusal

To the Ouzel:

Where cataracts whiten, the Ouzel
Endeavors, with rarely a foozle,
To catch little trout.
Who had better watch out,
For it's hard to bamboozle an
Ouzel! —*Arthur Guiterman.*

Ars Consolatrix

BACK in the days when the
poets were verbally
Fecund, luxuriant, glittering,
sweet,
Running to metaphor, trope and
hyperbole,
Careful of nothing but scanning
their feet—
Then the most generous bard was
the niftiest,
Swinburne's excess was the
Ultimate Stuff;
Now we award all the bays to the
thriftiest—
Poetry's got to be stripped to
the buff.

Once when a painter would illustrate nudity,
Rounded he made it, unblemished and fair;
Careful he was to conceal all the crudity
Nature had heedlessly left, here and there.
Now all the Artists contemn the cherubical,
Pinkness and dimples they simply despise;
Legs are cylindrical, torsos are cubical,
Nymphs are no longer a treat to the eyes.

Well, I approve of it, being fastidious.
Life's more worth living than ever, I'll say;
Since all our poetry's growing so hideous,
Everyday talk seems melodious, today.
And, since the ladies in art are so comical,

Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark,
Beggars are Come to Town;
Some in Rags, and Some in Tags,
And Some in Velvet Gowns
—Mother Goose

No disillusions are left me, I vow—
If she be anywhere near anatomical,
Any old flapper looks beautiful now! —*Ted Robinson.*

A Baby is Born in Hollywood

In 1905

MOTHER, in gleeful anticipation of the happy event, purchases the sweetest little bathtub and cozy crib for the little stranger. Doting relatives shower the youngster with silk coats, flannelette whatchacallems and soft dresses of silk and satin. Fragile and puny, the little tot is carefully nurtured for several years.

In 1925

MOTHER buys a box of juvenile make-up paint. Father buys three cases of prepared freckles. A moving-picture camera is rigged up opposite the kid's cot and he's taught to register. Father resigns his job and visits the studios, praising his new juvenile star. When the tot is eight months old he gets a job in a dog picture and dad starts smoking ten-cent cigars.

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Drab Ballads

IX

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, JOE VEAL (THE TERRIBLE TENOR with the IDIOSYNCRASIES OF 1900), sang with great success the Dark Age ditty entitled:

WITH A SHRIEK SHE FLEW INTO THE MIDNIGHT, AND THE WORLD KNEW HER NO MORE

Oh, great was the din when the fair Gwendolin
Disappeared from her ancestral castle.
Her father, the Count, felt his blood pressure mount
As he bawled out each varlet and vassal.
They searched round the place, but not ever a trace
Of the maid was discovered by any.
Said the portcullis sentry—"A knight forced an entry,
And cantered off with the fair Gwenny."

REFRAIN

With a shriek she flew into the midnight,*
And the world knew her no more!
Her kin and kith,

* Or Shriek.

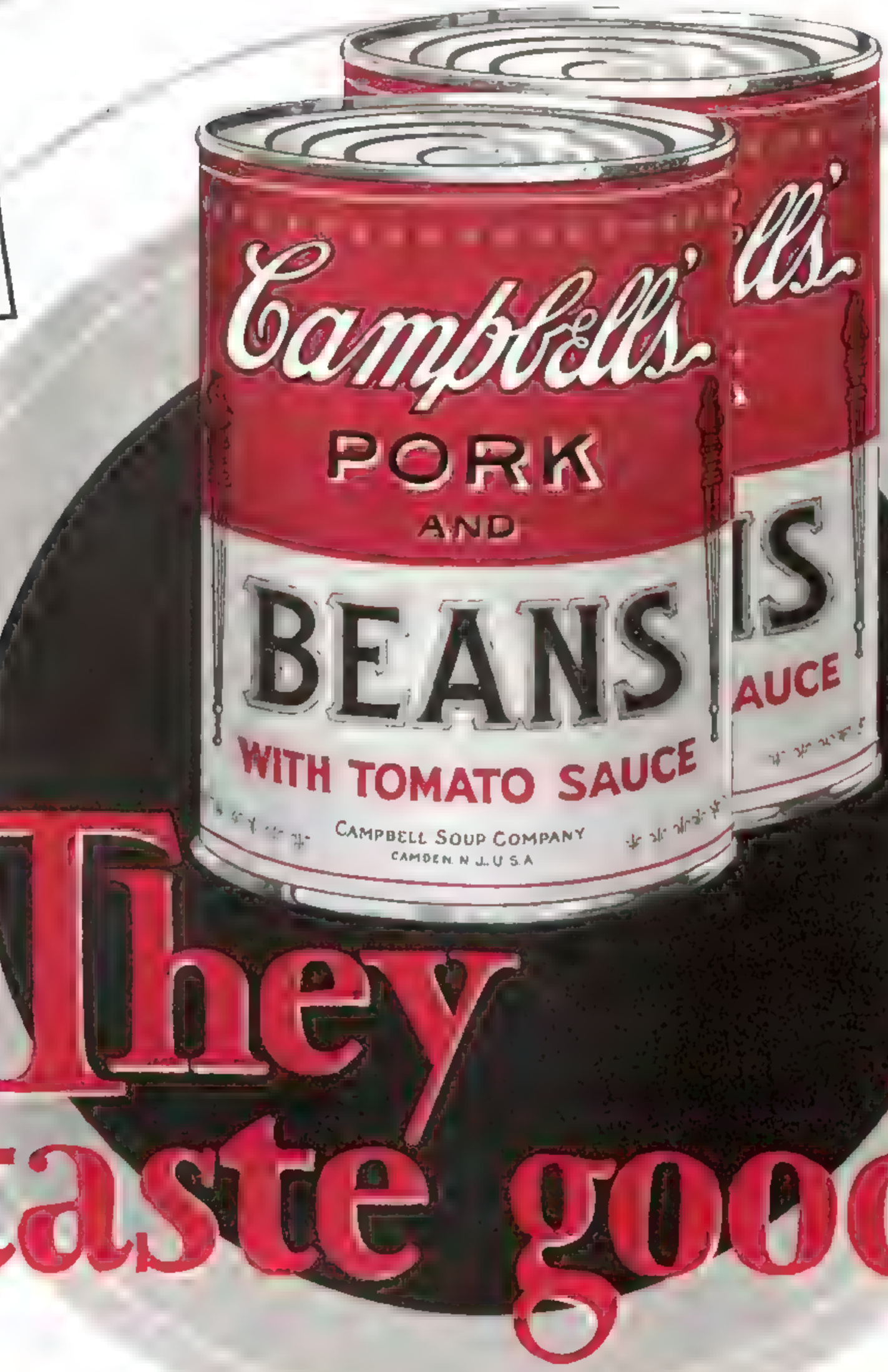
(Continued on Page 80)

The Way a Cubist and a Futurist Artist Look to Each Other When They Meet

"Frank, Don't You Really Think That Wealth Brings Poise?" "I'll Go Further, Julia, and Say That it Brings Avoirdupois"

Economy of Beans

That's the big thing about Beans! They are the most economical *main dish* of quality food that you can buy! Get some today. Serve them often.



They taste good!

Meaty, nourishing beans and a tomato sauce that's famous

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS
SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

III

AS I'VE already said, I took up the D & B work where Big Sam Callard left it. But it was no easy mill I went through before stepping into his shoes. Big Sam himself saw to that. Thanks to him, I had the advantage of being both an outdoor and an inside man.

As an outdoor man, I made mistakes enough, though they were mostly the mistakes of careless youth. But one of them was serious enough to put a crimp in my career. At least it seemed like that at the time. I was on my engine, running a snowplow down from Big Bear Creek, and Andy Gordon was lookout. As we swung down on the Stratton Mill station, Andy failed to give me any slow signal and I continued to give her a full head as we bucked the big drifts, and I guess I was getting too much fun out of throwing up my smother of white to worry about just where I was. So we went through the yard there like a cyclone through a flour mill.

But the big boss himself happened to have come down that day to look over his Stratton plant. He also happened to be standing on the open station platform as Andy and I went by. He was there, along with a dozen or so other waiting passengers, and I knew exactly what was going to happen to that bunch of blue-nosed idlers when we hit the big drift in the lee of the wooden station. We sailed by, hell-bent for perdition, and flung five feet solid of the beautiful over the whole breathless bunch of 'em. We buried 'em and didn't even stop to dig 'em up.

But you can't bury your general manager in a snow bank without paying for it.

"Did You Go Through That for Me?" She Said, With a Look of Wonder in Her Eyes

Bright and early the next morning I was up on the carpet for it, and I found out how quick a railroad man's head can be cut off. The red-headed superintendent had me fired before I knew where I was. He sacked me on the spot, and I felt that the bottom had dropped out of my world.

But about this time Big Sam himself stepped into the situation. He said that he never did like being smothered, though that wasn't the important thing. The important thing was that a small road like the D. & B. couldn't afford to have youngsters skyhooting round the landscape with its high-priced equipment. So, for the good of the service, and seeing I was under legal age for such things, I'd have to give up my engine and my dismissal would have to stand.

But I didn't leave the D. & B. For Big Sam, so to speak, simply knocked me down for the sake of picking me up again. He shook a little of the arrogance out of me, just to show me what discipline meant and to remind me that official dignitaries are not to be trifled with. And having shaken me down a peg or two, he took me into his own office as office man. And there, with a chastened spirit, I woke up to the fact that I had to work doubly hard to make up for my setback.

I worked, all right; and Big Sam wasn't the type of man to let any such laudable ambition wilt in the bud. The telegraph instruments, with their busy chatter of passing messages, always kind of interested me. So I used to go back nights to learn to pound the brass. I already had an inkling of Morse from my evenings with old Wilkinson down the line, where I used to sit and try to read the tape of the register, for the old agent there still worked with the paper machine, the telegraph having horned into his life too late to let his failing ears read out dot-and-dash language when it came any faster than a turtle crawl. So I made good progress for a roughneck off the iron. At one time there wasn't a dispatcher or wire chief on the line could send so fast my ear couldn't follow it and my fingers couldn't get it down. And I guess I can still send about as fast as Mr. Walter Enman, for instance, or any of those city-bred quad men who burn up the press wires.

However, Big Sam was so set up over walking in and seeing me working the wire one day that he switched me into the dispatcher's office as an operator for a while, telling me to watch and read everything I could or he'd cut me off the pay roll. Then, when I'd hacked down to bed rock at that work, when I was just beginning to feel that I was properly nested in my new berth, he tore me up by the roots and tossed me over into the car accountant's office.

I didn't shed any tears of joy over that transfer, but Big Sam knew what he was doing, and I began to get a slant on a new side of the business. I began to see that it was the transportation end of the game that was the big end, and I wanted to understand how to manipulate the supply of rolling stock. I was green enough in those days to think I could finally get railroading down to an exact science. But I had to learn that no man had ever yet reduced railroading to a scientific basis, that a big man comes and tries for something new and something better, but when he goes out his accomplishment pretty well goes with him. I even worked out a graphic car-record system, a good deal like a German war map, only I had numbered pegs to represent my cars and different colors to represent the different types of rolling stock. The big boss himself sat up half a night to give it a tryout. And just about the time I was once more comfortably nested in my new berth and we were having our first real labor trouble, Big Sam kept the barnacles from attaching themselves to my brain by shooting me out and giving me a busy one-man station up the line.

It seemed like demotion at the time, but I began to see it was providing me with a new aspect of things, a new slant on where the sinews of war came from; and it brought me into new contacts with other busy men. It may sound queer, but I even got to like that station-agent life. I liked being lord of my little domain. I liked the checking and waybilling and handling the old Saratogas and sample trunks and helping the train crews in the switchings and working the key and billing and selling tickets, not to mention keeping the old pot-bellied stove going in the waiting room and setting the oil lamps and shoveling the drifts off the platform. For we had no schedule in those days to keep us from overstraining our manly muscles at what the modern union offspring seem to regard as mean and undignified labor.

I liked my warm office, with the cherry glow of the little coal stove in the center, and the old armchairs held together with Number 9 wire, and the row of potted geraniums along the window sill, and the quietness of the place after the down train had gone through and the key cluttered in the warm air while the wind whistled outside. And most of all, I liked to remember that Aggie Newton's home was just over the hill, that I'd be seeing her two or three times a week, and that she could be as shyly friendly as a roughneck like me could ask for—when Archie Hueffer wasn't hanging around. I didn't want to leave that berth. I had a hankering to hang out there until the heavenly cows came home. It seemed peaceful and complete, with the old chromo-topped calendars and the shiny old chair cushion and the singing of my hot-water kettle on the stove. It seemed the sort of thing you could stand year in and year out, until the chair fell away from the Number 9 wire and your name crawled slow as winter molasses up the pension list, where it could go so far and no farther. I liked it so much that when Big Sam intimated that he wanted me back in the office as chief clerk I'd just about decided to tell him I preferred my present position.

Something happened, however, to keep that fatal message from going in to the big boss. But when I recall how close I came to taking the wrong switch there I can't help feeling what a thin point it is that turns the man who might have been a millionaire into a bum, and, on the other hand, puts the potential bum into the millionaire class. I won't say it's accident, for I still like to feel, as I've always felt, that character is fate.

But when I remember how close I came to turning into a rut-lover, a timeserver, a happy-hearted shuffler, I can't help puzzling over why and how it is one man will succeed at this work and another will fail. I can't help recalling Cal Latimer, who joined the old D. & B. about the same time I did. He had far more schooling than I could lay

(Continued on Page 33)

SWIFT

A vital nation-wide service

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Retail butchers buy meat direct from packers. If you live in or near a large city or town, they probably get it from a branch house, of which Swift & Company has over 400, located in principal population centers.

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Every branch house is operated under strict Swift discipline. Cleanliness is the rule. Only the best conditions are good enough for the handling of "Premium", "Brookfield", and "Silverleaf" products.

Swift & Company, Hartford, Conn.

Swift & Company

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On the floor is shown Pattern N

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"I have fallen in love with this gay little pattern!"

How delightful it is to have someone praise your taste! You'll find that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs always win approval. For their designs and colorings are as handsome and artistic as those in other floor-coverings that greatly exceed Congoleum's modest price.

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This attractive design is but one of many you can select in this easily cleaned floor-covering. There are several other charming floral motifs to be had, as well as a number of tile, wood-block, mosaic, and Oriental patterns.

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All housewives, whether they do their own work or not, appreciate the sanitary and labor-saving features of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs.

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Their low prices plus their extreme durability make them the most economical floor-covering it is possible to buy!

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 408, illustrated, is made in all sizes. The other patterns shown are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25		3	x 3	feet	1.40
9	x 9	feet	13.50		3	x 4½	feet	1.95
9	x 10½	feet	15.75		3	x 6	feet	2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00					

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting new folder by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors. It will be sent free on request.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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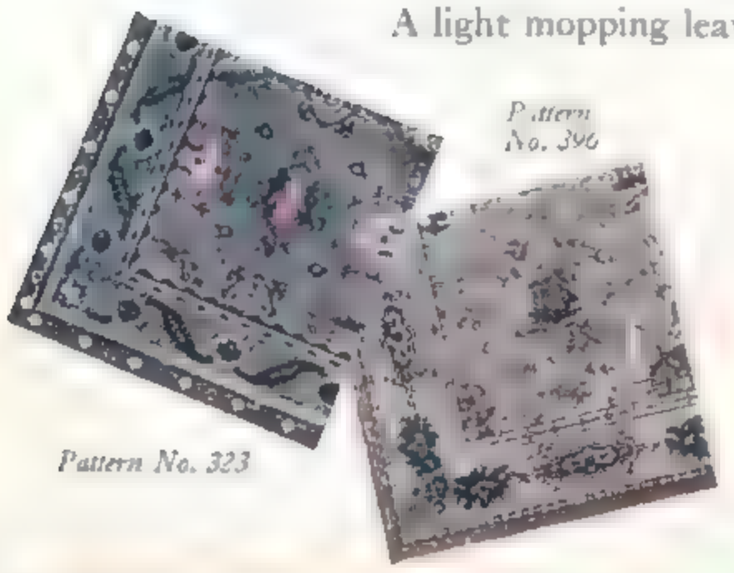
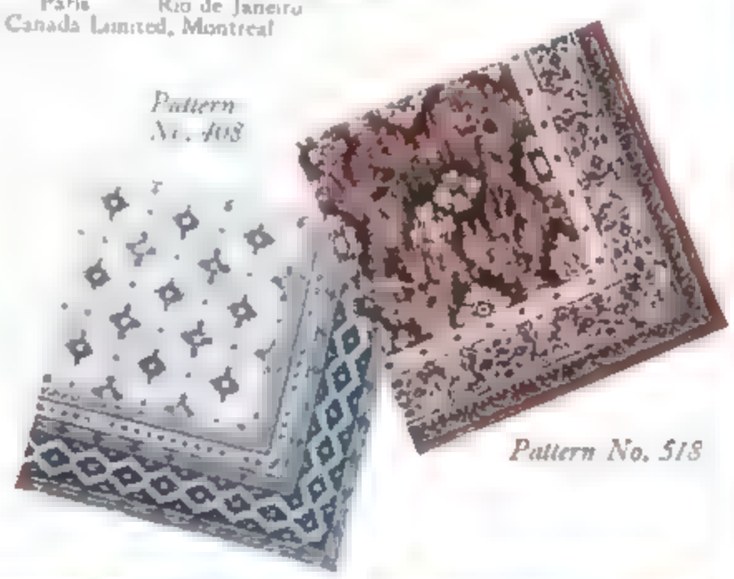


Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 323

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*



Pattern No. 408

Pattern No. 518

(Continued from Page 30)

claim to, and had even been sent for two years to a technical college. He came of good stock and gave every promise of being a climber. We used to consider him a smart telegrapher. He looked so good, in fact, that the C. & L. took him away from us, and when they installed the new interlocker at the yard entrance they picked him to go up into the tower.

And Cal Latimer is in that tower today. They gave him a comfortable berth and he just nested down in it. He stayed put. He lost contacts; he lost initiative; he lost ambition. He gave 'em what they asked, and that was all. He couldn't make the extra pound of steam to send him swinging up the grade of opposition. He smoked his pipe and grew petunias and played pinochle and read detective stories and acknowledged that all he wanted was peace and quiet.

But the bigger life doesn't seem to be made along those lines. It's a queer thing, but as I've come to know it, it's a battle that bungs you up more when you try to slip out of it than when you wade right into it, for it's even worse being rusted out than being worked out. In the latter case, you've at least left something behind you. There's an occasional example, of course, where the climber doesn't altogether understand the stand-patter, where he doesn't make full allowance for the bad hand old Father Destiny can deal to a fellow now and then.

There's the case of Peter Cronin, for instance. Not so long ago, on one of my inspection trips with my new board of directors, I stepped into a dispatcher's office at one of my former headquarters where I'd been superintendent. Peter Cronin was still there, the same trick dispatcher he'd been twenty years ago, but not quite so fast a worker. So I shook hands with Peter and asked after his family. He told me, with a hardness of the face that was new to me, that he'd lost his wife three weeks before. I naturally replied I was sorry to hear that and, without giving the matter much thought, inquired how long she'd been sick.

"Just twenty-one years," said Peter, with his quiet eye fixed on mine.

"Why, this is news to me, Peter," I told him.

"I thought it would be," he retorted, with what sounded like a touch of bitterness. So that made me ask why. "Well, Mr. President, I'll tell you why," said my old train dispatcher, with his faded face studying mine. "This headquarters is the highest and driest point of any of the divisions. It's good air for lungers. Seventeen years ago the specialists told me this was the only air my wife could live in for any length of time. So if I wanted to keep her, I saw that I had to keep this job.

"When you were over this district as general superintendent you gave me a chance of promotion as chief dispatcher to another division. But I had my wife to think of and I had to decline that promotion. You believed in efficiency, and you didn't cotton to anything that looked like opposition. You told me, when you saw me next, that I'd warm this chair for a good long time before you'd put another crowbar under me. I'm not criticizing, remember; I'm just reminding you, for that's the spirit that's put you where you are. But you didn't understand. I've seen others climb past me on the official list. But for seventeen long years I've had my wife with me, and, as I reckon it, it's worth the price."

I sat down in Peter's chair to think this over. Then I swung around and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Peter," I told him, "you've got just seventeen years to make up for, and you're a better man than I thought you were. What's the job you want today out of this system?"

But Peter only laughed a little and then shook his head.

"It's too late, John," he said as he went and stared out the window, where he had a faded snapshot of a thin-cheeked woman feeding a pair of pigeons, propped against the pane. "But I just wanted you to understand."

And what kind of broke me up, even though I didn't show it, was knowing he was right—dead right. He wasn't the type to be an organization man. He didn't belong to anything, and he wouldn't want to. So he wasn't the kind to stir up trouble and demand promotion from the company. He stood as lonely as a lighthouse, and he must have got something out of it all that I couldn't understand. He must have had some pride in his own private code, even though I couldn't put a finger on it.

But had I the right to say Peter wasn't progressive? I could recall the earlier days when we'd had many an argument on the question as to whether the dispatchers should be allowed to belong to the O. R. T. And before I'd left his office Peter was even smiling his one-sided smile and asking me if I remembered those old fights about including the dispatchers in the schedule.

"Times seem to be changing," he remarked as he lifted a 23 off his hook. "For here's what the boys put over the wire last month when the news came through that the old board had gone."

He handed me the message, and it read something like this:

"*To All Telegraphers:* Board of directors resigned this date. Each organization of employes will accordingly select its own representative for the new board of directors. Applications will be received up to midnight two weeks hence from those telegraphers desirous of filling position of director, ability and seniority to govern. The new board of directors will elect the president and operating vice president, ability only to govern. LOCAL CHAIRMAN."

I joined in Peter's laugh as I handed his take sheet back to him.

"I guess that 'ability only to govern' is meant for a little dig at me, Peter," I suggested.

"Yes, it's meant for you, John," he had the honesty to acknowledge. "But even at that, I've a sneaking idea you'd stand a fair show for the job."

Well, maybe I should have. But after I got back to my board of directors and turned to thinking over old Peter Cronin and his case, I didn't feel so all-fired full of ability as I might have.

For old Peter, I remembered, had handled the busiest trick on a mighty busy single-track division and had never once made a lap order. Yet in the same twenty years, when I came to think of it, I'd made enough mistakes, big and little, to sink a ship.

But it's not my mistakes I want to talk about, even though I've had my share of them. For no man ever travels in a dead straight line and no man knows what's

"Where are We Going?" I Asked, Doing My Best to Keep Cool. "You're Goin' Where You Can Do a Lot o' Quiet Thinkin'," Was His Malignant Retort

ahead of him. That came home to me the first winter I was a superintendent. A blizzard hit us and buried track and fences on our Western Division, and even Big Callahan, who was on the head end, couldn't buck that snow. By midnight we were stalled in the open country, without a signal or a home light in sight, and no way of getting word back to headquarters.

I kept the crew busy with the snow shovels, but it was worse than trying to bail out the Atlantic with hay forks. So I got impatient, seeing I had a meeting of considerable importance waiting for me, and I always hated marking time. So I called out the conductor and said we'd leg it to the next town, six miles up the road. We started off through the blizzard. For two solid hours we felt our way along the sleety darkness and plowed through the drifting snow. Then, when we were about ready to drop, we were cheered up by a glimpse of lights ahead. That gave us some fresh ginger. So we fought our way up to those lights, rather pluming ourselves on having pulled through to send back relief for our stalled train. But I stopped short, hip-deep in a snowdrift, when I got up to the lights. For they were nothing more or less than the tail lamps on the rear end of my business car.

We'd spent two hours and a half in floundering around in a circle. We hadn't gone in a straight line. And when you get down to hardpan, that's what most of us do through life.

But there are times, of course, when we simply aren't dealt the right cards, when our fate doesn't lie in our own hands. And I had a sample of this before the big boss finally got me into his office as chief clerk.

Considering the pioneer conditions under which we worked, there was very little violence along the line of the D. & B. in the earlier days. But we seemed to roughen up with the advance of time. We began to get a different type of track worker and bohunk. Instead of ex-sailors off the Lakes, and ex-hobos out of the gold fields, and American workers, we got mostly Eastern and Southern Europeans. These were all well enough so long as six days a week of steady work used up their extra steam. But they lacked ballast and balance. When they were fired for breaking into box cars or given the g. b. for soldiering on their job, they were apt to revert to type and roughhouse things up.

I was alone in my station one blustery March afternoon, cleaning up prior to my promised move back to headquarters, when a dark and thick-set stranger came to my ticket window and asked for a single-trip ticket down to Nagisaw Crossing. Instead of handing me in the bill to pay for that ticket, when I looked up I saw my swarthy friend confronting me with a .44 in his hand and an ugly frown on his face. He commanded me to hand over the till and hand it over quick.

He had the drop on me and I knew he could put a bullet through my head at one pull of his finger. But I tried to keep my wits about me. I countered for time by asking him if he wanted the whole drawer handed out or if I was to empty it and merely hand over the contents. He said he wanted the drawer. So I hunched up closer, pretending I was having trouble in getting the drawer free of its slide.

For one second, I noticed, his eyes wavered downward as I jerked on the drawer front. And in that second I made a grab for his gun and got hold of it. The thing went off, over my head; but I was fighting mad by this time, and before he could get a fresh grip on the stock I had my left hand up and clamped about his wrist. He was no weakling, for before we got through with that struggle he'd pulled me bodily out through the ticket window.

Then we had it rough and tumble, all over that little waiting-room floor. We were up and down like a couple of Greek wrestlers, fighting and tugging and straining for that gun. It wasn't until I got my teeth in his forearm that he weakened and let go. Then with a quick bunt of his thick shoulder he sent me staggering against the wall bench, making for the door and stooping low as he ran. We had upset the stove as we fought and the wooden floor was covered with live coals. But I was thinking more about my man than I was about my station, and I sailed out through the door and down the track after him. He went like a rabbit. But I could reel off a fair clip myself in those days, and I was soon close enough behind him to give him a bullet over his shoulder. He kept on. But at the second bullet he stopped dead and threw up his hands. I recaptured him with his own gun, and I made him keep his hands up as I marched him back toward the burning station.

By the time I got him back to the end of the platform the up train drew in and the train crew came to my help. The passengers stood back and cheered, while I kept him covered until the crew could tie him up with a coil of telegraph wire. I was quite a hero, and it didn't dampen my ardor any to notice that Aggie Newton was one of the passengers, standing rather white-faced back on the edge of the crowd, with her hair blowing loose and her clasped hands held tight in against her breast.

I felt quite a hero, but there was one thing we were overlooking. While we were pulling off that grand-stand play our station house was burning up. Not only was good D. & B. property going up in flames but the same drawer of cash that I'd been fighting for was at the same time being reduced to ashes. And we never had money to burn on that line. So when Big Sam came up to investigate I didn't find myself such a hero. He said that brains were the first asset of an inside worker, and since I'd only shown I had brawn, I'd better get back with the roughnecks where I belonged. He dressed me down to a finish, proclaiming he'd banked on the wrong man and that I was only fit for outdoor work. So he put me on a steam shovel. He sent me up to the gravel pits and gave me five or six months of the meanest odd jobs he could think up for me, and I guess even Aggie Newton kind of lost faith in me as a comer in the railroad world.

At any rate, Aggie and I had a little misunderstanding just before I went up the line to close down a gravel pit for the winter and get the gangs out. And as far as I've ever been able to size up the situation, Archie Hueffer wasn't letting the grass grow under his feet when I was out among the bohunks working like a beaver and wondering if it wouldn't pay me best to jump the D. & B. and strike for the city, where I'd been told there was a chance of getting a job in the paint room of a new carriage factory.

But I stuck, for I had a kind of blind feeling that I was born to be a railroad man; and I had a suspicion that Big Sam was putting me through my paces for the good of the service. Something happened, however, about this time that blew my idea of service sky-high at a single breath. When I was in at the gravel pit, Dave Crummer, a brass pounder I knew pretty well, sent a message over the wire to our nearest agent:

"Tell Jack Rusk that Swede Hueffer and Aggie Newton are planning to hit Sawyer Center tomorrow morning to get married."

That's the dispatch they brought me into the bush, and it was considerably like throwing a live coal into a powder keg. For I'd had a word or two with Aggie on my own hook along those lines, and enough had been said to make me feel that I'd a fighting chance with the only woman who could give me a trip of the pulse when I looked down into her eyes. And I didn't intend to lose out in that fight with a stiff like Swede Hueffer.

But the only way I could get down to the main line was by a log train, thirty jumbos piled high with timber and many of them barefoot. A jumbo, I might stop to explain, was a logging car without deck or flooring and with hand brakes. Its cargo of logs rested on the bare bolsters. A car with its brake out of order was commonly called barefoot, so that even in these days of air brakes, when trainmen find a sticky valve—which means either a dirty one or one that fails to respond to a change in train-line pressure so that the brake shoe keeps on pressing the wheel—they cut out the air, and in rendering the line pressure inoperative on a given car, make it barefoot. Well, this train of hand-brake jumbos was coupled car to car only by eight-foot wooden poles, this to allow for the overhang of the extra-length logs. For a trainman to get from car to car, even in dry weather, was a good deal like walking over Niagara Falls on a tight rope.

The boys didn't want to take their train down until daylight, for a sleet storm had blown up and covered every log and car with a shimmering coat of glare ice. They looked like Brazil nuts that had been dipped in hot sirup. A train like that, naturally, would get out of control, since no one could pass from car to car to set the brakes. But when I put it up to them, with a shake in my voice that I was a little ashamed of, and showed them how they could help me board the fast freight at the junction on the main line, they weakened and agreed to take a chance—and it was a chance.

We realized that when we got to Nippon Hill. Every rail and every log and every connecter and brake mast was a glare of ice. And when we came to the long hill we just ran wild. We went down the long two per cent fall-away with its six-degree curves at sixty miles an hour. We went down like thirty drunken elephants dipped in glass, spilling logs at every curve we hit. We went down as out of control as a shot arrow, for a cat couldn't have crawled over those ice-coated timbers to get to the brake masts. And we went, praying in a cold sweat we'd see no preceding train's tail lights ahead, flashing red at us. We went, trying to keep our finger nails hooked into the universal ice rind and asking God to keep our logs still falling clear of the wheels.

But we got her stopped before we hit the big-stream steel. And there the high-ball freight was taking water. I don't know how much of my story the boys on that freight understood. But they didn't ask for further details as they hooked onto our logs and took me up into the cab with them. We were timed to pull in to what was then my home-town station at seven o'clock in the morning; but the storm had delayed us, and Number 4, the express close behind us, was due at 7:30. We had no rights ahead of her, but if we didn't make in before Number 4 we were billed to get stuck for Number 3, the west-bound, and that could mean a hold-up of anywhere from one to two hours, perhaps more.

I wasn't sure of the exact hour Swede Hueffer was starting on his little overland excursion, but I would have walked through hell-fire to stop it. I never did find it easy to swallow the pill of defeat, and I'd had more than my dose that particular year. And when things looked blackest, on the way down, a warm rain started to fall and that cleaned the rails for us. We found out from the operator that Number 4 was running twenty minutes late and would be going in for Number 3. The dispatcher was hell-set on keeping Number 4 on time and swore she'd make that all up between the last report and the home station. So he refused flat to give us any time on her or on Number 3. I could read Morse easy enough and I knew, of course, exactly what that operator was saying. So I didn't feel any too good as I climbed back in the cab. I gripped a handrail and silently cursed the tribe of Hueffer.

When we looked back from the engine, through the rain, to see the conductor's signal, I knew that instead of a high ball to go, it would be merely a move-ahead to crawl up the line before backing into clear on the siding. So when Joe Brown leaned out beside me and saw that move-ahead signal he clamped his grimy fingers on my arm and said, "Johnny, that looks like a high ball to me!"

We looked each other in the eye, steady as steel. It meant anarchy, of course, in the world where we belonged. It was against rules and against reason and against every principle of respectable railroading. But these things didn't seem to count on that run.

"It's a high ball," I repeated, and with that we started.

We let 'er out and left the conductor on the platform. The front-end brakeman, who was in the know, merely sat tight. The rear brakeman dropped off at the switch, thinking, of course, that he was going to let us back in. But we never stopped, we never even hesitated. We shot system rules to pieces and went pounding along our own outlaw way.

Those little goats we used to run on the old D. & B. weren't much on a tonnage drag, but they could run like a wapiti. We hadn't a great number of cars on, and we swung down those hills toward home so fast it would have turned a Pacific on a passenger run green with envy.

Going in, we had to face a mean curve at the end of a long drop. We daren't slow up for fear we'd be giving Number 4 a chance to bust in our rear or Number 3 a chance to come nosing around that curve with her tongue in our face, as we were now on the time of both. Yet we knew well enough that if we went down that hill too fast we hadn't much of a chance of getting stopped before running into Number 3 if still at the station, since about one-half the brakes on that train of ours were barefoot. So Brakey and I got on top with our sticks and the fireman got over on the pilot, to run for the switch. Joe stood working the whistle like a circus calliope, screaming out through the dawning light to let Number 3 know, if she chanced to be moving our way. It was the sort of run that gives you an extra wrinkle or two around the eyes, and we made the last lap of it with our hearts in our mouths.

But we made it. We beat Number 4 to it and got into clear only eight minutes on her time. Luckily for us, the switch was around the curve and none of the other crews saw us pull in. So we united in swearing to the operator that the switch was frozen and that we'd had trouble getting it open. That, we maintained, was our reason for whistling on the main line. But we beat Number 3 and registered in clear of her time, and we'd ended our run.

It was daylight by this time and I didn't wait to face the road trouble that was ahead of me. I slid down the track shoulder and cut across wet fields and headed straight for the Newton house. I was so covered with oil and soot and mud that I must have looked a good deal like something just up from the lower regions. But I wasn't thinking about my personal appearance. I was thinking more about the fight with Archie Hueffer that stood just ahead of me. And I guess I wasn't any too gentle-looking a specimen of bohunk when I burst into Aggie Newton's house, without even so much as a knock on the door.

But there was no Swede Hueffer there. I'd beaten him to it. Aggie was alone in the kitchen as I stormed in, breaking an egg into a pot of coffee and looking so cool and quiet-eyed that she made me feel rather foolish. But I told her where I'd come from and how I'd come and just why I'd come. I took hold of her wrist and backed her against the kitchen table. She put down the coffeepot and studied my face. I expected to hear her say it was too late, for she pulled my fingers away from her wrist and walked over to the window and looked out. When she turned around again there wasn't much color left in her face.

"Did you go through that for me?" she said, with a look of wonder in her eyes.

"I did," I told her, "and I'm going through a damned sight more to get you."

It was pretty rough talk to hand out to a girl, to a young girl who wasn't used to roughness in men. But I don't believe she hated me for that roughness. For when I crossed over to her and took her in my oil-stained arms she didn't pull away. She wilted down against my wet shoulder, and when her father walked into the kitchen she had her arms around my neck and I was kissing her. He naturally wanted to know the meaning of things.

(Continued on Page 117)

A Rich Sedan At Little Above Open Car Prices

Precisely the qualities which thousands of American families have long been seeking in a closed car, are built into the Hupmobile Club Sedan. Furthermore, its low price—now only slightly higher than open car levels—makes it one of the richest values on the market. Here you have, added to Hupmobile quality, real sedan comfort and dignity at a cost so low that any family which can afford a car, can better afford this beautiful Hupmobile.

Doors Front and Rear

Built by Hupmobile, the Club Sedan has all the performing and economy superiority, all the sturdy long life, which have won for the Hupmobile a solid American preference. Three doors, of standard sedan width, make it easy to enter and to leave without disturbing the other passengers. There is ample seating space and leg space for five. The luggage space at the rear is unusually large—which is a great advantage in touring. The value of the Club Sedan is further heightened by balloon tires, snubbers, Duco finish in blue or beige, nickel radiator, and nickel and enamel lamps. Buyers will be quick to see and to grasp this opportunity to enjoy future years of comfort, dependability, durability and economy, at a most remarkable saving.

HUPMOBILE

FOURS AND EIGHTS

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

WHO'S LOONY?—By Dick Wick Hall

ONE morning Last Summer I was setting down at the Laughing Gas Station eating Flap Jacks and bacon and I happened to look up at the Almanac hanging on the wall and see what time it was, the 29th day of June, where Chloride Kate had crossed off the days, and I says to Her, "I've got to be getting me a Man today and go out and do the Assessment Work on them Tank Pass claims of mine again or somebody'll be a jumping them."

"What!" she says, raising up Herself and a Hot Cake and her Voice all at the same time and looking at me like I was a cross between a coyote and a cranberry, "you mean to tell me you're fool enough to throw away any more money hanging on to those old Mining Claims that you couldn't give away to Nobody if you was to put them in as Boot with a Year's Board? You Must Be Crazy."

"Not Half so Crazy as the Fool who made the dog-gone Law compelling us Poor Prospectors to go out and do a Hundred Dollars worth of work every year on each claim," I mumbled to myself, trying to figure out a Good Alibi.

"How many Years you had those claims?" she went on, giving me no chance to think or answer. "Eighteen Years, so I've been told—long before I come out here thinking that all Mining Men was Rich and that I could Grab one and never have to work no more—and here I am cooking yet and thankful I didn't Marry no Mining Man before I got my eyes Opened up."

"Yes, but ——" I says, trying to get a word in slaunchways without no luck.

"Yes, But," she comes right back at me without taking breath. "That's Just What most Mining Claims and Mining Men is—Mostly Buts and If and Maybes and no Paystreak and not enough Horse Sense to quit and go to Work. Any 10 year old Boy would have better sense than to Pour water in a Squirrel Hole for 18 Years if no squirrel come out—and that's More'n most of you Mining Men know."

"Look at old John Mayfield," I bragged. "Hung onto his claims for 37 years and last year he got three-quarters of a Million Dollars, Cash—and then you tell Me there aint no money in Mining?"

"Yes, and What Good is it to Him now at his Age—and where in the Devil do you think You and I'll be in 37 Years from Now, you Poor Rock Hound?" she cried; "and when am I going to get Back any of the Money I've been Grubstaking these old Prospectors with for the last seven or eight years, and them giving me nothing but Promises?" she asked, starting to Bawl and using Woman's Worst Weapon to Win this War of Words, so I beat it, because Chloride Kate sometimes gets Violent when she Starts to Bawl like that.

Women don't seem to Understand how much Fun a man gets out in the hills prospecting and doing assessment work, finding a little Gold once in awhile—just enough to Tease you on year after year and keep you Dreaming of what you'll do with all the money when you get it—and generally So Old when you do that you Can't Do Nothing—and sleeping on the ground and sitting around the Camp Fire at night frying a mess of Quails or a Cottontail or maybe sometimes getting a deer or a Mountain Sheep and making some jerky. Gee Whiz! It sure would be Lonesome without getting out in the hills once in awhile and doing a little mining—and I don't know what anybody can do with a Million Dollars—except try and Spend It.

Well, this wasn't getting the assessment work done on the Tank Pass claims, and the next day the 30th of June, the end of the fiscal year, so I went out and tried to find someone to go along with me and do the shoveling and the dishwashing. I don't mind drilling and blasting so much, or the cooking, but I just naturally hate to Hump my Back over a long handled shovel or get my hands all softened up with grease and Dish Water—and a Man always feels better and More Important if he's got someone along to Boss around while he does the Brain Work, which I am strong for, especially in the Summer Time.

I couldn't find nobody that wanted to go out in Tank Pass with me to do the work, which you can't hardly ever in Salome, until I run across Kirk Morton who was just getting over another Big Deal he hadn't made and was willing to go out if I would wait a day or so for him to Sober up some. Kirk has got some good claims himself and has had a lot of good deals on during the last twenty years, but he always Starts to Celebrate before the papers is Signed, and then he gets mean and wants a Million Dollars Cash right in his Vest Pocket before he will do anything. I don't think Kirk ever did have a Vest in his Life but he likes to talk about It and he has still got his Mining Claims, which is all that keeps him Alive, because Kirk would Die Quick if he had a Million Dollars in Real Money & No Claims.

I couldn't wait for Kirk, so I told him I would send in after him the next day and I hired a man that had been camping with old Bob Flannigan, the only one I could find in Town that would listen to Work. Bob said he sometimes Acted a little like he might be Crazy and Weak in the Head but that he looked like he was Strong in the Back and on the End of a Shovel, which was all I wanted, so I hired him. I asked him about What old Bob had said and he said Everybody was Crazy, more or less, but he wasn't Half so Crazy as old Bob and if I thought so to camp with Bob awhile and watch him Eat Olive Oil on his Hot Cakes for Liver Trouble and drink Catnip Tea, and him 71 Years old and Talk about the Women all the Time, and if I said old Bob wasn't the Craziest he would Work for me for Nothing and his Board.

I hired Alec Pease to take us out in his Jitney and to come back the next day and bring Kirk out so as I could prospect around and do the brain work and cooking while they did the rest. I got Alec to take us out because he is a pretty Good Boy, as far as he Goes, and he is the only one that can Back a Car up the Tank Pass hill. The claims is over on the other side of the Hill where the road is blasted out of the rocks and through the Pass and is So Steep in some places the Gas won't run into the Carburetor from the Gas Tank unless you Turn the Car around and Back Up or else lift up the seat and Blow in the little hole in the cap in the gas Tank and get the carburetor full and go a little ways by fits and starts and get out and do it all over again and have to Block the Wheels with Rocks every time, which is a Lot of Trouble, going up a Hill over Half a Mile long and about a thousand feet high. You don't Find Gold Where Roses Grow—which is One Reason that I always thought the Tank Pass claims Ought to make a Pretty Good Mine—some day, Maybe.

We got out to Camp all right, about evening, me and Alec and the Other Bird I had hired to engineer the Shovel Work, and we unloaded the Grub and Alec beat it back to Town so as to get backed up the Hill before dark and bring Kirk Morton out the next day. I asked the Bird What Name he went by so as I could tell him what to do and he said that sometimes they called him Loony Cazookius and sometimes Bloody Bill, according to Where he Was and How he Felt, which didn't matter none to me as long as he come when I called him and did what I told him, so I called him Cazooky and set him to work cleaning out the shack where the trade rats had packed in a lot of cholla ball cactus since I was out the year or so before, while I built a fire in the old stove and started supper.

I unpacked the Grub and set it up on the shelf back of the Stove where it would be handy—Beans and Bacon and Coffee and some flour and baking Powder and sugar and salt and some Canned Tomatoes and blackberry Jam and some Canned Pears and Eggs—and got us some Supper while Cazooky was cleaning out the shack and putting the Water Cans in the Shade and covering them up to keep the Water Cool. It wasn't a bad Little Shack to camp in, about 12 by 16 feet, made of old boards and corrugated iron and canvas, with a door in one end and curtains on the Side to lift up and let the Hot Air out and a Stove in one corner and My Cot in the other and a table to eat off of and set the candle on at Night to read by sometimes—not a Bad Place a Tail for a Prospector to Sleep and Dream of in.

We eat Supper, some bacon and eggs and flap jacks and Coffee and a can of Pears to Top it Off with and then I sit on my cot and smoked Cigarettes while Cazooky washed the Dishes and rustled some wood for breakfast, and then we set around and chewed the Rag awhile before making up our Bed Rolls and turning in. I never was Much for sleeping on the Ground since the time I rolled over in My Sleep one Night on a Big Scorpion and he Harpooned me Three times in the Belly before I could get Woke Up or Off of Him—so since then I generally most always have a Cot to sleep on wherever I am at, out at the different claims I own. I had a big High Cot out here, made out of 2 by fours and canvas, with the Legs crossed and the ends stuck in cans of water with coal oil on it to keep the Centipedes and Scorpions and Vinegarones from crawling up on to Me while I slept. All the bed roll Cazooky had was an old Quilt with some Junk wrapped up in it and he slept on the Floor by the Door where there was Lots of Air.

Three four times or more during the Night he woke me up, getting up and walking around inside the Shack and out, as I could make out by the Hazy Moonlight from time to time, and I thought he was looking for some Matches or his tobacco to take a Smoke or maybe he was just Restless thinking of having to go to Work tomorrow. Once or twice he come over by my Cot and stood there for a minute looking down at Me and I asked him what was he looking for or At and he said Just to see was I Asleep Yet and he couldn't Sleep because the Moon made him Nervous like and I told him Never Mind, that by the Time he Got Through Polishing the Shovel he would Sleep Pretty Well Tomorrow Night—and he said he Thought that I would Probably Sleep Pretty Sound myself tomorrow Night too—which I figured on Doing anyway, no matter what he might Think about it. Finally I told him to either go to Sleep or else Get Up and go to Work if he couldn't Sleep and I went to Sleep myself then.

Next morning after breakfast I took him up to the old Tunnel and we went in back under the Mountain about six or seven Hundred Feet, to the face of it where the last work had been done, and I picked around awhile to see How it Looked and where was the Best Place to start a Crosscut to find some Ore maybe and I found a Likely Looking place and showed him and told him to start There and I give him the Pick and we started back along the track out of the Tunnel to get him some Drills and a hammer to drill some Holes with, and Blast out the Rock which was maybe covering up some Rich Ore.

We was going along out, kind of slow in the dim light of our candles, him behind Me and me poking along looking for any signs of Ore, and Once he says wasn't I Afraid he might Hurt Something or Some Body with that Sharp Pick, and Me, not thinking Nothing Particular about what he was Driving At, I Told him to Fly At It and whenever the Point Busted off to go and Sharpen it again out at the Blacksmith Shop at the mouth of the Tunnel. He Laughed kind of Funny like and we walked along Out, Him behind and Me in Front—and Me never Knowing at the Time as how Death was Walking Right Along with me in the Tunnel that morning—and No One but Loony Cazookius, Alias Bloody Bill aware of it. Holy Mackerel! Chloride Kate was Right about Mining Being a Risky Business.

We come on out and got him some drills and Cazooky went back in the Tunnel to work and I went out Prospecting and looking around awhile to see if everything was all right and maybe I might find Some Thing in some of the Gulches where an outcrop or a Pay Streak might have been uncovered by the Big Rain we had had about eight or nine Months before. I mozied around most of the morning, taking my time and stopping once in a while to Rest and roll a Cigarette and sit and Think, about everything in General and generally about Nothing in Particular, which is One Thing I do like about Prospecting—the Sitting and Resting and Smoking and Thinking about Things that Don't Matter. Thinking about Important Things, like Work and Bills etc. will make a Man's Head Ache—but a Smart Man can get a Lot of Enjoyment out of Setting in the Sun and just Thinking about Nothing and Smoking a Cigarette once in awhile.

Around about Eleven o'clock I wandered back around to Camp and got a drink and set down on the Cot to Rest awhile and roll and smoke another cigarette and do some more thinking. I had just about set down on the cot, which was so high off the floor that my Feet didn't Touch when the canvas sagged with my weight, and had wiped the Sweat off of my Face and had my tobacco out to roll my cigarette when Cazooky come in and hung his hat on a nail and went over to his bed roll and got down on his knees like he was looking for something.

I never paid No Attention to him, thinking as how maybe he thought it was Noon or else maybe he had forgot and was after his Pipe, and neither of us said Nothing—which wasn't nothing Unusual for two Men out in the Hills that way.

I got out my papers and poured some tobacco in and was just starting to roll my cigarette when Cazooky got up—and Before I had any Idea what he was going to Do, he had Walked right over in Front of Me, jam up against the side of the Cot and in between my Legs with my Feet off of the Floor, so close to me that I had to lean over backwards kind of off my Balance.

It's a little bit Hard for me to try to Tell just What Happened, but all this that I am Trying to tell Happened Right Now, Almost all at once, Quicker than Anything—if you know how Fast that is. Cazooky didn't seem a Bit Excited and he didn't Talk Loud or Nothing Like that—but he Said a Mouthful and he Meant Every Word he Said—which anybody could See with One Eye shut—and while he was Talking he was Busy—like a Bee.

Before he had finished walking Jam up against the Side of the cot in between my Legs he said, quietlike, almost like he was Talking to Himself:

"I Don't Like to Do This, but the Time Has Come and I've Got to Kill Some Body."

He evidently Meant Me, of course, because There wasn't No Body Else But Me within ten miles of there Just Then—which was Just My Luck—and right while he was Saying this Short and Shivery Funeral Sounding Sermon, he had Both Hands in under my Nose so close I could have Bit Him—if he hadn't of Been Opening Up the Biggest Bladed Razor I Ever Saw in All my Life—so Close Up to my Face and Eyes that I had to Look Worse than Ben Turpin to see it—and it was So Big I had to Squint two or three Times and Both Ways to see All of It. What a Corn Knife it would have Made if I had of had It when I was a

(Continued on Page 54)

Crisp, crunchy, rich in nutty flavor, this food gives you the nourishment of wheat and barley in its most digestible form.

Why this delicious food makes such a difference in the way you feel

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Out of our daily food—to a far greater extent than most of us realize—we shape the course of our lives—build success or failure.

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Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it into nourishment

Chamber of Commerce Stuff

By J. R. Sprague

NO AMERICAN family record is complete unless there is a cherished fiction that some great-grandfather just escaped laying the foundation of an immense fortune. He once owned the land where the city of Toledo now stands—or was it Indianapolis? It may have been Louisville. Anyhow, he owned the land, wherever it was, and traded it just at the wrong time for a team of oxen. Or perhaps he didn't actually own the land, but thought of buying it when it was offered to him at fifty cents an acre; if he had just done that instead of moving on to Turkey Creek, there is no telling how much he might have been worth.

Likewise, every American city of less than big-league caliber has its tradition of missed opportunity. When the survey for the railroad was being put through Ruralville there was an old curmudgeon who set such an outrageous price on his property that the capitalists became disgusted and routed their road through Atlanta instead. Or there was, in the early days, a conscienceless public official who speculated in land near the then village of St. Joe, and of course threw his influence toward making that place a city instead of Smith Center, where the city really belonged. If there had not been a young civil engineer who fell in love with a beautiful widow, Cove Landing would now be the metropolis of Southern Ohio instead of Cincinnati.

Tradition dies slowly. There are a thousand communities where the citizens recall these things, and periodically resolve upon a campaign that will make up for lost time and place their town in its rightful position of eminence and wealth. Of course there is no longer opportunity to divert the routes of railways, and the waterways were long ago organized; but it is still possible to secure factories, wholesale houses, tourists, government enterprises. How to get these things and make a real metropolis out of Littleburg? By the efforts of the chamber of commerce, of course!

There is no chamber of commerce in Littleburg now, but so much the better. One can be started untrammeled by old moss-grown traditions. Everyone knows why the old Business Men's League petered out five years ago. It was because it got into the hands of a clique of fellows who ran it for their own selfish interests, and no one outside the clique got any recognition except when it was time to pay annual dues. This time it will be different. With a good live bunch of the younger men behind it, an up-to-date chamber of commerce will really put the old town on the map.

There is a meeting of the livewires at which temporary officers are elected and committees appointed to go out and solicit members. For a month these committees go up and down the business section to call on unwilling merchants and property owners, painting optimistic word pictures of what a real chamber of commerce can do for Littleburg. At last enough members are procured to warrant a permanent organization. There is some controversy over the secretaryship, the only salaried office. It is realized that the secretary should be a livewire; but unfortunately the revenue from sixty members at dues of twelve dollars apiece annually does not admit of paying a full-time livewire salary. In the end it is decided to appoint a local man as part-time employe. He is in the fire-insurance business and with no previous experience as a city builder; but he has considerable idle time on his hands and the forty-dollar-a-month secretaryship will be a big help to him. He also has an office for his insurance business which can be used for the chamber-of-commerce committee meetings without extra expense.

Waiting for New Factories

THE new organization starts off with full attendance at meetings, because when a man has recently invested money in an enterprise he likes to see what is being done with it. The most optimistic predictions seem to be justified, because at the very first general meeting the secretary announces triumphantly that he has been able to get news stories in three near-by city newspapers telling of the formation of the new chamber of commerce, and in each story there was a paragraph to the effect that enterprises of all kinds would be welcomed by the livewire business men of Littleburg. Now, surely, the eyes of astute captains of industry will be turned toward Littleburg, city of destiny!

The free publicity thus obtained does bring inquiries. A letter is received from a man in Chicago who states that he is proprietor of a manufacturing plant that is unfortunately in financial difficulties, but if the new chamber of commerce cares to settle his liabilities and pay for transportation he would move his machinery to Littleburg and start over again. Several communications are received from organizations desiring the aid of the chamber of commerce in putting on drives to raise money for various noble purposes. A young dentist, lately graduated, writes to inquire if there is anyone already practicing the dental profession in the community, and if not, would the chamber of commerce guarantee him a certain income the first year? This communication is turned over for action to the four dentists already members of the chamber.

As no new factories result from the free publicity campaign, other methods are employed. The chamber orders a quantity of covers for spare automobile tires, on each one being painted, Littleburg, the Best Town in the State, and members are urged to use these covers as a means of advertising the community to the world. Neatly printed placards are placed in the rooms of both local hotels, the following sentiment bearing the imprint of the chamber of commerce:

"Stranger, howdy! Start a factory in Littleburg and watch it grow!"

Some of the members speak of having the organization get behind purely local matters, such as repairing the fountain in Court House Square, or getting the railroad to trim up its premises about the station; but these suggestions are lost in the excitement of the campaign for a bigger and better Littleburg. It is felt that the height of civic efficiency is reached when thirty members of the chamber attend a big convention at the state capital and march in the parade carrying blue banners on which the word "Littleburg" is embroidered in gold.

A Stranger's Fine Promises

UNACCOUNTABLY, no factories come to town and the hotels report no increase in tourist trade. When it comes time to pay the second year's dues quite a number of the members drop out in spite of the earnest protestations of the president, who likes the prominence of his office, and of the secretary, who likes the salary. There is a general feeling of discouragement and a pessimistic conviction that town boosting is an unprofitable game. After several called meetings at which no quorum is present, the Littleburg Chamber of Commerce dies.

In a way, the discouraged members of the Littleburg Chamber of Commerce were right. Town boosting is an unprofitable game, just as any game is unprofitable when it is not run on businesslike lines. If a community cannot afford a first-class organization, it is better off without any at all. It is as much the part of every civic organization to keep undesirable projects out of town as it is to bring the desirable ones in; and the weak chamber of commerce is inevitably the target for grafters who cannot get their schemes indorsed by the more sophisticated business bodies.

Out in the Northwest there is a town that for several years had maintained a chamber of commerce of the amateur sort. On account of its limited revenue it could not afford a full-time secretary, and so the office was given to a young man who was having a hard time to make ends meet in his own business and was grateful for the small chamber-of-commerce salary as added income. Naturally, this young secretary was not much of an expert in civic development or very wise to the ways of the promoter fraternity; and when one day an affable gentleman walked into his office and stated that he was a magnate looking for a suitable community in which to locate a tractor plant, the secretary became quite excited over the idea of bringing a new industry to town and at the same time proving his value to the chamber of commerce.

After listening eagerly to the stranger's plans, the secretary suggested that the matter be discussed with his president. This gentleman, too, was of an optimistic turn of mind and anxious to make his administration an outstanding one. And the stranger's proposition certainly appeared eminently fair and aboveboard.

"I would like you two gentlemen to understand at the outset," the stranger said deferentially, "that I would not have the effrontery to approach people of your caliber with any other than a straight business proposition. You know as well as I do that there are plenty of unscrupulous promoters going about the country trying to locate manufacturing plants in towns foolish enough to offer bonuses, but who have no intentions other than to get the bonus money and then move on. I am not that sort. I have come to your town because I am impressed with its great natural advantages and I want to stay here. To show you how thoroughly I mean business, I propose to put up my factory building and install my machinery entirely at my own expense. Your town will have the benefit of this new enterprise without the cost of one penny to any citizen!"

Naturally, this kind of talk appealed strongly to the two chamber-of-commerce men, each of whom was anxious to make a reputation as a benefactor in the community, and what the promotor said afterward was colored by the charm of his opening remarks. He went on:

"As business men, you gentlemen know that it is very seldom that a new enterprise pays from the start. I do not want to deceive you in any way. I am not a rich man myself, and the cost of my building and machinery will use up most of my available cash. For the first year, perhaps, the plant will not make a great amount of money, and it is quite possible that I may need some working capital to see me through. Of course, I could arrange to get this from banks in the shape of a loan; but I have thought the matter over and have decided it would be better to sell a little stock to the citizens of this community. That will be much better than borrowing the money, because every person who owns a share of stock will be a booster for my tractor; and there can be absolutely no risk to any investor, because I shall not accept a single dollar of anyone's money until the factory building is completed, the machinery installed and I am ready to sell my product."

Nothing could have been said more satisfactory to the two local men, who were amateurs at the chamber-of-commerce business and who had not learned how resourceful a promoter can be when his heart is in the work. Their satisfaction was further increased when the promoter told them that he would assume all the work and expense connected with the stock-selling campaign and deposit the money received in a local bank, not to be touched until the first machine was actually manufactured and on the market.

A meeting of the chamber of commerce was called, at which it was decided, amid much enthusiasm and booster talk, to indorse the project and to assist the promoter in every legitimate way to sell his stock.

The stock-selling campaign went over with a rush. The promoter imported half a dozen high-powered salesmen and helped the chamber-of-commerce members to organize themselves into committees. With each committee of three local men, one of the high-powered salesmen went along; which proved a very effective arrangement, because the local men supplied the home atmosphere and the imported salesmen did the talking. The town was combed from one end to the other, no one being overlooked, even down to the lady school-teachers who had saved a few hundred dollars, the thrifty wage earners and the widows who were living on the interest of life-insurance money.

Where the Money Went

ONE hundred thousand dollars was the amount set by the promoter as necessary for his working capital, and this sum was subscribed in three weeks of feverish selling, the money being deposited in a local bank as per agreement. Then, true to his word, the promoter put up his factory building entirely at his own expense. It was not so large a building as the citizens had expected, but the promoter explained in his bluff businesslike way that the great danger of any new enterprise lies in the tendency to start on too big a scale instead of waiting for the business to grow in a natural manner, and when the sales of the tractors warranted larger quarters it would be easy enough to build additions to the factory out of the profits. The factory building had barely been completed before the machinery arrived on the scene, an imposing display that filled several freight cars. Some of the more thoughtful citizens wondered how so complete an equipment could be assembled in so short a time, but the promoter explained that he was a go-getter who always made things hum when he set his mind to anything.

The machinery was installed, a few mechanics set to work, and shortly thereafter the first tractor was actually finished. It was run around town for several days as ocular proof to the citizens that their confidence had not been misplaced and that the community had landed one manufacturing plant whose management was able to establish itself on its own money.

So far the promoter certainly had made good on every promise, and according to the terms of his agreement with the chamber of commerce the money derived from the stock-selling campaign was now available for his use as working capital. But from then on things did not go so well. The promoter may have used the money for working capital, but if so it was largely for work other than manufacturing tractors. He managed to vote himself a very large salary, which he stated was only fair compensation for a man in his position; and he made frequent trips to Eastern cities on company business, expenses being paid out of the treasury.

Six months from the time the first tractor had appeared on the streets the working capital was used up and it appeared there was not much use of continuing the business, because the few machines made and sold did not give the

(Continued on Page 62)

As Quick on the "GO" as on the "STOP"

"Go!" And the powerful Buick Valve-in-Head engine obeys immediately. For twenty years Buick engineers have been bringing this engine closer, closer and *closer* to perfection—harmonizing and balancing—adding power to power—making silky smoothness smoother still.

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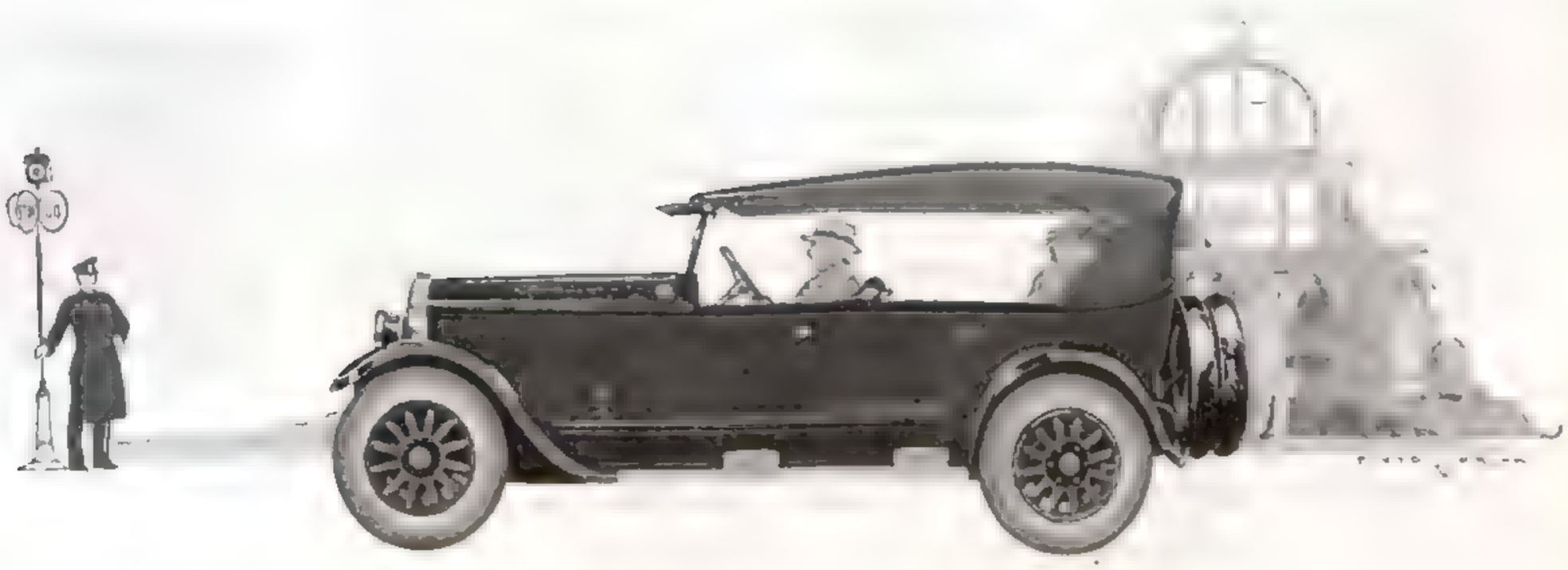

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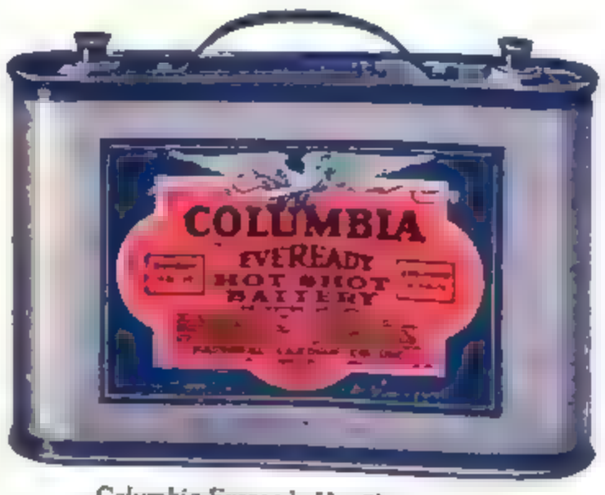

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THE CASE ACE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"It is a Monstrous Thing, Sir, to Suspect an Intimate Acquaintance of Card-Sharping"

BEFORE his visitor was well across the threshold Roger Andrews appraised that pudgy person unerringly. "A gentleman," said Roger to himself, and proceeded to meet his caller upon that basis.

His tall well-knit figure crossed the room courteously; his fine gray eyes glanced at the card which he held; he inclined his head gravely.

"Mr. Peck?"

The stout gentleman heartily extended his hand. "Fabian Peck, sir. And I judge that this is Mr. Andrews?"

Roger answered with the faintest suggestion of a nod as he invited his guest to a chair. The face of the tall man was calm and inscrutable; his eyes, as he turned briefly away, were frosty.

Roger Andrews seated himself and waited for Peck to speak, meanwhile observing—without appearing to do so—every minutest detail of his guest's personal appearance.

He saw a man comfortably in the fifties and in that stage of physical preservation which is generally referred to as hale and hearty; a man quietly and expensively tailored; rather too ruddy of complexion and obviously well pleased with himself and his own importance. His manner seemed to say: "Well, I am Fabian Peck—the Fabian Peck." Roger Andrews knew the type and so accorded just that faint degree of silent deference which impelled persons of the Fabian Peck sort to like him.

Mr. Peck, on his part, was decidedly ill at ease. He experienced the fidgety sensation of being inferior, and that was a feeling to which Fabian Peck was not used. Besides, it was not at all as he had planned. His bluff heartiness, his firm handshake, seemed to make very little impression upon the cold gray man opposite. Andrews was interested—but that was all. Certainly he did not seem aware of the fact that any great honor was being conferred upon him.

It was this very absence of apparent curiosity which caused Mr. Peck to lose a considerable portion of the aplomb which had accompanied him to Roger's apartment. He was embarrassed. Of course there was no reason for embarrassment. A man of this type —— But Fabian Peck hemmed and hawed and talked about the weather and the latest market reports and the aromas of favorite cigars

And Roger Andrews chatted courteously—as though a visit of this sort were the most natural thing in the world. Until finally Peck could stand it no longer, and burst forth with the object of his visit.

"Mr. Andrews," he boomed—with a volume of sound which served to disguise some small portion of his intense disconcertion—"Mr. Andrews, I suppose you are wondering who I am and why I have called upon you."

Andrews nodded slightly. "Naturally."

"Naturally. Of course; quite naturally. Well, as to who I am: My home is in Atlanta. I have handled considerable cotton in my time. I retired from active participation in business several years ago."

Mr. Peck paused, seeming to have run out of breath. He looked pleadingly at his host as though begging that individual to make the task more simple. But save for a ghosty little smile of amusement which flitted across Andrews' thin lips, that gentleman gave no hint of any emotion other than a thoroughly impersonal and scrupulously polite interest.

Fabian Peck mopped at a broad forehead with an immaculate linen handkerchief.

"A mutual friend of ours suggested that I call upon you, Mr. Andrews."

"Ah! I see. A mutual friend?"

"Er—a—yes. Jim Moriarty!"

It was out at last. Fabian Peck exhaled audibly with relief. He watched fearfully for some flush of anger on the face of the tall man opposite; awaited some indication of outrage. But Roger Andrews nodded quite calmly.

"Jim Moriarty? A fine chap, Jim. And a truly great detective."

"You are right, sir." Peck was tremendously relieved that Roger had put into words the declaration of Moriarty's profession. "I understand that he is one of the very best. And—er—he speaks very highly of you."

This time Roger smiled. It was a broad and illuminating smile, which for a moment rid his face of its granite austerity.

"I'm sure Jim would. He and I have been friends for a great many years."

"So he told me. Said I could trust you absolutely. Of course, Mr. Andrews, the situation is—er—peculiar; and I confess that I'm more than a trifle embarrassed."

"No necessity for that. The fact that Jim Moriarty sent you to me speaks for itself."

"Just so, just so. He told me a great deal about you. He spoke very highly —— Confound it! Mr. Andrews, I'm no man to beat about the bush! He told me that you are probably the most expert card manipulator living today."

Again that peculiarly sunny smile lighted the ascetic features. "He flatters me."

"He tells me that—er—you have for a great many years made a quite excellent living playing cards; and also that—er—that you—well, it is rather difficult to put into words."

"That my hands are quicker than the eyes of the gentlemen with whom I play?"

"Yes. And thank you for saying it for me. I appreciate that sincerely."

Quite suddenly Roger Andrews elected to direct the conversation. "You have come to me at the suggestion of Jim Moriarty because I am a famous card sharper. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—why?"

Fabian Peck was more at ease. The difficult and embarrassing preliminaries had been concluded. He could now talk freely and unreservedly.

"I wish to engage you—professionally."

Andrews' eyes narrowed, concealing a flash of genuine interest. He made no comment, however, and Peck continued, gradually acquiring a measure of confidence.

"I am one of a group in Atlanta," he explained, "who happen to be very well fixed in a worldly way—so well fixed that all of us retired from business several years ago. The public is fond of referring to us as millionaires. Whether that estimate is an exaggeration doesn't particularly matter. We have been cronies for years. Originally there were six of us. We belong to the Chess and Whist Club—which happens to be a rather exclusive and old-fogyish social institution in Atlanta, and for several years the six of us have met on Wednesday nights to play poker. I believe we are all good poker players. Certainly we have indulged for years and we love the game. We play for rather high stakes, but it happens that a thousand or so dollars won or lost in an evening doesn't worry us. We play really for the fun of it, and the fact that the stakes are fairly high merely lends zest to our entertainment. I suppose you follow me?"

Andrews inclined his head. "I understand, of course."

"Well"—once again a hint of embarrassment returned to Peck's manner—"about six months ago one of our poker circle died. That left us with only five; and five is not, to our way of thinking, a good game. So we looked about for a new member. It happened that there was only one man in the city who seemed to qualify. You see, we care nothing for the money, and yet for a man in moderate circumstances the game would be entirely too steep. And so eventually we hit upon Garry Anchor—Garrison P. Anchor."

Fabian Peck paused, lighted a fresh cigar and adjusted his waistcoat. It was obvious that he did not find his next words easy, nor did Andrews smooth the way for him. At length the pudgy gentleman cleared his throat and spread his fingers in an apologetic gesture.

"What I am about to say, Mr. Andrews, may sound snobbish. I assure you it is not intended so. At any rate, Mr. Anchor is a man of decidedly attractive personality about whom we know very little socially. Our group has lived in Atlanta since that prosperous city was a small town. Our family roots are deep in the soil of Georgia. Mr. Anchor came to our city only about five years ago. He seemed to be fairly well educated and wealthy. He became a member of several clubs, including the Chess and Whist. He did not appear to be exactly our type, yet we liked him. And so, when we needed a sixth member for our poker sessions, we invited him to join. The first night he played with us he won. The second time he won again. We thought nothing of it. But when he won and won and won—almost without a single break—we could not help but notice, and wonder. He has yet to miss one of our meetings, and so far as I can remember he has never lost. We are very much afraid, Mr. Andrews, that it cannot be entirely luck."

And now Fabian Peck threw his head back and met squarely the cold gray glance which Andrews bestowed upon him. Andrews was keenly interested.

"This Mr. Anchor," he queried—"he is really wealthy?"

"Very. More so, probably, than most of us."

"And his weekly winnings average ——"

"Around a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, I should say."

"H'm! Scarcely enough to interest a millionaire."

"Exactly." Fabian Peck rose to his feet and paced the room nervously in short mincing steps. "That is precisely

the point I have been attempting to make. Mr. Anchor's winnings mean nothing to him. By the same token, the amounts that the other men lose mean nothing to them. But since we began to suspect that all was not as it should be the weekly game has lost its interest. We are laboring under a strain, and, damn it all, we don't relish the idea that we might be playing cards with a person who is not a gentleman."

"I see. He has been winning too consistently, eh? You have never discovered anything wrong, but this steady winning has aroused your suspicions. If you are wrong in suspecting him of dishonesty you are quite content that he should go on winning, but if he's doing anything dishonorable you prefer to invite him to resign. Is that it?"

"Precisely, sir. You have put it clearly and concisely. The uncertainty is robbing us of all pleasure in our game. We dare not take action for fear that we might be doing Mr. Anchor an injustice. It is a monstrous thing, sir, to suspect an intimate acquaintance of card-sharping; but it is decidedly more monstrous to play week after week with a person who is cheating. Of all filthy, petty offenses ——" Suddenly Fabian Peck stopped and his face purpled with embarrassment. "I trust, sir, that you will pardon me. I am afraid I have been rude and tactless."

"Not at all." Roger spoke with suave courtesy. "We will accept the fact that I am a professional card-sharper and let it go at that. I assure you that my feelings cannot be hurt."

"That is very fine of you, sir. And no matter how nicely you put it—I did blunder and make an ass of myself, sir. I apologize. To come back to the story, however: The situation at home is intolerable. If Anchor is a cheat he must be invited to resign. If his winnings have been coincidence or luck or what not, then we each owe him a mental apology. But we have to find out—and soon. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"I came to Jim Moriarty and asked him for an introduction to a card manipulator who was also a gentleman." The anomaly struck him and he fidgeted nervously, but Andrews met him with level-eyed imperturbability. "He referred me to you, and, sir, if I may be permitted to say so, you fill the latter half of the bill adequately."

"Thank you," answered Andrews gravely. "I believe I can qualify in both respects. You see my field of operations has been largely transatlantic steamships—and my victims men of wealth and social position."

He made the statement calmly, unemotionally—leaving Peck somewhat aghast. He looked with renewed interest upon this person who appeared to be a gentleman and who acted like a gentleman and who yet spoke calmly and unfeelingly of the fact that he made his living by cheating at cards.

"On behalf of myself and my friends," went on Peck somewhat stiltedly, "I wish to engage you to return to Atlanta with me. Entirely at our expense, of course, and for whatever fee you consider reasonable. You will be there as a friend of mine, and as such will be given a card to the Chess and Whist Club. You will be invited to sit in our little poker game on Wednesday evenings. Of course you will have no financial interest in the game. The money spent for your chips will be repaid you, and any winnings of yours are to be turned back to us, as, of course, we will reimburse you for any losings. Your status in the game will be that of watcher—to find out what is going on, provided, indeed, that anything is."

"And the others?"

"They will know who you are and why you are there. Except Mr. Anchor of course."

Andrews sat motionless, staring at the other through half-closed eyes. He was more interested than he cared to admit even to himself. The prospect of a few weeks in such an atmosphere held out to him an almost irresistible allure.

He was a peculiar type of man, Andrews. Good blood flowed in his veins; he was a college graduate. But behind those cold eyes lurked a brain which was too keen and too impatient for ordinary commercial pursuits. He had tried the path of rectitude and found that it bored him; and so because he had the ability to fathom the thoughts of another man, and because his long slender fingers had been fond always of amusing themselves by card tricks, he gravitated without particular self-opposition into a profession which paid well and contained just sufficient of danger to keep him interested and amused.

But he was vastly intrigued by Peck's proposition. He liked the pudgy, fussy man with his queer combination of masculine directness, old-maid meticulousness and air of impregnable honor. He was sufficiently introspective to understand that a few weeks as a member of the poker circle would prove interesting; a few weeks during which he would play cards with gentlemen as a gentleman.

He visioned the cobwebby Chess and Whist Club, the fusty, dusty group of retired millionaires who played for high stakes because they liked the tang of it. And the sheer drama of the situation—the outsider who won and won and won. He turned abruptly and extended his hand.

"I accept, Mr. Peck."

The fleshy palm met his own in a firm grasp.

"I am exceedingly grateful. From what Jim Moriarty has told me ——"

"You need have no fear of my efficiency. Cards are instinctive with me—which is probably why I am what I am."

"I see. And when can you leave, Mr. Andrews?"

"Tonight."

"Good. I shall attend to the reservations. We will meet at the train?"

"Very well." Andrews escorted him to the door and bade him a courteous farewell.

The trip from Chicago to Atlanta proved pleasant. Andrews liked Peck. He knew the type, of course; he had fattened upon it for years; but for the first time he was cultivating one in other than a professional way. Peck was not a victim and never would be. And he was scrupulous about permitting no hint of their different positions to creep into his manner.

After all Fabian Peck was a man who had done things. He had wrested material success from life, and done it honestly and fairly. Roger Andrews held him in awe and regarded him with a respect which he could not conceal. After all, he represented what Roger would have preferred to be, had all other things been equal. Not that Andrews was troubled by conscience or regretful of his career, but merely that he was too innately fine strung to relish his very doubtful position in the social scheme.

They arrived in Atlanta on Tuesday shortly before noon Peck's chauffeur met them at the Terminal Station and Andrews was driven to one of the leading hotels, where rooms had been reserved for him. Then Peck left and Roger Andrews walked to the window, where he stared out across the tree tops upon the city of Atlanta and became convinced that he was going to enjoy this brief excursion into the realm of probity.

He spent the afternoon and the day following in sightseeing: He visited Stone Mountain and viewed with keen interest the Daughters of the Confederacy memorial, he spent an hour in thorough enjoyment of the weird cyclorama at Grant Park, he called upon two of his friends temporarily resident in the Federal prison.

Wednesday evening at six o'clock Fabian Peck drove by for him. With Peck was another man, a man as tall as Andrews and quite as grave and dignified.

"Mr. Andrews—Mr. Grinnell."

Roger knew that Grinnell was not the man he had come to observe, and he added Grinnell to the list of those whom he instinctively liked—a man big and rugged and self-possessed. A great architect, he was to learn later.

They chatted easily as they drove toward the Chess and Whist Club. There was no hint of superiority in Grinnell's manner, any more than there had been in the fussy officiousness of Fabian Peck. Andrews was being accepted at face value, and it was with a feeling of fitness that he alighted with his hosts before the grim gray portals of the austere Chess and Whist Club and accompanied them into the gloomy lobby.

The place was entirely too fusty to have been anything but exclusive. Three or four elderly men lounged in easy-chairs, poring over the evening papers. From an adjoining room on the main floor came the click of billiard balls; Andrews glimpsed the players—graybeards both. The atmosphere was rather tomblike, but it thrilled the gaunt young soldier of fortune. For once in his life he was about to enter into a card game without being keyed up to a pitch of nervous intensity.

Fabian Peck paused at the desk long enough to introduce Andrews to the secretary and to obtain a guest card for him. Another elderly man joined them and was introduced to Andrews. They went upstairs to a private card room. The chips were already arranged; two new decks of cards were on the table, their seals unbroken. Three other men were there—two of them around sixty years of age, rather of the Peck type. The third stood out in vivid relief. Roger Andrews knew him even before the introduction.

It was obvious that Garrison P. Anchor did not belong with this crowd. Perhaps fifty years of age, he was of powerful physique and virile personality. His handclasp was firm, his glance direct, and his voice boomed heartily through the dank little room.

His Voice Was Crisp to Curtness. "Gentlemen, Pardon Me a Moment." The Game Stopped

(Continued on Page 52)

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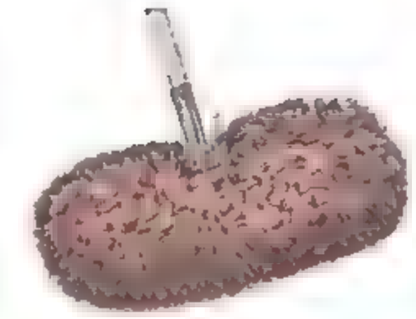

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LUNCH MONEY

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS one of those feminine eating places where everything is smothered in cream sauce or whipped cream; where fat babyish-faced women bulge happily over little glass-topped tables, ordering chocolate éclairs, and hot fudge nut sundaes, and banana whip with melted marshmallows, and, in fact, all the things that their doctors and husbands have expressly forbidden them; where a perfect mob of women every day rush through the revolving glass doors, scramble upstairs, surge down again, struggle crossly behind the rope barrier of the imperturbable head waitress, squeeze together at the close-packed tables, while other harried women repeat the orders in New Yorkese:

"One chickun 'n' lettus sayn'wich with Russian dressin', one cream cheese 'n' oluv 'n' nut sayn'wich, two hawt chawkluts with whip' cream; one cream' chickun on toas', cream cheese 'n' pineapple on brayn bread, cream o' mushroom soup, Bos'n cream pie, one ice-cream cake with chawklut sauce 'n' aymon's 'n' whip' cream ——"

A hot, heavy, stickily sweet atmosphere—blend of chocolate and perfume and powder, spices, tea, flowers, fur, hair tonic, coffee, lip rouge, candy, soda water, fruit, mascaro, brilliantine, cold cream, sachet, lavender, toast. And, thickly overlaying it all, chocolate, and chocolate again, and thickly amorous perfumes—a strange, a naive mixture of childish sweets and aphrodisiac lure.

Unusual in that crowd was Laetitia Crombie, young and small and immaculate, and unperfumed. Very little powder, no rouge, sensible suit and hat and shoes.

"A good, honest, independent woman!" thought Laetitia grimly, as she caught her reflection in a wall mirror. And, "Darn parasites!" she added of the other women, with a bitterness not untinctured by envy.

Then as she listlessly drank her coffee—in a furious revolt from her companions she had refused to order dessert—Laetitia became aware of raised voices at the next table. A girl's voice, pretty, but high with distress; and a gray voice that babbled in answer, the sort of soothing mother voice that flows on indefinitely, as if to silence its young by the mere repetition of sound.

Laetitia scorned to overhear conversations, but this one she couldn't help overhearing, for the young voice was shrill with dismay, so charged with vitality that even when it sank to a whisper it still carried.

"But, mother! Mo-ther! You've no money at all?"

"Now, Catherine! Now I told you —— Sh! Dear, people can hear you. Wait a minute, now, Kay; just one second while I look in my other —— I thought I might have left a bill or something. Well! Well, the funny thing is, I thought only this morning, now I better speak to dad; but I hated to bother ——"

"Mother! What I'm asking you is, have you got any money?"

"Why—why, yes, yes, dear, of course. Sh! Of course I have some money right here in my purse. Let's see—the ferry, and then a nickel on the Subway, and I took the bus twice ——"

"Mother! How much have you got?"

"Oh, I —— How much have I got? Why, I thought you—I thought you had some money, Catherine. I was quite sure I saw daddy giving you some money only this morning."

"Dad gave me a dollar!" said the girl in a loud grim voice, as if she would like to add, "And I don't care who hears it!"

"A dollar?" echoed her mother hopefully. "Oh, well, then—haven't we got enough? I only ordered tomato soufflé, that's sixty; and tea; tea, twenty, that's eighty, isn't it? And oh! bread and butter—of course, bread and butter—well! I did want some of that simply heavenly looking walnut-and-maple cake, but ——"

"Is There Anything I Can Do for You, Madam? Something Wrong With Your Order?"

"Look here, mother!" interrupted the young voice firmly. "How do you figure out lunch for two on eighty cents, when you've already ordered a dollar's worth yourself?"

"Eighty cents? But I thought you said you had a dollar, dear!"

"I said I had a dollar when I left home this morning"

"Oh! But, darling, didn't Llewellyn pay your ferry and car fare? Why, Catherine, dear, I'm sure he must. You came over together, didn't you? I was quite sure I heard you say Llewellyn was coming into town with you, before I left home. And so ——"

"So what have I done with a whole twenty cents out of my dollar? Well, really, mother, with all your faults, I never thought you were a bit like dad!"

"Oh, I'm not! I mean—it's very wrong and disrespectful of you, Catherine, to speak of your father in any such way, and I—but of course I didn't mean what you thought I meant. I only meant—you see, I was counting on you to have some money. Of course, I've some in my purse—a little—but I thought you—well, now let's see! Five; ten; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven pennies. Let's see, that's ——"

"Seventeen. You've got seventeen cents. Well, that's what I've been trying to find out ever since I came in! Your seventeen and my eighty. We've got ninety-seven cents between us and starvation, and home."

"Oh! Oh, Catherine! Isn't this too dreadful! What shall we do?"

"Well, we might take a taxi to dad's office, and ——"

"But, Catherine! How could we pay for a taxi?"

"Let dad pay after we get there."

"Oh, no! No, Catherine. No, that would never do. Your father would be terribly angry. You know he wouldn't approve."

"I knew you wouldn't have nerve enough to do it."

"Oh! Oh, dear! Here comes my waitress back again. And, oh, Catherine, I'm afraid she's brought everything I ordered. How much did you say it was?"

"One dollar. And we have ninety-seven cents!"

"Catherine!" A horrified whisper. "We haven't got enough money to pay—to pay for my lunch?"

"No. Not to mention mine. And I'm starving! Simply starving! Oh, gosh! If they don't take away that chocolate cake I'll run amuck!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Maybe we could change the order. Oh—er—I wonder if I could change my order, please?"

The voice of the waitress, surprised and resentful, now joined in the little drama.

"Why, no, ma'am! Not after I've brought it out of the kitchen."

"Oh? Oh, I see. But really! I really couldn't eat—you see, I didn't know when I ordered that that soufflé was going to be such a very large —— Oh! Oh, I know, Catherine! I'll have an extra plate and knife and fork brought for you, and ——"

"One order for two is twenty-five cents extra, modum."

"Oh? Oh, really! Really? Well! But I never heard of such a thing! Why, that's absurd! Twenty-five cents extra—when I don't want to eat it all."

"Mother! Mother, please!" The young voice, terribly ashamed. "Never mind, mother! I don't want anything."

"But, Catherine, you must eat."

The mother voice had risen, was determined. She was fighting for her young.

"Let me see. Hasn't there been some mistake in my order? I didn't order all that food, did I? Tea? I didn't order tea, did I?"

"Yes, modum."

"No, no. You're mistaken. I'm sorry, but you will have to take back that tea. And so, Catherine ——"

"Beg pardon, modum, I'm sure you ordered tea. I wrote it down after you, modum. I don't make mistakes in my orders."

"But I didn't—I'm positive."

"Mother!"

Another voice joined them—that of the head waitress, calm and authoritative.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam? Something wrong with your order?"

"Yes, yes, thank you. Yes, there is."

"Mother!"

"Now, Catherine, let me manage this. I am not a bit upset—not a bit angry. Though I don't like to be contradicted, of course. But it's simply a question of who knows better what I said—I, myself, or this waitress. I said tomato soufflé, of course, and bread and butter—well, I think bread and butter—I'm not sure, but at any rate that is quite all right. We'll let that go! But I didn't—I didn't order tea."

"Very sorry, madam." The cool, even voice of the head waitress. "Take the tea back, Mary."

"It's checked up against me, miss; and besides, I know ——"

"That will do. It will be taken off your check. But in the future don't make mistakes and then contradict customers."

"Mother! You did order the tea. You told me!" The agonized voice of the young girl, beautiful in its shame.

Laetitia turned her head. She couldn't help it. And just as she turned, her dark young eyes met the dark young

eyes of the other girl, and a spark of sympathy leaped instantly between them. And in that second Laetitia knew, all at once, what to do. Turning back again she managed to slip a bill out of her purse under cover of her napkin, dropped it on the floor, and then gave it a sly push with her foot, while she stared vaguely into space, pretending not to hear a word of what was going on.

"Why, Catherine!" The shocked mother's voice exclaiming.

And the beautiful, distressed, young voice stammering to the head waitress, "I'm so sorry; my mother just forgot—forgot. But I remember she told me when I first came in what she'd ordered."

And Laetitia shoved the bill with her foot again until it lay right behind the mother's chair. And then Laetitia got up slowly, collecting her fur and gloves and purse, and of course her fur dropped.

And when she stooped over to pick it up—"Oh!" exclaimed Laetitia. And, all flushed and smiling, she came up from her stooping after the fur, and held out the bill in her fingers. "I beg your pardon," said Laetitia to the older lady, "but you must have dropped this. I found it right behind your chair."

They all stared at her for a second, but Laetitia kept her face calm and her eyes glued on the mother's face; she didn't dare meet the girl's eyes again. And all at once the older woman's expression changed from blank surprise to delighted relief, and she took the bill out of Laetitia's fingers with a "Thank you, my dear! How very kind of you. So stupid of me. I'm always dropping something."

And so, Laetitia thought, the scene was over. And she passed by the table, still not daring to look at the girl, and on out the revolving glass door. But she was not more than two steps on the sidewalk before a young whirlwind revolved out of the door after her, and a hand was laid imperatively on her arm, and she was looking now, whether she wanted to or not, into the dark eyes of the girl, who was quite as beautiful and as charged with vitality as her voice

"You're a perfect peach! And the most awful liar!" cried her new-found friend enthusiastically. "Mother never had five dollars in her life! And she knows it. What's your address? Oh! And your name, too, of course!"

Then they both burst into delighted laughter.

II

"BUT, old girl, snap into some of my things if you don't mind," begged Catherine, facing her flushed and apologetic guest.

"It was so stupid of me not to bring an evening dress," mumbled Tishie once more.

"What difference does it make?" comforted her hostess. "Nobody's coming, anyway, but Llewellyn and Walter. But if you want to, pick yourself something out of that mass of junk." She waved her hand toward a closet. "Though they're nothing but rags!" she added.

Nothing but rags hung in rows on silk-padded hangers—charming, crisp frocks, clothes such as Tishie had never seen except, longingly, in shop windows. From the moment that the car had met Tishie at the station she had realized that something was wrong with her preconceived notion of what the Ballingers' house would be like. She had pictured it as a meager little cottage in a modest suburb. And the limousine had rolled her luxuriously through pleasant tree-bordered streets of large comfortable houses to the top of a hill, where the Ballinger house seemed the largest and most important of all.

"I might just as well tell you the truth!" Laetitia burst out miserably at last. "I didn't bring an evening dress because I thought I wouldn't need it. You see, I thought—I thought you ——"

"You thought mother and I must take in washing!" Catherine cried with a delighted shriek of laughter. "Well, I don't blame you a bit! And it's a darn good joke on dad—if anybody had the nerve to tell him!" Then her face grew serious, and she said earnestly, "I wish we did, at that!"

Laetitia was seated on a cushion before the fire, and she stared up at Catherine, who was standing, kicking at the hearth with the toe of her silver slipper.

"I wish we did take in washing," repeated Catherine, "or did anything to make our living. Then, at any rate, we'd have something we could call our own."

"Why!" gasped Laetitia. "Why! You've got everything!" She stood up, and put on the hydrangea-blue chiffon frock that Catherine had loaned her, and surveyed herself in the long mirror. "Why, you've got everything in the world any girl could want!"

"Tish, old dear," asked Catherine, "did mother, in that charming little note she wrote asking you for the week-end, did she—answer me the truth now, Laetitia Crombie—did she happen to inclose a five-dollar bill?"

"Well—well, no," admitted Tishie, blushing. As a matter of fact she had thought this omission rather strange herself. "But it doesn't matter!" she added hastily. "And of course, Mrs. Ballinger thinks ——"

"No, she doesn't think it was her five dollars you picked up!" Catherine interrupted. "She couldn't. Because, I told you, she's never had that much money in her life. Not since she married dad anyway."

"Oh!" cried Tishie, embarrassed. "Don't be absurd!"

And she looked about the room, which seemed so definitely to refute Catherine's statements: a charming, dainty room, all blue taffeta and cupid-garlanded Toile de Jouy, silver, and crystal, and lace, and the scent of wood fire and roses.

"Oh! it isn't that dad's stingy!" said Catherine, answering her look. "If he takes you out himself he will spend as much money as you please. And of course mother and I can charge hats and furniture and things. But he doesn't think it's good for women to have any money they can really call their own. He thinks it makes them impudent. It's like playing with a kite—it's awfully amusing to see it sail up in the air when you've got a string to pull it back again. Not giving mother and me an allowance is dad's string."

"Well!" said Tishie. "Lots of girls would be glad to be in your place. After all, I don't see why you should mind obeying your father"

"Oh, my dear girl, it isn't just a question of obeying. Well, you just don't know! He must decide everything; every blessed, little thing! It's the little things that get you, you know. Well, it's too late for mother to do anything about it."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I don't know—yet. I've read lots of stories about women who were in the same boat as mother and me. And they always make fudge, on the sly, to get their pocket money; until, finally, they build up a successful confectionery business—all on the sly, of course—and rescue their husbands or fathers from financial ruin in the last chapter. But not me! Nothing on the sly! If I made fudge I'd ballyhoo for it on the street corners. But I shan't do anything so feminine as fudge. I'd like to run a typewriter or a threshing machine—something noisy and efficient."

"You just try running a typewriter, and see how tired you'd get!" exclaimed Laetitia resentfully

"Oh, no, I wouldn't. I'm strong as a horse. I got a hundred per cent in the physical exam at school."

There was a light tap on the door at this moment, and Mrs. Ballinger fluttered in, all gray chiffon and amethysts and violet sachet. She greeted Tishie effusively.

"I'm just back from my bazaar, dear," she apologized. "I told Catherine to tell you. I said 'Kay'—but I'm sure she never thought of it—'Kay, dear, do tell Miss Crombie how very sorry ——' But I simply had to stay until the end! And I really cannot describe to you how exhausted ——"

"I made twenty-five dollars in tips, mother!" declared Catherine. "Harry Lord gave me five, and all he had was cake and coffee, and the coffee was cold, of course. Always is, for charity. I was one of the waitresses in the tea room at mother's begging bazaar," she explained to Tishie. "Gosh! Isn't it a shame I couldn't keep my tips!"

"Catherine!" protested Mrs. Ballinger, horrified.

"Well, I do wish I could! Wish I could be a waitress, as far as that goes."

"Catherine, dear! Don't say such silly things."

"I'm in earnest, mother. Don't fool yourself. Such a savage gleam came in my eye when I saw that five-dollar tip, Harry Lord thought I meant to marry him."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Ballinger stiffly, "if you find your life at home so very unpleasant why don't you marry? And get out of your father's control?"

"Yes, out of the frying pan. No, thanks. I'd rather ask dad than a husband for my daily car fare."

"You simply don't know what you are talking about!" suddenly exclaimed Tishie. And her tone was almost angry. "Suppose you had to earn your own living!"

Catherine stared at her, wide-eyed.

"But, old thing, that's just what I'd like to do!"

"Because you don't have to," retorted Laetitia. "It's simply beastly. I wish I had a father—or any man—any—I could ask for money. So there!"

The Ballingers were both amazed at this outburst from quiet Laetitia. Mrs. Ballinger, recovering first, asked solicitously, "But, my dear, then why don't you marry?"

(Continued on Page 48)

Lew Stood Quietly, Not Resisting. He Was Pale, But He Smiled a Little. And in His Fingers Was a Crumpled Bit of Yellow Paper

BODY BY FISHER

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FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 46)

"Mother's patent remedy!" jeered Kay.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know any men," said Laetitia frankly. "And I've never had a chance to meet any. I'm an orphan, and I grew up in boarding schools. I even spent most of my vacations there. I never had any social life at all except when the other girls would ask me to visit them. And that wasn't very often." She paused and looked at her hostess doubtfully. "It seems an awfully catty thing to say," said Laetitia, "but there aren't many girls who'll ask you to visit them unless you can ask them back again."

"Oh, I know!" Kay vigorously nodded her head. "Why should they give you a chance at their brothers and cousins, unless you've some of your own? Not much altruism in a boarding school. Especially about men!"

"Yes," Tishie agreed. "And then, as soon as I was through school, I had to go to work. I'd only inherited enough money to give me an education. Now I'm absolutely on my own." She turned almost savagely toward Kay. "Do you realize what that means?" she asked, her voice trembling. "If you don't work you may just starve. Nobody cares! That's why it makes me so tired—yes, absolutely sick and tired—to hear girls like you, who don't have to work, theorizing about it!"

"You are quite right, dear!" cried Mrs. Ballinger approvingly. "It's very, very silly of them; and wicked too. Yes, it is wicked, Kay. You needn't shake your head. Miss Crombie is the most sensible friend you've ever had, and I do hope you'll profit by her good advice. I do think it was the most fortunate thing that we ever happened to meet, anyway." She paused, and a look of embarrassment came over her face. "Oh, by the way," she said nervously, "there's just one little matter I—wished to speak to you about, Miss Crombie, before you meet Mr. Ballinger."

"Please don't call me Miss Crombie."

"Very well then—Laetitia." Mrs. Ballinger looked relieved. "It will be better to call you Laetitia, since I—well, as a matter of fact, dear, I had rather Mr. Ballinger wouldn't know where we met."

"Mother doesn't want father to know that you found her five dollars," said Catherine.

And she darted a sharply ironical glance at her mother. Mrs. Ballinger turned away her eyes.

"It was so dreadfully careless of me," she murmured, a gentle flush crawling up under her delicately wrinkled cheek. "And Mr. Ballinger does so hate carelessness!"

She fumbled in the gray silk bag she carried, and drew closer to Laetitia.

"I wonder if you would do something to please me, dear?" she murmured, and again the flush stained her faded cheek.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Tishie, surprised.

"I've just been going over my jewel case," Mrs. Ballinger explained in a hurried and nervous voice, "and I found this little pin that belonged to my mother"—she displayed a circle of pearls and emeralds—"and I thought at once: 'Why, that looks like Laetitia Crombie!' I mean it would suit your type exactly, dear. Of course it's an old-fashioned thing. I don't know whether you'd care for it; but if you like it, my dear, I do wish you would waive formality, and accept it."

"Oh, Mrs. Ballinger!" stammered Tishie. "How sweet! But I couldn't ——"

"It isn't of any very great value, dear. It's just the sentiment of the thing. Just to remember me by. I'd be ever so happy if you would wear it." And as Tishie still hesitated Mrs. Ballinger added, "It's mine. One of the few things that are really mine."

III

BEFORE dinner was half over, Laetitia had decided that the feminine Ballingers were all wrong about the head of their household. Why, he was a charming man, a handsome, dignified, gracious gentleman of the old school! And he took a tremendous fancy to Tishie, whom he proclaimed as "an old-fashioned girl—my kind of a girl!"

"It would only take a little tact to manage him," thought Tishie. "A little more submission, and feminine policy."

And then her confidence was somewhat dampened by the sight of Mrs. Ballinger, ever so feminine, and persistently tactful, and who, no doubt, had been submissively politic for many, many years.

"But, after all, it's his money. I suppose he has a right to do as he pleases with it!" argued Tishie, in Mr. Ballinger's defense, while at the same time her imagination was playing with the idea of how she could have managed someone like Mr. Ballinger perfectly. And this little mental drama was greatly intensified in interest by the presence of a young man who looked very much as Mr. Ballinger must have looked in his youth—a sturdy, rosy, solid young man named Walter Humphreys, who was awfully kind to Tishie, telling her about his game of golf and his preferences in food, and sparing her the necessity of repartee

Her neighbor on the other side was not so considerate. He said puzzling things that called for rather definite answers, and really seemed bent on discovering Tishie's opinions. Bright-eyed, but rather haggard, with a curiously impersonal manner, he was not so carefully dressed and groomed as Walter, and Tishie decided that she did not like Llewellyn Osborne at all. The things he said only sounded silly to Tishie, but Catherine greeted them with admiring attention or else perfect shouts of laughter. Tishie could see that Catherine's vitality quite burst the ladylike mold into which her father and mother had tried to pour her. Even Walter occasionally gave Catherine disapproving glances. He was not really much older than the other young people, but his manner was mature, deliberate.

"You play bridge, of course?" he said to Tishie after dinner.

"Yes, but not very well."

Walter's gaze clouded. "My dear child!" he expostulated. "One either plays bridge well, or one doesn't play bridge at all."

"Oh!" stammered Tishie, quite dismayed to see that Walter was no longer pleased with her. "I'm sorry."

"Never mind," he replied magnanimously. "I'll give you a lesson."

"But we are going out to the club, Wallie, to dance," said Catherine.

"Not much!" declared Walter with great finality. "Not after I've been hard at work in my office all day. This silly hopping about is all very well for Lew ——"

"Who does nothing of any importance," finished Llewellyn, a humorous smile twisting his mouth. "Say it, Wallie! I know you can't think of my work as real labor."

"It isn't that I can't think it, old man," corrected Wallie, "it's just that I don't think it."

He looked toward Mr. Ballinger for applause, and got it in a hearty laugh. Mrs. Ballinger joined in feebly, with a scared look at Catherine. Kay only shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you like to dance, Tishie?" she asked.

"Adore it!"

"You do?" Walter's accusing glance stabbed her. "And I thought I had found one really sensible girl—at last!"

"Oh, I—I'm not crazy about it," she faltered. "I'd just as soon do something else."

"Well, for goodness' sake!" cried Catherine. "Why are you letting Wallie bully you like that, Tish? You're not married to him!"

At her words an electric silence filled the room—a pause so significant that Laetitia scarcely dared look at anyone. But it seemed to her that Mrs. Ballinger darted an anxious glance at Mr. Ballinger, and that he frowned.

"Catherine, my dear," he reproved in a strenuously gentle tone, "perhaps you forget that you are the hostess? If I were you I should consult my guests' wishes rather than my own."

"Well, I am consulting them, dad! Wallie isn't my only guest. Why should he always run things?"

A slow purplish color came up into Walter's well-fed cheeks, and he gave Catherine an angry glance.

"I am very sorry, Kay ——" he was beginning in a not at all sorry tone, when: "Oh, nonsense, Wallie!" exclaimed Mrs. Ballinger, leaping into the breach at a glance from Mr. Ballinger, just as a well-trained little dog runs to fetch a thrown stick. "You and Kay are perfect children with your continual squabbles! Why can't you be polite to Walter, Kay dear?"

"Well, why can't he be polite to Lew, then?" cried Catherine hotly.

Another significant hush. Wallie's voice broke it, formally protesting: "I'm sure I wasn't aware ——"

"Oh, forget it!" hastily interposed Llewellyn.

"He knows perfectly well you don't play bridge!" from Catherine. "And then always sneering about your work, just because he doesn't understand ——"

"Look here, Kay!" The face Llewellyn turned to her was at once amused and annoyed, resentful and tender. "I'm not an infant, you know. I can fight my own battles—if I care to."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what all this is about!" wailed Mrs. Ballinger. "You'd think you were all infants—really! Quarreling about nothing! I'm sure I don't know what Miss Crombie—Laetitia—will think of you. Though of course, dear," she explained to Tishie, "they're such old friends."

"Yes, I've known Wallie ever since we were in dancing school," said Catherine in a defiant tone. "And he's just the same now as always."

"And you have known Llewellyn only six months, I believe?" asked Walter, in a tone of deadly politeness.

"Yes!" flashed Catherine. "And he's different every day."

Llewellyn gave an embarrassed laugh. "Fresh every hour, I guess you mean, Kay," he contributed.

"Well, well, come along now," ordered Mr. Ballinger, in the tone of one who addresses a kindergarten. "Let's get started with our bridge game if the fighting's all over. Since Mr. Osborne doesn't play I'll take a hand And Miss Crombie shall be my partner."

"I thought I was to teach Miss Crombie," said Walter, shooting a malicious glance at Catherine.

"You'd better have Tish than me," retorted Kay. "You and I always fight like married people."

"My dear Catherine, your references to marriage are not in the best of taste," reproved Mr. Ballinger, frowning. "They might even be construed by strangers as a reflection on your own home life, while as a matter of fact one seldom finds so happy a marriage as mine—and your mother's."

Catherine looked at him with a slightly lifted eyebrow.

"Oh, I think your marriage is satisfactory, dad," she remarked quietly. "But I'm not a bit like mother, you know."

"Unfortunately," grimly added her parent.

"Unfortunately for Walter, perhaps," admitted Catherine. "Well, toodle-oo, everybody. Mother, you'll take the fourth hand, won't you? Lew and I are skipping out to the club."

Mr. Ballinger rose from his chair. His benevolent face was so changed, so twisted with anger that Tishie could scarcely recognize it.

"You will do nothing of the sort!" he thundered. "How dare you even suggest such a thing?"

"Oh, really, dad, the day of 'How dare you?' is over," observed Catherine coolly.

"I forbid you to leave this house!" cried Mr. Ballinger passionately.

"I simply loathe melodrama," remarked Catherine lightly. "Come on into the library, Lew, and let's talk," she said, leading the way.

Another pause—more dreadful than ever. It seemed that Catherine had the gift for creating empty spaces in the conversation, more significant than talk.

Walter, as usual, was the first to recover. One felt that nothing could ruffle his glasslike surface for long.

"If you are to be here tomorrow evening, Miss Crombie," he said, "I hope you'll let me arrange a little dinner for you. May I, Mrs. Ballinger? I know mother and Aunt Augusta would like so much to meet Miss Crombie."

A look almost of dread swiftly flashed into Mrs. Ballinger's eyes, and she turned helplessly to Mr. Ballinger, who was red and frowning.

But Tishie had quickly answered, flushing with pleasure and disappointment.

"Oh, thank you! But I'm so sorry, I've got to go back Sunday afternoon."

"Why not Monday morning?"

"There's no train that would get me to the office on time."

"Office?" Walter was frowning.

Mrs. Ballinger, looking both relieved and confused, explained, "You see, our little Laetitia is—ah—modern, a modern girl. Independent, you know."

Now Mr. Ballinger, too, was frowning on Tishie.

"Well, upon my word! I was never so surprised in my life!" he declared. "Have you got the same bee in your bonnet that Catherine ——"

"It seems incredible," chimed in Walter with distaste.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried poor Tishie. "I only earn my living because I've got to. And I hate it!"

"You do?" exclaimed Walter eagerly. "I say now, that's a perfect shame. I'm awfully sorry I spoke as I did, Miss Crombie."

"You see, Tish," called a derisive voice from the library, "it's quite all right to be independent if only you thoroughly dislike it!"

Everyone ignored the comment.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," announced Walter. "I'll drive you into town early Monday morning, Miss Crombie. Then you can stay over for my party."

"Yes, do stay, dear," urged Mrs. Ballinger feebly.

"If you don't," Walter threatened, "I shan't see you again at all. Because I play golf the whole day Sunday."

"It's settled," said Mr. Ballinger sourly. "She stays." And he cast an angry glance toward the library. "I don't suppose you will invite that Osborne fellow, eh, Walter?"

"Why not? Since Catherine is so infatuated?" replied Walter coolly.

"Oh, now, Wallie, you know perfectly well that Kay doesn't mean anything!" expostulated Mrs. Ballinger. "Infatuated! Oh, no! No, Wallie. Absurd!"

And as they were going upstairs that night she slipped an arm about Laetitia and whispered, "You mustn't get a false impression, dear, from the way Wallie and Catherine quarrel. Because they're devoted, really, my dear, and have been for years! But they have their little squabbles—like all engaged people."

IV

WALTER'S party, the next evening, was exactly what might have been expected of Walter—a dull, heavy dinner with too much food, and bridge with too many relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger had been invited to make up a bridge table with Walter's mother and aunt, who lived with him and were never left out of his parties. And then there were two of his cousins from next door—a mouse-colored one, nicknamed Bliff, and a pink-and-white one, Terry, who blushed easily.

(Continued on Page 66)

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Personal Experience in Three Epidemics of Smallpox

By W. W. KEEN, M.D.

DURING the Civil War I passed through two local epidemics of smallpox. This is the most loathsome, nauseating, sickening disease with which I have ever been in contact. The air is poisoned, the whole body of the patient covered with small ulcers, discharging fetid pus.

Even if the patient recovers, each abscess leaves a pit in the skin of the body or the face. If the ulcers have been close together—that is the confluent variety—the face is fearfully disfigured for life, whether the handsome attractive face of a man or the beautiful face of a woman. To look at such a person is repulsive.

So common was smallpox before that memorable fourteenth day of May, 1796, when Dr. Edward Jenner vaccinated the lad, James Phipps, that Gilbert Blane estimated that "an adult person who had not had smallpox was scarcely met with or heard of in the United Kingdom." If a fugitive from justice had happened never to have had an attack of smallpox, and, therefore, was not pock-marked, this fact was mentioned as a means of identification. Imagine the laughter that such a means of identification would excite today. Today, on the contrary, if he happened to be pock-marked, that fact would be advertised as a means of identification.

Smallpox was regarded as one of the usual diseases, as we speak of the usual diseases of childhood, such as measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and the more dangerous scarlet fever and diphtheria. For example, George Washington, in his Barbadoes Journal, when, at the age of nineteen, in 1751—forty-five years before Jenner—he went there with his brother, Lawrence, writes: "This morning received a card from Major Clark, welcoming us to the Barbadoes, with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. I only go myself with reluctance as smallpox is in his family." In other words, these two lads were invited practically to spend the day in a family with a case of smallpox in the house! It was so common that people were glad to have it and get it over and done with, like whooping cough, measles, and so on.

Thirteen days later, on Saturday, November seventeenth, Washington writes: "Was strongly attacked with smallpox. Sent for Dr. Lanahan, whose attendance was very constant until my recovery, and going out was not until Thursday, the 12th of December." How Providence has watched over the destiny of our beloved country! Had Washington not contracted smallpox in early life and recovered, he would have been exposed during the Revolutionary War in the army, as we shall next see; and his illness, and especially his death, might have resulted in the entire failure of the Revolutionary War and changed all subsequent history. Gilbert Stuart, in his many portraits of Washington, rightly omits this pock-marking of his face. So, too, the portraits of Franklin do not show his pock-marks. In the pastel portrait of Washington in the Masonic Museum in Alexandria they are shown.

Civil War Experience

IN TREVELYAN'S history of The American Revolution (Vol. IV, pp. 55–57), he writes: "Smallpox was then the scourge of camp-life, and not infrequently obtruded itself, at an awkward moment, as a most disturbing factor in the calculations of a strategist." Later on, Washington was obliged to decide on "the probability, or even the possibility, of seeing his army ruined by a horrible disease, at the very turning point of a campaign [for he was expecting an attack by Sir William Howe at any moment] . . . ; and of the two dangers he chose the least." He was quite certain of an attack of smallpox; Howe's attack was uncertain. Accordingly he had all of his troops "inoculated"—for, observe, this was many years before vaccination—part at a time. The army was told that, at West Point, among five hundred men who had been inoculated, there were only four fatal cases, and the soldiers themselves gladly accepted inoculation. "The Presbyterian and Baptist churches, which had been made over to them for infirmaries, were filled and emptied several times in succession."

Inoculation is vaccinating unprotected people with the virus from the pustules in a mild case of smallpox. The resulting attack is a true smallpox, but is usually of a mild character. Occasionally, however, the attack may be very severe and even fatal. The patient thus inoculated can infect an unprotected person with a severe attack.

During the Civil War, 1861–65, as shown in its official Medical History, not a single department escaped and not a single year passed without outbreaks of smallpox. I went through two of these outbreaks.

To summarize the results, the total number of cases of smallpox recorded during the Civil War was 12,236, and of these, 4714 died—a mortality of 38.5 per cent!

In 1166 cases it was recorded whether they had been or had not been vaccinated, with the following startling result: Of 679 that had not been vaccinated, 274 died—a mortality of 40.3 per cent! Of 487 that had been vaccinated, only 3 died—a mortality of much less than 1 per cent!

These facts speak for themselves. They cannot be disputed. They need no comment.

Smallpox has such a high mortality that Dinsdale, who was called from England to St. Petersburg, to inoculate the Empress Catharine, says that 2,000,000 people died from smallpox in a single year in Russia. In 1707, in Iceland, 18,000 out of a population of 50,000—36 per cent—died. Royalty did not escape. In the family of William III of Orange, Queen Mary—his wife—his father, his mother, his uncle and two cousins, children of James I, all died of smallpox, and the King himself barely escaped with his life. Bernouilli estimated that in the eighteenth century 60,000,000 people died of smallpox in Europe.

Osler's Classical Case

HOW paltry are the few cases now and then reported of a death from vaccination, compared with the wholesale slaughter before Jenner's day! Vaccination is a small surgical wound and needs cleanliness and proper surgical care for a few days. Among people of uncleanly habits it is no wonder that here and there a serious surgical infection occurs, and death may result, but not death by hundreds or thousands or even millions; just as, for example, we often read in the papers that someone cut a corn a little too deeply, the wound became infected, and caused his death.

Smallpox is not a filth disease nor a disease due to insanitary conditions, though insanitary conditions and overcrowding, of course, increase the number of cases. It results solely from a specific poison diffused in the atmosphere by the patient, himself. The exact nature and cause of this poison so far have escaped identification in spite of constant and intensive study. The evidence is clear. Let an unvaccinated person enter the room in which there is a case of smallpox, and remain for even, say, a brief time, and he will almost inevitably contract the disease. Washington, as a stranger guest, almost certainly did not enter the room of the smallpox patient in Major Clark's family, but merely stayed for some hours in the same house. Yet in thirteen days he fell ill with smallpox.

What havoc one single case of smallpox may work is well shown by that classical case reported by Sir William Osler.

In Montreal there had grown up a large unvaccinated population, owing to a prejudice against it. On February 28, 1885, a negro Pullman porter was taken to the hospital on account of illness. Owing to the color of his skin and the unfamiliarity with smallpox among the Montreal doctors, his disease was not recognized for some time—and what was the result? Within the next ten months 3164 people died of smallpox, which meant, probably, 20,000 cases, in a city of only 185,000 inhabitants! Multitudes were blinded for life, and all those who escaped death were made repulsive to look upon, disfigured by the pitting. The commerce of the town was almost destroyed. Estimate the earning value of the lives so needlessly sacrificed, the cost of the services of doctors, nurses, hospitals, druggists and undertakers—all these would make a staggering sum total, and all because of one man!

The third epidemic of smallpox that I passed through was in Philadelphia, in 1872. All these three epidemics occurred before I had restricted my practice to surgery. I had returned from Europe and opened my office in June, 1866. Even in the early seventies I had not become overburdened with patients, so I took my brief record and visited every patient I had had, and begged them to allow me to vaccinate them. Practically, I had no difficulty until I called at the house of a big burly patient, who had a wife and six children. He readily consented to my vaccinating his wife and children, but absolutely refused to be vaccinated himself, saying, "No, I am not afraid of smallpox. It won't hit me." Do what I could, he stubbornly refused—and what was the result? Within ten days he was dead of black smallpox!

In those days, half a century ago, we had not yet learned the need for isolation of every case of smallpox, and there were no public facilities for charitable cases, so I cared for him in his own home, with his wife and six children. Because they had been vaccinated, not one of these seven caught the disease. Unfortunately, he left more descendants than dollars, and his family, therefore, had to be broken up. His children were distributed among several homes, to be a financial burden on the community until all of them had reached the age of self-support.

What a lesson these two instances, in Montreal and in Philadelphia, teach us as to the value of vaccination!

A still more striking lesson is carried by the following facts:

In Prussia vaccination was made compulsory in 1874. From 1866 to 1874, deaths from smallpox, per million of population, numbered as follows:

BEFORE COMPULSORY VACCINATION

YEAR	DEATHS	YEAR	DEATHS
1866	620	1871	2432
1867	432	1872	2624
1868	188	1873	577
1869	194	1874	95
1870	175		

After 1874, under the compulsory law, the deaths from smallpox were as follows per million of population:

AFTER COMPULSORY VACCINATION

YEAR	DEATHS	YEAR	DEATHS
1875	46	1887	5
1876	31	1888	3
1877	8	1889	5
1878	7	1890	1
1879	13	1891	1
1880	29	1892	3
1881	16	1893	4
1882	36	1894	3
1883	20	1895	0.8
1884	14	1896	0.2
1885	14	1897	0.2
1886	5	1898	0.4

In the Philippines, when the United States took them over, there were about 40,000 deaths every year from smallpox. As soon as my distinguished and very reliable pupil, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, was made Director of Health for all the islands, he started vaccination everywhere, except in the remote sections of some of the islands, so far away in time that the vaccine lymph was spoiled by the constant heat before his agents could reach them.

The Philippine Epidemic

IN AND around Manila there had been, usually, 6000 deaths from smallpox every year. After Heiser's vaccination was completed, in the following twelve months not a single death occurred!

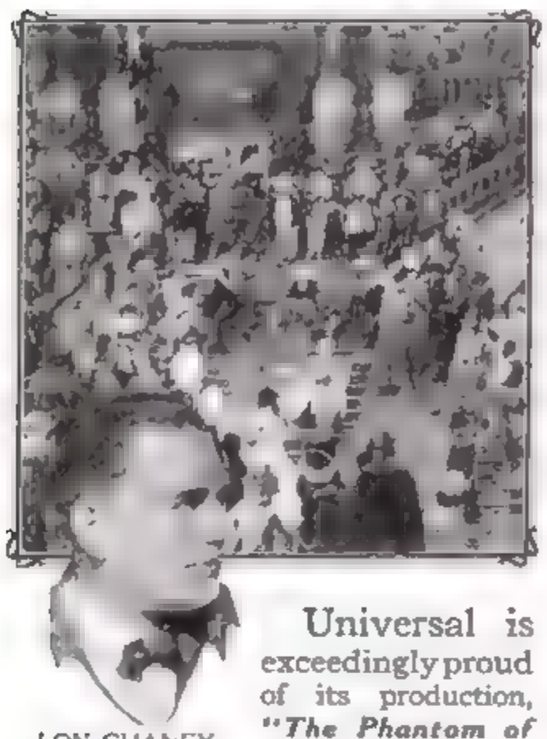
Later, in 1913, the American health organization was turned over to irresponsible Filipinos—and with what results? Large quantities of vaccine were found in waste-paper baskets. In one province the number of vaccinations reported exceeded by 50,000 the entire population. Then came the epidemic of 1918, when there were 50,000 deaths from smallpox. This meant well on to or even more than 250,000 cases. "The greatest smallpox catastrophe of modern times," Heiser well calls it. In 1918–19 among 5422 vaccinated troops in the Philippines, though surrounded by smallpox, only one soldier contracted the disease.

Then real vaccination was reëstablished, and smallpox vanished as soon as it was completed. But during the epidemic, "on the basis of population, the Islands lost ten times as many lives from smallpox during 1918 to 1920 as the United States lost from casualties in the World War. The death toll in the Philippines could have been avoided. The figures show that 93 per cent of the deaths occurred among the unvaccinated." (Heiser.)

Among these unvaccinated, in 1918, were 963 children born between 1913 and 1918. Of these 963 unvaccinated children, 810 perished needlessly.

Such a fact carries its own lesson. Smallpox in any civilized community is a disgrace!

Watch This Column



LON CHANEY

Universal is exceedingly proud of its production, ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** from Gaston Leroux' famous mystery story, and I feel that it cannot fail to create a profound sensation and prove an unusual success. I suggest that you buy the book and read it in advance of the picture.

The story is laid in and around the great Paris Opera House and abounds with mystery and the most thrilling episodes. Stage hands and chorus girls declare that they have seen a strange, terrible figure which they call "the opera ghost," and the body of a stage hand found hanging in the cellar gives weight to their stories.

On the particular night of grotesque happenings, Christine Daal is to sing "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust" in place of Carlotta, prima donna. Raoul, Viscount de Chagny, discovers that his sweetheart, Christine, is under the influence of the Phantom whom she terms the "Angel of Music," and who has taught her to sing.

On the night Carlotta resumes her role, she is warned that if Christine is displaced, disaster will follow. The warning is disregarded and immediately the great six-ton chandelier falls and kills and wounds hundreds in the great audience of 3,000. The Phantom abducts Christine from the center of the stage and is chased by an infuriated mob through the subterranean vaults where he has his secret hiding place.

Parts of the Paris theatre are reproduced in exact duplicate, both inside and out, and the cast consists of 50 principals and 5,000 others. The picture was directed by Rupert Julian. LON CHANEY plays the Phantom, and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY have important roles.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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THE CASE ACE

(Continued from Page 42)

"Mr. Andrews! Awfully glad to welcome you into the game tonight. We're a terrible crowd of old fogies, but we do enjoy ourselves."

Andrews smiled. He liked the man instinctively, but it was with a sort of liking different from that which he entertained for Peck and Grinnell and the others. Here was a man more after his own type—a man who was still of the world, who gave the impression of retaining the capacity for accomplishment.

West, of course. There was no mistaking the breezy friendliness. And Andrews was interested; not only because this was the man whom he had been brought down to watch, but also because Anchor, alone of the group, knew him only as a gentleman vouched for and introduced by Peck. As such he was accepted without question and it would have taken a keener man than Anchor to have discerned the unusual scrupulousness of the others toward their visitor.

Roger Andrews was vastly amused. He knew that he had created something of a sensation with his manner, his correct dinner coat, his soft well-modulated voice, his easy flow of conversation, his calm and unruffled acceptance of a highly bizarre situation. He knew that the others were trying to readjust their preconceived notions of a professional gambler, and that they liked him personally, yet were afraid of him. They were all so terrifically honest, so horrified by the personification of iniquity.

With Garry Anchor, however, there was none of this restraint. Anchor, bluff and hearty, liked Andrews from the first and was at no pains to conceal it.

"Golf?"

"A little."

"Great! Have to take you out to East Lake for a round. You'll be here a while?"

"Couple of weeks, I guess."

"Say! That's wonderful. What you shoot?"

"Pretty badly. In the late eighties when I'm doing good."

"You can give me about two and two. I'm an awful duffer. Haven't been playing the game more than a couple of years. Fascinating thing though. Sometimes I think it beats poker."

Andrews caught the glances which passed covertly among the others. He resolved to ask Peck about this; yet surely Peck could not object to his playing golf with Anchor. Queer situation. He liked the man. Anchor was alive and vital and wholesome, and if he was a bit noisy, that was no grave fault.

The game began. Each man started with a stack valued at one thousand dollars. They played a quiet, repressed game—with only Anchor's big voice occasionally puncturing the dignified silence.

But Andrews saw early that these men played poker seriously. No foolishness here. They knew the game, loved it, and extracted from it every last ounce of enjoyment. They inspected their cards one by one, deliberated over the draw with all the caution of men whose very lives hung on the luck of the deck. They made a great play of attempting to size one another up, and there was little levity in the proceedings. Once in a while one would accuse another—with heavy humor—of attempting to bluff, and would be invited to raise; but aside from that they played with desperate earnestness.

Andrews enjoyed himself. He, too, liked poker and he played earnestly and well. His own stack of chips grew larger, then smaller, then larger again. For the first time in years he played his own cards as they came to him; played with keen interest and absorbed deftness.

He knew the men. From the moment the game began the chips had lost all monetary value in their eyes; they would have played with the same absorption had the yellows represented ten cents each instead of one hundred dollars. The money value was a mere excuse; they demanded the tang of a wager, perhaps to revive from a forgotten past memory of the thrills which had been theirs in the days when a pot lost or won meant a bit of heartache or an intoxicating thrill.

Only Garry Anchor played differently from all the others. He maintained a steady flow of ponderous jocularity. He seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly and he joked with the older men in a manner which Andrews knew they ordinarily would have liked.

It was altogether a peculiar session of card playing, and it seemed rather queer to Andrews that Anchor caught no hint of the constraint.

As the evening wore on, the stack of chips in front of Garry Anchor grew taller. There was nothing startling about it—few very large pots. But there was a steady flow in his direction. He played with enthusiasm but apparent indifference, masking with ceaseless banter whatever depth of interest he may have felt.

Andrews won too. It was not in him to play other than a fine game. His face was immobile, his eyes expressionless. Once or twice he and Anchor were left alone in a pot.

"H'm!" would come Anchor's booming voice. "The stranger is with me, eh? Two cards, you drew. I wonder just how much you really know about this little ol' game? To kicker or not to kicker. Oh, well, let's try it once. I boost it a red chip."

The faintest suggestion of a smile from Roger as he flipped two reds into the pot. No word.

"Raises me, does he? I reckon Garry Anchor knows when to look around. What have we?"

At the conclusion of the session Anchor had won about twenty-five hundred dollars. Andrews was four hundred dollars ahead. Fabian Peck had won, and the others had lost rather heavily, Grinnell being the chief sufferer. They stood around chatting for a few moments and then strolled from the now silent building. Peck took Andrews to the hotel, Grinnell accompanying them.

Andrews' first act was to return to Peck the amount of his winnings. There was a moment of constraint, and it was obvious to Andrews that they were waiting for him to make some comment about Garry Anchor. But instead he chatted quietly of his pleasure in the evening, of certain interesting hands; then he turned his level gray eyes full on Peck.

"Mr. Anchor has invited me to play golf with him."

Peck looked up in surprise. "Yes. What about it?"

"I am down here as your agent. Do you prefer that I refuse the invitation?"

"Good Lord, no! Please accept. Glad to take you out with me sometime if you wish." Fabian Peck was struggling to make Andrews feel at ease. "Of course you understand—the peculiar conditions ——"

"That's quite all right, Mr. Peck. I merely didn't wish to take advantage of the fact that you vouched for me."

Peck and Grinnell drove away. As they got beyond earshot Grinnell turned to his friend.

"Fabe, I like that man."

"So do I. Queer, isn't it—how hard it is to remember that he is a criminal?"

Andrews waked at ten the following morning. The warm southern sun streamed in through the windows and played across the bed. He stretched luxuriously and reveled in the quiet comfort, the freedom from mental strain. Then he phoned for breakfast. At eleven o'clock the telephone rang.

"Mr. Andrews?"

"Yes."

"This is Garry Anchor. Get your full portion of sleep last night?"

"Plenty."

"How about a little cow-pasture pool this morning?" The voice was hearty; the humor—as usual—forced and conventional.

"Delighted. I haven't my clubs, though."

"I'll scrape you up a set. Suppose I drift by for you in an hour? We'll grab a bite at the club."

Andrews was in the lobby when Garry Anchor arrived. The man wore a rather flagrant golf suit, but he seemed more at home in it than he had in the dinner dress of the previous night. On the way out to the course Anchor was voluble.

He seemed fond of discussing himself in a hearty, boyish way which rather appealed to Roger. He told of his earlier days when things had not broken well for him; then of an oil strike. "Things been pretty soft for me since then. Too damned soft though. No excitement. I crave excitement. This crowd here's awful nice, but fearfully high hat; you know."

"Yes I know."

"Of course they're your sort. And they're a pretty nice gang. But fossilized."

The golf game was pleasant. Anchor played badly and profanely, but with rugged abandon. He maintained an incessant fire of conversation. Andrews was puzzled; he was as yet undetermined whether the excessive volubility masked a keen brain or an empty head. He was inclined to believe the former.

The following night Anchor insisted on having Roger at his home for dinner. It was a magnificent structure, built rather more on the lines of a club than a private residence. "Meet the little wife!" was Anchor's manner of introducing his guest to Mrs. Anchor. She was a small woman of the type best described as sweet, and it was evident that she stood profoundly in awe of her massive and dominant husband. It developed during the meal that she had been a school-teacher in Ardmore, Oklahoma. Their romance had antedated his oil strike.

Saturday night the Anchors took Roger to the regular dinner dance at one of the country clubs. Fabian Peck was there and his greeting had a rather strained note. Later in the evening Roger made it a point to take Peck aside.

"Any objection to this, Mr. Peck?"

"We-ell, no; not exactly."

"What is it?" Andrews' voice was crisp.

"You see, Mr. Andrews—your position—and the fact that the Anchors do not know ——"

"I am here to take orders from you." Rogers was not given to equivocation. "If you would rather I'd stay away from them—socially ——"

"Not at all, not at all. I—er—it is merely a peculiar situation. You understand. But don't let me deprive you of any pleasure you may find in their society."

And so the acquaintanceship between Roger and the Anchors flourished. As for the other members of the little poker circle, they were punctiliously polite—and carried their friendliness no further. They knew who Andrews was and what he was doing there: a hired crook engaged in detective work. They liked him, but they could not inject any warmth into their personal relationship.

But it was in his brief contacts with these other men that Andrews found his keenest interest. They were a fine sort, and he knew as he mixed with them that he belonged. What mattered it that his conscience was unfettered? Culturally he was equal to any one of them—superior, perhaps—and he delighted in their recognition of that fact.

The second poker session was almost a duplicate of the first, even to the fact that Grinnell was again the heaviest loser. Once more Garry Anchor kept up a running fire of boisterous conversation and again the stack of chips before him grew slowly and surely. Time and again when they were playing stud he gauged the hole cards of the other men with uncanny prescience, betting his own cards on such occasions beyond all reason.

"I know what you've got, gentlemen. Garry, the little ol' mind reader, that's me. You played 'em like they were backed up, Peck, but I was positive not. So the pot comes this way."

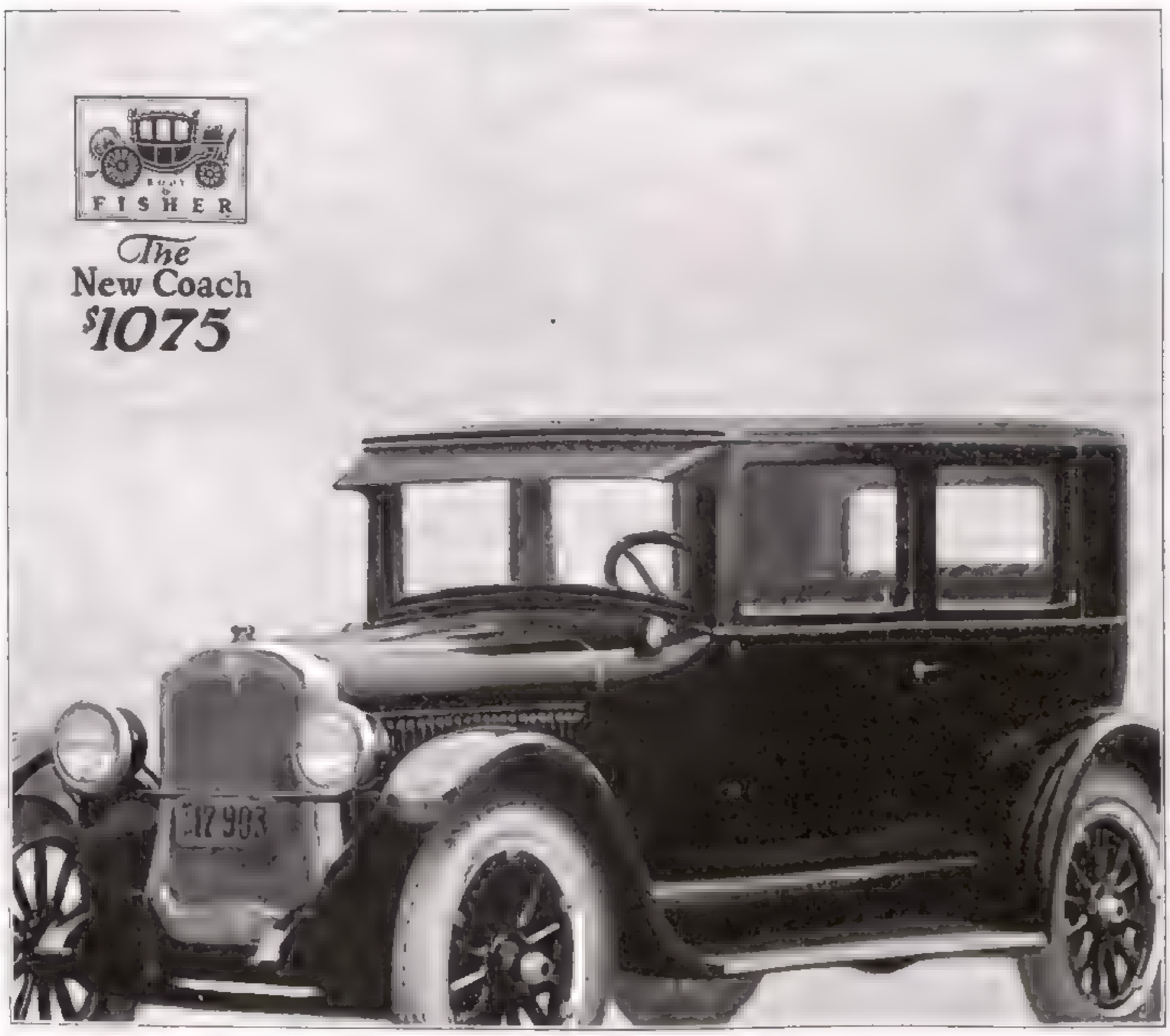
In the next few days Roger saw more and more of Anchor and his wife. A sort of intimacy had developed between the men, and with its development Anchor had dropped what faint formality had been apparent on Roger's initial visit to the house. He was inordinately proud of his material worth, and vastly impressed with the magnificence of his own home. His wife—he spoke of her as "the old lady"—was enormously in awe of him. Occasionally he touched upon the grim days in Oklahoma "when I didn't have all this floss and flubdub. Learned how to play poker there, Roger, old man. Took guts to come out on the long end of some of those games."

More and more Roger found difficulty in understanding how Anchor had ever been taken into the Chess and Whist Club, and, that miracle accomplished, why he had been selected to take the place of the deceased member of the sacred poker circle.

Anchor was a different sort. It happened that the obvious explanation was the correct one: The men considered that any game of less than six hands was not worthy of being played, and Garry Anchor was the only person available.

(Continued on Page 54)

OLDSMOBILE SIX



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(Continued from Page 52)

The other members of the group went out of their way to let Andrews understand that he was being accepted at face value—with, of course, natural reservations. He appreciated their deference to his feelings and liked every one of them, from the saturnine Grinnell to the pudgy and fussy Fabian Peck. And he was impressed by them. There was nothing impressive about Anchor. Roger felt superior to Anchor, and by the same token he confessed to himself the superiority of the others. But he couldn't help liking Garry Anchor, and he was genuinely fond of Garry's mousy, rather startled little wife.

On Wednesday evening next Andrews dined with Peck and Grinnell at the Chess and Whist Club. Peck brought up the subject which was nearest to them.

"You have played with us twice, Mr. Andrews. Have you reached any conclusion on the—er—matter upon which you were brought here?"

Roger met the other's eyes. "M'mm! I'd rather have one more session before turning in my report."

"Tonight will be sufficient, then?"

"I believe so."

"Good. Naturally, we are anxious to know. The situation is rather intolerable. Er—I don't suppose you care to give us any hint."

"I prefer not."

"Quite all right; quite all right. Isn't that so, Grinnell?"

"Certainly. We didn't limit Mr. Andrews' time."

Roger was sorry indeed that it was all to end so soon. The experience had been delightful. The situation satisfied a hunger which he had not known that he possessed. It would be with regret that he would turn in his report the following day. Oh, well! He shrugged. The current of his life flowed in other channels. This would become a golden memory.

Dinner ended, they adjourned to the card room. The other three arrived. Chips were assorted, cigars and cigarettes brought by an attendant. Peck seemed impatient.

"And now, as soon as Garry Anchor gets here ——"

Eight o'clock, and Anchor had not arrived. The other men fidgeted; they were precise old fellows, and impatient of tardiness. At 8:15 he still had not come. They sat about the table, hesitating to begin. Then an attendant summoned Fabian Peck to the telephone.

A minute or so later Peck returned.

"Sorry, gentlemen, but Anchor won't be with us tonight."

There were exclamations of regret, and Roger Andrews experienced a sensation of thankfulness. This, then, would give him an additional week of delightful vacation. He scarcely heard Peck's explanation:

"Somebody came down to see him on business. They're closeted out at Anchor's home and liable to be there until after midnight. Awfully sorry. Guess we might as well begin."

They drew their chairs up to the table. Peck was designated as banker. He placed stacks before three of the men. "Better count 'em," he suggested. "I haven't. And here's one for you, Grinnell. I make the fifth."

A queer cold chill crept down Roger Andrews' spine. The muscles of his arms flexed, and a close observer might have seen his face twitch. Fabian Peck raised his sunny face to the countenance of his visitor. "Five-handed game's better than no game at all."

Roger nodded curtly. He could not trust himself to speak. In a second something had happened to him which he did not believe possible; he had been cut to the quick. By a single thoughtless and logical act he had been put once and for all time in his place; put there definitely and finally. He was Roger Andrews, professional gambler.

He had not believed that he could be so hurt. He had always prided himself upon his cast-iron sensibilities. Had he not discussed cold-bloodedly with Fabian Peck the illicit nature of his livelihood? And what cut him most deeply was the knowledge that the insult was unintentional. Rather than hurt him they would have invited him to join the game.

Of course they were right; it would be absurd for him to play. He would have to return his winnings or accept reimbursement for his losings. It wasn't the fact that he wasn't playing; that wasn't it at all. It was that he had been placed outside the pale, given to understand that he was not of them.

His long slender fingers interlocked until it seemed that the bones must crack. The color drained from his cheeks. His eyes were glassy. He watched the game and did not see it. They were very polite to him; occasionally one would turn to exhibit a particularly interesting hand; another would ask his advice.

If they had only said to him, "You are a professional crook; we do not care to have you play with us!" That would have been all right. He was sufficiently a man to face facts—and these were facts. But instead they treated him with courtesy and didn't know that they were inflicting a hurt. It was the very unconsciousness of it—dealing him out of their game, declaring him déclassé.

A cold fury enveloped him. He understood these men and he hated them and their smug decency. He wanted to sweep his arm across the table and send cards and chips showering to the floor, to cry aloud that he was as good as they.

But he wasn't as good, and he knew it. He wasn't as good, and they knew it. The veins in his temples were throbbing, and then—because he felt that he could stand it no longer—he spoke. His voice was crisp to curtness.

"Gentlemen, pardon me a moment."

The game stopped. They turned toward him. His lean ascetic face was expressionless, giving no evidence of the internal seethe.

"You brought me to Atlanta on a definite mission, gentlemen. You brought me here to scrutinize the play of Mr. Garrison P. Anchor, and to report on it. I told Mr. Peck and Mr. Grinnell this evening that I preferred another night of play before making that report. I believe, however, that an additional evening will be unnecessary."

Fabian Peck swung his chair around. His round face was agleam with interest.

"You're sure?"

"I never make statements until I am sure, Mr. Peck. And I prefer to make my report this evening and leave Atlanta tomorrow. Personal reasons."

"Yes, yes. If you're certain. Tell us—what have you discovered?"

Roger Andrews' colorless eyes swept the quintet of genteel faces. He spoke briefly and authoritatively.

"I have watched Mr. Anchor's play closely. I find that he plays an absolutely square game. His consistent winning is due entirely to the fact that he knows more about poker than all of you gentlemen put together will ever know."

He rose. There was a chorus of appreciation; they were sincerely glad to learn that their friend Anchor was an honest man; they felt guilty for having suspected him; they were immensely pleased.

Five minutes later Roger Andrews left the Chess and Whist Club. He turned toward the city. The cool breeze of mid-evening fanned his fevered cheeks. He walked with long swinging strides, struggling to forget the hurt of it, to remember that nothing had occurred which was undeserved. He saw a taxicab and hailed it. He climbed in and snapped an address.

Through all the long drive to the residence of Garry Anchor out in the Druid Hills section of the city, Roger tried futilely to rid himself of bitterness. He knew he was unfair, unjust, but he had been hurt; and he had never before known how sensitive he was. He was at the Anchor residence before he knew it. He alighted and bade the driver wait.

He walked swiftly up the winding walkway with its precise sentineling of stately poplars. Anchor himself answered his ring.

"Roger Andrews! Well, come on in. Delighted."

"No. I wish to speak with you a moment. Out here."

He turned and led the way to the lawn. Anchor followed.

They faced each other in the moonlight—Roger Andrews, tall and slender and with a face granite hard; Garry Anchor, big and robust and hearty and radiating good humor. Andrews spoke, and he did not mince words.

"I am leaving Atlanta tomorrow, Anchor. I have come to give you some good advice. I am giving it because you have been mighty decent to me, and because I like you. You can take my advice—or leave it. Briefly, it is this: Do not play any more poker with Fabian Peck's crowd at the Chess and Whist Club. They're not your sort."

Anchor's face grew serious. He would have spoken, but the hand of Roger Andrews closed around his arm like a band of steel, and Roger's eyes flamed into his.

"But if you are fool enough to continue playing with them, Anchor," he said harshly, "take my advice and play straight!"

WHO'S LOONY?

(Continued from Page 36)

Boy back in Iowa on the Farm—which is Just Where I was Wishing I was right then, little as I ever liked Farming.

I Never felt so Foolish or So Lonesome any time before as I did right Then—with Cazooky opening up that Cutlery Display right under my Nose like he thought My Face was the Front Window of some Hardware Store. I didn't know what to Think—and he didn't give me No Time to do much thinking either, but I do remember thinking How Polite it was of him kind of Apologizing to me for what he felt that he Had to Do—which didn't make me feel much more like Acting as the Corpse for this Extemporaneous Funeral just because Cazooky had Took a Notion it was Time to Kill somebody when there wasn't No Body There But Just Me. How I would have Laughed if he had took that Notion when he was Camping with old Bob Flannigan.

Those were sure some Sweet Smelling Words which he Said under My Nose, wasn't they? "I Don't Like to do This but the Time Has Come and I've Got to Kill Somebody." While he was saying the Opening Lines of His Act, he Looked to Me like he was Figuring on Playing a Tune on My Wind Pipes with his Razor—and I knew from His Looks that I didn't want to be a Part of His Orchestra A Tall. All this Short Time I was holding the Cigarette Paper with the Tobacco in my Two Hands—and this was the First Time I was ever so Nervous I couldn't Roll a Cigarette—so I dropped it and Got Into the Picture myself. I grabbed right in between his two hands, where the Razor looked the Dullest with my right hand and with my left I reached up and caught him by the throat—and the Show was On.

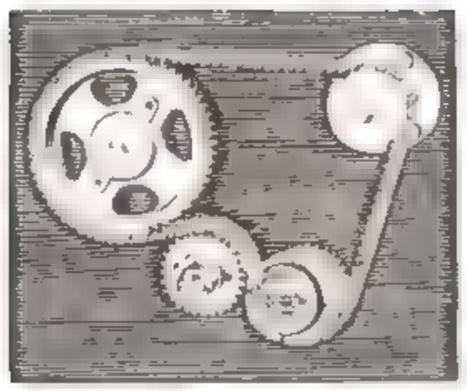
I used Everything All at once. While I was Twisting on the Razor with one hand and choking Cazooky with the Other, I pulled myself forwards and hooked my right foot in behind his leg and leaned over hard on him and just then the razor blade busted out of the handle and I threw it behind me on the cot and leaned over a Little Harder on him and we Both fell off the cot onto the floor—Me on Top—and I Stuck my Knee in the middle of his Stomach as we Hit the Floor and hung onto his Throat with my left hand and Lammed him a Good One in the Jaw with my Right and then I hit him again, in the Nose, and he Hollered like Bloody Murder—and so Did I.

"What's the Matter with You, Anyway? Are You Crazy?" I asked Him, and Say—What do you Suppose he Says?

"Sure I am," he said; "Didn't You Know It?" And then he started to Laugh, and You Bet I did Lam him two three times more then, just for Meanness, to get even with him for Scaring me So, and then he started to Bawl and said he Give Up if I was an Officer and I said I was and a Bad One and I Lammed Him again to Prove It and he said if I was an Officer he would be Good and Please Not to send him to Church and not to Hit him No More because he couldn't Help it, having to See Blood sometimes, which was the reason they called him Bloody Bill in the asylum where he had got Loose from.

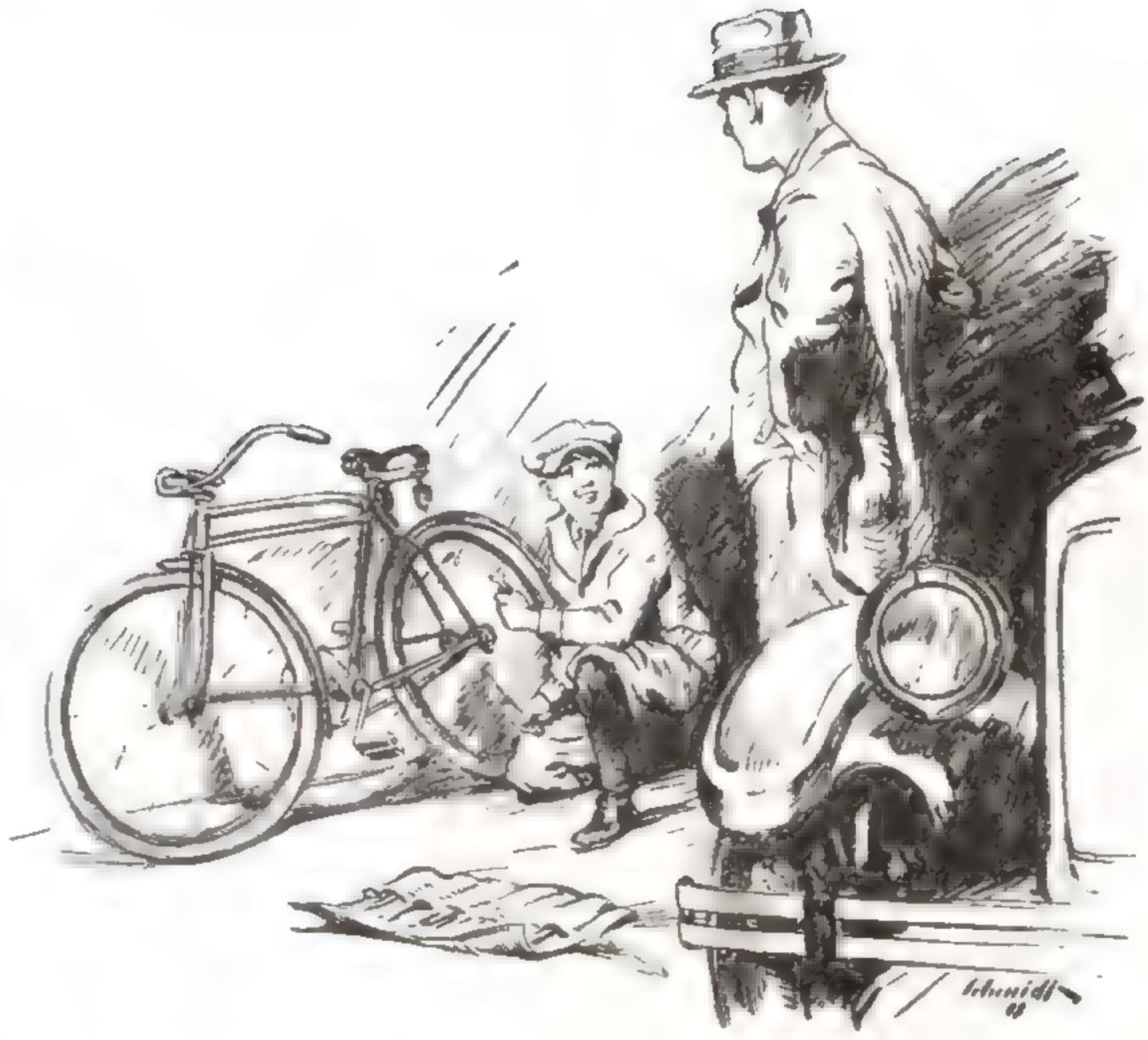
Can you Beat it—a Bird Getting Foolish Notions like that all Alone out in the hills with You? I set there on Top of Him for awhile, wondering what to do with him and asking him questions and Lamming Him once in awhile just for Luck and to Convince Him Who I Was and he said the

(Continued on Page 56)



"Yes, sonny, that chain in your bicycle gets longer because the links wear. And you move the wheel back to 'take it up.' The same thing happens to the chain in the front end of our motor—but we don't have to 'take it up.' There's an extra sprocket on a kind of spring pivot; it pushes on the chain all the time and keeps it tight.

"Some cars use chains without the automatic take-up; that means a 'bicycle job' later. Others use gears, but they get noisy. We'll never have to bother with our chain, and it will stay quiet always."



How Paige-Jewett Engineers Produced Motor Cars of a New Permanence

You would never know about the Paige-Jewett automatic take-up chain unless told of it. Because you could drive for years and never even hear it. Two years' use in the Paige motor without a complaint. Now it's in the Jewett, too.

Do you want a car that's a joy to own because it stays good? Think then of this carefully progressive Paige-Jewett engineering: the automatic chain was first tested by our laboratory equivalent of five years' use. Then proved right by two years' use in the Paige. Finally incorporated in the Jewett—permanently.

Permanent Engineering

This is a typical instance of our 18 years' work to develop the Paige and Jewett of today. Great strides have been taken recently—because many long-tested ideas have been proved permanently sound.

The final, vibrationless balancing of six-cylinder motors is now an accomplished fact. Many have despaired, and offer new motor types to get this wanted smoothness. We have achieved it with costly, balanced crankshafts and other refinements—retaining the simplicity and economy of six cylinders—smoothness that is absolute.

Smooth Silence—Abundant Power

With all their smooth silence Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional power. Power that comes from generous, costly size coupled with engineering niceties that get the utmost from today's gasoline.

We could build smaller motors and gear them to do almost as much. But at what cost to you? An overworked motor is like an overworked boy. His old age comes early. And we are building for permanence.

So Paige and Jewett have power plants that are unmatched in high gear activity. Fast getaway. Slow, hard pulling. Hill climbing. And this perfected performance stays new because these motors are never overworked.

Brakes—Tires—Results

Four-wheel brakes (Lockheed hydraulic type) are now available at slight extra cost on the Paige and Jewett with balloon tires.

Additional strength has been built into axles and bodies to withstand the stress of quick stopping. And lastly, we have completely redesigned springs and steering to give you full comfort from balloon tires

New Bodies—Colors—Values

Twelve new body designs in new color combinations add the final touch of beauty and substantial comfort to cars that perform and endure amazingly. All told, the extra cost of what we have done comes to $150 to $200 per car. Our prices are the lowest in our history—quality considered.

Choose Jewett for your car of convenient size and modest cost. Paige as your car of utmost power and comfort. They are alike in quality and service. Built for Permanent Perfected Performance.

New

PAIGE 6-60 JEWETT

(519)

PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE

This is a wireless age. Why tolerate wiry whiskers? Let the White Magic of
MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM
make your beard wireless, supremely easy to shave.
Jim Henry
(Movie Salesman)
Broadcast some Mennen Skin Balm on your face after shaving. As fragrant, cooling and stimulating as a spicy June breeze. 50c tubes.

(Continued from Page 54)

Moon made him Nervous and Blood Hungry and he had Got Up four or five times the Night before to Cut My Head Off, but every Time just when he Got About Ready the Moon would go Behind a Cloud and he was Afraid he couldn't See the Blood. I Certainly Am Glad it was a Cloudy Night, even if it didn't Rain—and he said that he Intended to Stick the Pick Through Me back in the Tunnel but it was so Dark back there he couldn't See good when I was walking out in Front of Him. I'll Bet I don't walk out of No More Tunnels in Front of No Body, No Time.

After he had told me all this I wasn't So Scared of him no more and when he said he had seen Enough Blood for one day, which I guess he had, with it Running All Over his Face and in his Eyes from His Nose where I had Hit him and with what was running off of my Chin where the Razor had nicked it when I was Twisting on it to see which one of us wanted it the Worst and one of my Knuckles cut pretty Deep, so I Hit Him once More to make Sure which was the Boss and then I jerked him on to his feet and set him in a Chair and told him to Be Good and not Make One Bad Move or I would Beat him to Death with a Drill. He promised to be Good if I wouldn't send him to Church, which I hadn't No Idea of doing anyway, so I made him get some water and we Washed Up. He Looked the Worst—on the outside, anyway, but All My Insides felt kind of Squeamish like and Riley for a while—but Not so Bad as they did just a Little While Back. A Man is entitled to All he can Make Mining and I don't Begrudge No Prospector All he can Get for a Claim from any Promoter that sits in a Mahogany Furnished Office Back East and Misses All the Excitement of Doing Annual Assessment Work. Somebody has Got to Pay me a Good Price for these Tank Pass claims.

It was getting along about Eating Time by then and all this extra exercise had given me a pretty good appetite, so I cut some Ham and made Cazooky build a fire and get us some grub ready while I watched him with a Butcher Knife and waited for Kirk and Alec to come so as we could take him to Town. He kept begging me and promising to be Good if I wouldn't take him to Church and said he knew I was the Law and he wouldn't make No Trouble with Me and I told him he hadn't Better Not, so I asked him if he would Promise to do something for me if I would do something for him and he said he would.

I was kind of Sore at Kirk for not being sober and coming out with me the day before, so I asked Cazooky if he would help me Scare Kirk and Alec a little when they come, to help make up for the way he had Scared Me at first—and he said Sure he would, that he got Lots of Fun out of Scaring Folks and would do anything for me if I would promise not to Send him to Church. I tried to make him understand that I wasn't Blood Hungry and didn't want to Scare the boys too much and not to Go Too Far or try any Monkey Business with me or I would send him to Church for Life, so we shook hands on it and had a Good Laugh at the Fun we was going to have. I figured this was a good way to handle him and have a Little Fun too, because some one told me once to Always Humor a Crazy Man, which sounds reasonable—if they don't Get Too Humorous and want to Play Tunes with Razors on your Anatomy.

I looked out the door first to see that there wasn't No Moon in Sight. I always will be Nervous on Moon Light Nights, I reckon, from Now on.

Just about then Kirk and Alec come driving up and when they got out and come in the Shack they see Something Had Happened and wanted to know if we had had a Cave In or some Dynamite had gone Off and I told them Everything was all right excepting that Cazooky was Crazy and had got Blood Hungry and tried to cut my Head Off and I guess we had better take him in to Town as soon as we had Eat.

Kirk run out to the car and got his 30-30 and you would have thought it was His Head instead of mine, the way he Acted. He wanted to Shoot him Right There.

"It wouldn't be Right to do that," I says; "you can't Kill a man for Being Crazy. He can't help it."

"Maybe He can't—but I'll Bet I can," Kirk says. "If it's all right for him to be Crazy and Kill Me, Why ain't it All Right for me to Kill him for Being Crazy? You're Crazier than he is."

I had to search Cazooky, to satisfy Kirk and Alec, and took some tobacco and a pocket knife and $37.29 off of him and then I took the 30-30 away from Kirk and told him I would do any Shooting that was done, which he didn't like Much.

"Where would I be Now if I had of been Sober and come out here with you yesterday like you wanted," he frothed; "I'd be a Floating around here in My Blood and all your fault. The only Reason he didn't cut your head off was because you're so Damn Skinny and Dried Up he knew he couldn't get No Blood. Don't Tell Me."

Cazooky behaved Pretty Well until he see I had got the Gun, which shows he wasn't So Crazy in Some Ways, and then he commenced to walking around and Looking at Kirk and Eying of Him kind of Creepy Like and twitching his Fingers and rubbing his Hair and Kirk he got Nervous too.

"Give Me that Gun," Kirk Tells me, "or else make that Damn Fool of Yours keep his Greasy Eyes Off of Me. He's Hungrier for Blood than a Wildcat Right Now, I can tell the Way he Looks," and just then Cazooky give a Big Jump in between Kirk and the Door and let out a Yell that made Goose Flesh stick up on My Back until you could Grate a Lemon on It. He was Crazy All Right—but I had the Gun and he Knew I was the Law.

Cazooky didn't Jump Half So Far as Kirk and Alec did—or Much Farther than I did. Alec went out through the Side Curtain the First Jump and Kirk lit in the Far End of the Shack and Cazooky grabbed the Dish Pan and hit it Right Loud on the Table and Kirk made a New Door Way in the Back End of the Shack and went Right On Out through it—and I shot the 30-30 Off up through the Roof just to see How Far Kirk could Jump when he was Going Good—and then Cazooky and Me set down and Laughed and Laughed. I had a Hell of a Time getting Kirk and Alec Coaxed back to the Car so as we could take Cazooky to Town, and then Kirk wouldn't ride with us and wanted his Gun and said he would Walk in, so I took all his shells and give him his 30-30 and told him I would leave the shells on the Flat Rock at the top of the Hill in the Pass, so as he couldn't take a shot at me until after we had got a good Start on him. Kirk was Pretty Mad and said he wouldn't do No Work for no Damn Fool that didn't have sense enough to Kill a Crazy Man when he got a Good Chance. I'd like to have had a Picture of Him Making that New Door Way in the back of the Shack.

Alec wouldn't let Cazooky ride on the front seat with him, so me and Cazooky set Behind and Alec couldn't keep in the road more than half the time, looking around back over his shoulder watching Cazooky for fear he was going to Jump on him or something and me and Cazooky had a good visit, chattering along, except when I had to keep telling Alec to Watch where he Was Going. When we got to the foot of the Hill, Cazooky and me got out to Walk Up and Alec turned the car around and Backed Up and we come along afoot behind him to stick a Rock under the wheels if he got stuck any time.

Backing a car up Tank Pass Hill is a Ticklish Job and so is Herding a Lunatic and Alec kept turning his head around back and forth, backing up the Hill and watching the road and then turning to look at us and trying to watch Both Ways at once, and about half way up the Hill where it was pretty steep and narrow and Alec pretty near Got Stuck and was Looking the other Way, Cazooky Yelled to him to Step on Her and Alec jumped and kind of Dodged and looked around at Cazooky and Stepped on Her all at the same time and Backed right off into the cañon before he knowed it, which made me and Cazooky Both Holler, trying to Stop Him.

Alec jumped or fell out when the car turned over and he lit a Running and was two-thirds the way up the Hill before the car stopped rolling and me and Cazooky yelling at him to Stop and just then Kirk, who had hid out a handful of Shells on me, started to Shooting and then We All started to Run—Alec in the lead and Cazooky and me after him, and I didn't stop to see which way Kirk was going as long as I could get over the Hill before he might Hit me with the 30-30—me and Cazooky being both about the same Size and looking enough alike running so as I couldn't Afford to take No Chances with a man as Crazy as Kirk is when he has got a Gun and Gets Excited.

By the time I got to the top of the Hill and the End of My Breath, Alec was almost out of sight and Cazooky right after him; Alec going through the Greasewood toward Salome and jumping over the cactus like a Scared Jack Rabbit every time that Cazooky would Yell, which he did Frequent, and me trying hard to keep in sight of them. I trotted along until I got my Second Wind and then we Sure did some Marathon that afternoon across the desert from Tank Pass toward Salome. Alec must have made Marvelous Time because he was out of sight inside the first two miles—and I Know I was moving right along after him and Cazooky.

Once or twice I stepped on a cotton tail and run through a Bunch of Quails before they could get up and Fly and another time I remember passing a Coyote and about half way to Town I scared a Calf out from in under a Mesquite Tree and the Old Cow chased me for about a Mile before she see she hadn't No Chance of catching up, and just before I caught up with Cazooky I stubbed my Toe on a Jack Rabbit and twice after that I had to Kick him out of the Way before I could make him understand that he Didn't Belong in the Parade.

When I finally caught up with Cazooky and hung myself onto the back of his collar and throwed him down, he just lay there and Laughed like he had the Histericks and when I finally found my breath and asked him what was the Joke, he said he never had so Much Fun No Time before and Did I see that Boy Run and when I said No, I never got Close Enough, he laughed Some More and asked Me did I like to Run and did I get Paid for it or just do it For Fun, and then when I said No, of Course Not, three times, he Laughed Worse than ever and said that I Must Be Crazier than he Was, running all that long ways like that for Nothing and not getting No Fun out of it. Hell! By the time I got enough breath Back to Think good, I begun to Think that maybe Cazooky was Right—and if I hadn't of been so Tired I would have Lammed him a Couple of Times again just for making me Feel that way.

We set there Quite a Spell, resting and smoking a cigarette and talking and Arguing with each other as to What was Being Crazy and What wasn't and Which of Us was the Craziest. Cazooky was a Good Talker and Listened Well when he got to Going Good and was right entertaining in a way. He said he got a Lot of Fun out of being Crazy because when a Man is what Folks call Crazy, all he has Got to Do is Act Natural and Do what he Damn Pleases whenever he Wants to, without paying No Attention to Nobody—and if you are Good Enough at it they will Give you your Board and Room Free and let you take it Easy, all over the country in most of the states. When you Aint Crazy you can't do Nothing Much without stopping and Wondering What Will Folks Say and maybe it's Against the Law—but a Good Crazy Man can have All the Fun he wants to if he is Careful and don't Overdo it.

Cazooky said he had been in the Asylum a Lot of Times in different places for different things and the first time was for Acting Natural and doing something just for Fun to see What Folks would say, when he knew a lot of them that would have Liked to Do the Same Thing if they had dared. It was at the Funeral of a Man Cazooky said he didn't Like because this man one time had Took a Cow away from Cazooky's Sick Sister on a Chattel Mortgage at Four Per Cent a Month, like he did to lots of Folks when he got the chance. He died, like these kind of Folks always do, sooner or Later, and nobody liked him Much, but they give him a Big Funeral, maybe Because he Was Dead, and everybody went and Cazooky says that he Laughed and Turned Hand Springs down the Aisle of the Church—and some folks was Horrified and Some Laughed—but Cazooky was the One they Locked up and put in the Asylum.

According to Cazooky, a Lot of Us is Crazy. He says we either don't Know it or else are Smart enough to keep Other Folks from finding it Out and So Many of us is So Crazy that we can't Tell Which is What and Vice Versa and Et Ceteras—some New Kind of a Lunatic, I guess. Cazooky knows Them All. I reckon whether we are Crazy or Not all depends a Lot on Who is On the Jury—and I'd hate like the Devil to have Some Crazy Folks I know of Set on My Jury.

He was some convincing talker, Cazooky was, and about the time I was commencing to Wonder maybe which one of us was the

(Continued on Page 58)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

A car of genuine distinction, both in outward appearance and inside comfort.

The special equipment is obviously the sort you would expect to find on this vehicle.

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A New croquette package

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FIVE luscious wafers of chocolate that will make your mouth water—each one in its own individual wrapping of silver foil. That is the new Peter's five-cent croquette package.

The identical blend you have known for years in Peter's bars—rich, fresh milk blended with the choicest cocoa beans by the secret formula perfected by Daniel Peter fifty years ago in Switzerland.

Try Peter's today—plain bars, almond bars or croquettes—you will find a different distinctive flavor that will delight you.

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Peter's Milk Chocolate

(Continued from Page 56)

Craziest, to hear him Talk, here come a Delegation of all the Citizens of Salome, excepting Alec, with shot guns and rifles and Axes and log chains and padlocks and so on. Cazooky said they looked like a Crazy Bunch to Him and he would bet all His Money that I had that he could Scare Hell out of them, if he wasn't Afraid some of them would hurt Each Other and Blame him for it, so I hollered at them to Go On Back to Town and we would follow them in which none of them seemed Dissatisfied with.

There aint No Law lives in Salome, so when we got to Town I got a car and drove up to Buzzard's Roost to see Judd Patterson who is Justice of the Peace and Sells Stuff in his Store. I told Judd that I had brought up a Crazy Man to turn over to Him and he said that the nearest Deputy Sheriff was fifty miles away and the Justice of the Peace didn't have no Jurisdiction over Crazy Folks according to the Statues. I told him he was the Only Law that there was and he was under Bonds and had to take Cazooky and was responsible for Him and Liable on his Bonds for any Damages Cazooky might do if he didn't take care of him. Judd said he wouldn't Take Him, but when I said Cazooky had $37.29 on him he said That made it a little Different and he would Fine him for Being Crazy. I never Heard of nothing like that before so I told him he had better make it a Salt and Battery Case, which was Sure to Stick, so he Fined Cazooky $25 & Costs, making $37.29 all told, and when Cazooky told Judd that I already had the Money we come pretty near having a Row Right There in Court, out in front of Judd's Store, but I wouldn't give the money up. I told Judd that I was the Salted & Battered and entitled to Some Thing, so we finally compromised it and Divided the Pot and give Cazooky back 29 cents to buy tobacco and Make it Even Money for Me and Judd. Judd turned Cazooky loose and told him to Beat It out of town or he would Send him to Yuma, which Cazooky said would be Worse than going back to the Asylum or Church, so he started down the road back toward Salome.

Judd and me adjourned Court and went into the Back Room and played single handed Stud Poker to see Who Got all the Money—which I did with another Deuce in the Hole when Judd had an Ace High and Nothing Else, like he Always Does, so I bought some Grub from Judd to make him Feel Better and No Hard Feelings. While Judd was putting up the Grub I got to reading the Law Book and I run across a Place where it says that there is a Reward of $50 on Crazy Folks.

I didn't say Nothing to Judd about This, but just as quick as he got the Grub up I beat it back toward Salome to find Cazooky before somebody Else that might know about this $50 business might locate him. I caught up with him just outside of town and invited him to come stay with me while we figured out What to Do, which suited him Fine, so Cazooky and me went home and while he was getting Supper I went over and Telegraphed the Deputy Sheriff at Bouse to Come Quick Important Business & Money In It, which I knew would bring him in a Hurry.

We had just got Through eating Supper when he got there and I told Cazooky to go wash up the Dishes while I attended to Some Business and then I asked the Deputy Sheriff if he would give Me $35 Cash if I would get him a Man Worth $50 Reward and deliver him to him FOB Salome, which would leave him a Net Profit of $15 and his Mileage. He was tickled to death, of course, so he give me the $35, part of which he had to go out and Borrow, and when I Got the Money I brought Cazooky in and Introduced him and Vice Versa and told Cazooky This was the Law and told the Deputy That was the $50 Man—and Everybody was Satisfied and Happy and that was the End, except I'm still Wondering Who's Loony?

THE POETS' CORNER

Kit Carson

I WAS nine when my father died,
Killed by a falling limb;
Daniel Boone was my father's friend—
Maybe you've heard of him.

He and his kind were my teachers, then—
Trapper, hunter and guide;
They taught me to shoot and to speak the truth;
I taught myself to ride.

Woodsman I was till I saw the plains
And I saddled and rode away
*To the little old Injun town of Taos**
And the city of Santa Fé.

Plainsman I was till I saw the hills
And the trails that westward ran
To the farther hills and the farthest hills—
And I am a mountain man.

Mine were the days of the mountain men,
The days that are now a dream;
As once we followed the buffalo track
We followed the beaver stream.

Trapping the beaver on lake and creek
In woods till then unknown,
We ranged from the Platte to the San Joaquin,
From the Salt to the Yellowstone.

Old Jim Bridger, Robidoux, Meek,
Young from the Rio Grande,
Cut-face Sublette, Pegleg Smith
And Fitz of the Broken Hand—

None knew the roads through the desert dust,
The trails of cliff and glen,
None knew the paths to the Western sea
But we that were mountain men!

Young Frémont came over the pass
With a hard and weathered few;
Kearney jingled across the waste
With his troopers, two-and-two;

They won the California land,
For each may claim his share,
But the mountain men and the plainsmen know
That Carson brought them there.

Well, I helped to hold these hills of ours
For the Union, cliff and crag,
When we fought our fight, both Red and White,
Under the starry flag;

And that's why I'm General Carson, now,
In my grand adobe house,
With Injuns there at the open door,
In the little old town of Taos.

The six-foot braves come striding in
With scalping knife and gun
To tell their troubles to Father Kit—
And I not five foot one!

They call me friend, and their friend I am,
Though I fought them hard and long,
For the Injun's right in the Injun's way,
And the White is mostly wrong.

*Pronounced "Touse" to rime with "house."

But the Injun's got to learn our way,
So I'll help him while I can,
For the Injun's way is near its end—
Like the way of the mountain man.

Williams, Beckwourth, the tall Crow chief,
Gant with the Eastern band,
Cut-face Sublette, Pegleg Smith
And Fitz of the Broken Hand—

Whether you're up and away once more
On the last uncharted trail,
Whether you're waiting here like me
With the rifle on the nail,

Light one flare to the mountain men
And the joy of our reckless years,
When we probed the heart of the wilderness
Ahead of the pioneers,

Reaching the heights with the cimarron,
The gulfs with the grizzly bear,
Trapping the beaver for means to live,
Living as free as air,

Doing the work we were meant to do,
Though little we dreamed it then—
Finding the rifts in the mountain wall
For the march of a million men!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Solitude

I DO not care to go afar,
Where stranger skies and people are;
And not for me the lust to view
Pathetic fields, where poppies grew
Till ruin swept along the plain
And drowned them in a bloody rain.

I do not miss the ivied walls
Of ancient castles, nor the halls
Where puny people for a day
Lived, loved and sinned and passed away
To mingle with the common clay.

Nor cities, where the war for food
Incessant drives the multitude.
The whistles shriek, the heavens reel
To clang of bell and clank of wheel,
And down the tortured street is heard
The clacking footfall of the herd.

But I go forth and find a spot
Where noise and strife and men are not;
A hidden place beside a pool,

Where shade and stream and rocks are cool,
A tiny track upon the brink,
Where late a wild thing came to drink.

I care not where the crowd goes by;
Upon the kindly earth I lie
And watch the deep sea of the sky.
No alien mark of vandal feet
Profanes the land. The earth is sweet;
Peace wraps me round and I forget
That somewhere people grieve and fret
And rob and kill. . . . The Eden air
Steals down the slope and fans my hair;
And only God and I are there.

The evening of my life grows late;
Here will I build my home and wait,
And listen to the river's roar
And set this legend on my door:

A place I've built to sit me down
And rest . . . a little while,
And let the crowds go up and down
Along life's weary mile;
A humble place my dwelling. Still,
Here Welcoming and Right Good Will
And Peace of Mind wait on the sill
To greet you with a smile.

Though lowly all it has to lend,
This is a home. Come in, old friend,
And rest . . .
A little while.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Unforgotten Ships

"The day will come . . . when there will not be a single ship left . . . on the ocean . . . all the voyages of the world will be in the air."
—*Daily Newspaper.*

THE liner dips her flag to evening,
Following the caravel and galleon;
Square rigger, battered steamboat wandering,
On their eternal voyage have begun.
Soon, desolate, to the daring seabirds' wing
All oceans will be left—while in the sun
The great flotillas of the air will run
Higher than all the larks dare mount to sing.

Yet time nor night's oblivion shall prevail
To dim the steamer's hull, the distant sail:
For still in song and fantasy shall be—
While in the hearts of men dreams have their home—
Forever sailing down unending foam,
The unforgotten ships that thronged the sea.

—*Harry Kemp.*

Night Song

PUSH UP, soft cloud, over the hill!
Blow, little winds! Blow, and be still!
Fall, hard clear night, into the lake!
Break open, stars! Awake! Awake!

Bow down your heads, O trees, bow low!
Look not upon us, Time, be slow!
Hurry, wild dream things! Would you miss
A lover's kiss?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

NAIRN
INLAID
LINOLEUM

Belflor
Inlaid Pattern
No. 7146/2

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.

Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines

Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.

Granite and Marengo Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.

The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back.*

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors

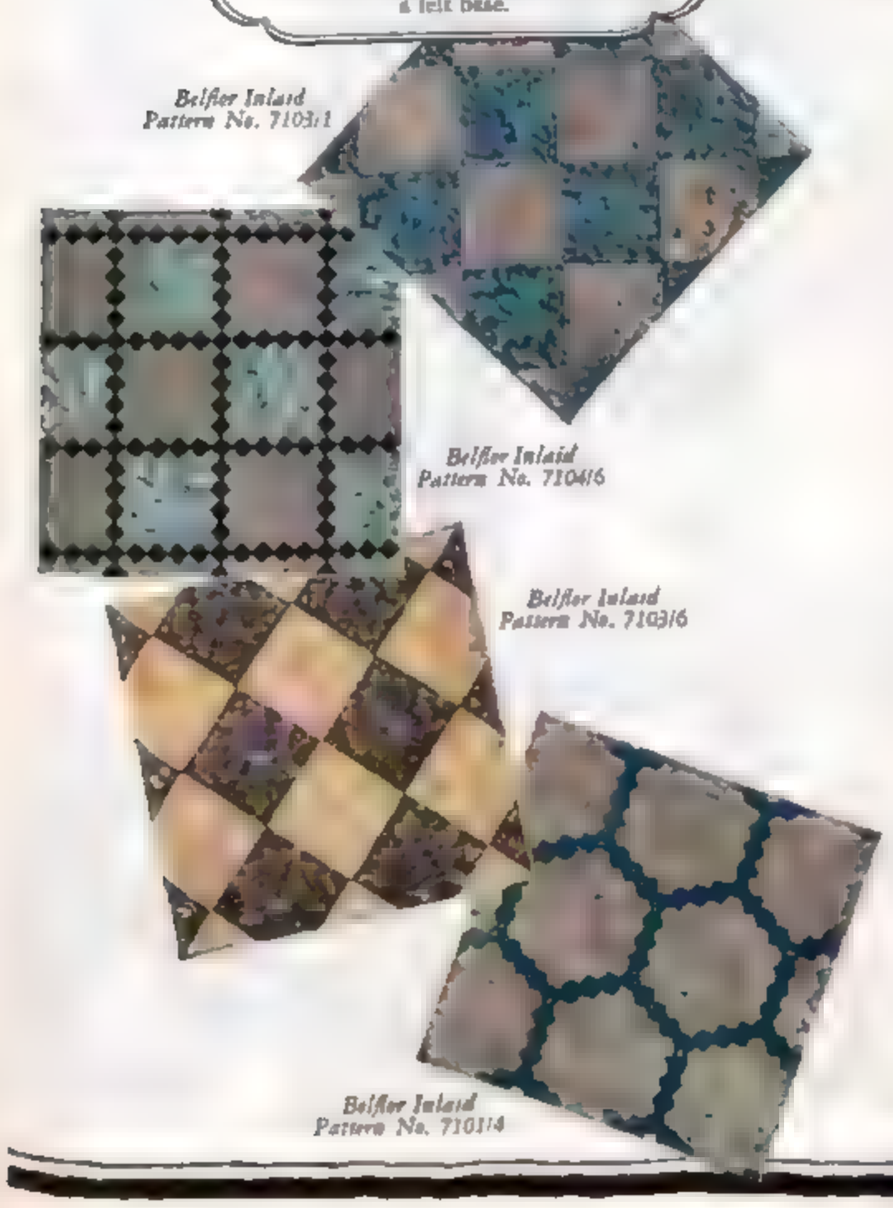
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.

Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.



Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7103/1

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7104/6

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7103/6

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No. 7101/4

Belflor Inlaid – a colorful decorative floor that is not hard or slippery

COLOR has found its way into the bathroom, too. Cold, monotonous white has yielded to cheerful walls, curtains and floor—a contrasting background for sparkling porcelain and nickel.

The latest vogue in the bathroom is *Belflor* Inlaid, a new Nairn Linoleum. Made by an exclusive process, its unusual soft, mellow effects cannot be duplicated in any other floor, even at twice its cost.

Glowing with color, yet softly variegated, *Belflor* Inlaid is as beautiful as it is practical. The cork in it makes it noiseless, springy and comfortable underfoot. Unlike a tile floor, *Belflor* is not hard or slippery.

When put down, as your dealer will lay it for you, *Belflor* makes a watertight, sanitary floor that will wear for years. The colors of the inlaid tiles go through to the burlap back.

An interesting innovation in both bathroom and kitchen is a wainscoting of the same pattern as the floor.

31 Belflor Color Reproductions, Free

Ask your linoleum merchant to show you the new Belflor patterns as well as the rest of his Nairn Linoleum line. Or write for Belflor folder showing distinctive patterns that will harmonize with any decorative scheme or furnishings.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia · New York · Boston · Chicago
Kansas City · San Francisco · Atlanta · Minneapolis
Cleveland · Dallas · Pittsburgh · New Orleans

SIMONDS
BLUE RIBBON
HAND SAWS

It is difficult to appreciate the difference between a Simonds saw and an ordinary saw—until you get BEHIND a Simonds.

THEN you will find that Simonds steel, Simonds design and Simonds workmanship have combined to produce a saw that SINGS its way through a board quickly, cleanly and easily.

The Simonds Blue Ribbon saw is typical of the quality that Simonds has been putting into cutting steel since 1832. The name Simonds on the blade of ANY cutting tool is your guarantee of quality. It will pay you to insist upon a Simonds saw.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

DRAWN BY KATE COLLIER

Acrobat: "Thank Heaven, Henrietta, We're Safe!"

She left them with
No parting au revoir.
With a pang they burst into her boudwar,
Where her trinkets all were piled;
And a tear-stained note
Wherein which she wrote
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!
—*Harry G. Smith.*

The song with a pathos all its own,
The song to make a hardened hemisphere hone:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Great-Granddad

GREAT-GRANDDAD, when the land was young,
Barred his door with a wagon tongue—
For the times were rough and the heathen mocked—
And said his prayers with the shotgun cocked.

He was a citizen tough and grim;
Danger was duck soup to him.

Great-grandson he falls asleep
And fears no harm in the darkness deep,
For great-granddad he fought and won
And tamed the land for his great-grandson.

Great-granddad was a busy man;
He cooked his grub in a frying pan
And picked his teeth with his hunting knife
And wore the same suit all his life.

He ate corn pone and bacon fat,
And his great-grandson would starve on that.

Great-granddad was gaunt with toil,
Grimed and seamed with sun and soil;
Great-grandson is fat and clean
And rides to work in his limousine.

Twenty-one children came to bless
Great-granddad's home in the wilderness;
Sneer at the statement if you can,
But great-granddad was a busy man.

Twenty-one children;" and they grew
Stout and tall on the bacon too,
Slept on the floor with the dogs and cats,
Shopped in the woods for their coonskin hats.

Freud was a mystery; so was jazz;
Giving their parents the scornful razz—
That was a sport for the youth to play
In the lenient time of a far-off day.

Twenty-one boys—and not one bad;
They never got fresh with great-granddad,
For he tanned their hides with a hickory gad.

He raised them rough, but he raised them well;
When their feet took hold on the ways of hell,
He filled them full of the fear of God
And flailed their pants with the old ramrod.

And they grew strong of heart and hand,
The strong foundations of our land

Twenty-one boys! And great-grandson
He has a terrible time with one.
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Shibboleths

HOKUM and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!
How we do fall for them, tumble ker-plunk!
Fall for the stuff that the orators spill us
Let their old platitudes stir us and thrill us,
While unspectacular servants of state
Get from us, only too often, the gate.
Just because they will not peddle such junk,
Hokum and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!

Hokum and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!
Cast at our heads by the bale and the chunk,
Hokum of writers and hokum of teachers,
Hokum of doctors and lawyers and preachers,
Bunk of the forum, the bench and the bleachers;
Gosh, how we love it—we credulous creatures.
Bunk of the salesmen of valueless stocks
Coaxing simoleons out of our socks,
Hokum of press agents spreading the salve,
Boosting the lecturer, Austrian, Slav,
English, Italian, Rumanian, Greek,
Who have come here at five thousand a week
Simply to tell us we're terribly dumb.
Truly we are, for we're letting 'em come,
Come to go back with our cash in a trunk.
Hokum and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!

Hokum and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!
Half of the thoughts that we think or have thunk
Are so commingled of bosh and of blither
Coming from hither and coming from thither
We don't know where we are standing or going,
We don't know half what we think we are knowing;
Hokum and Bunk—they are found everywhere,
Yet I'm afraid if we gave 'em the air
Life would be duller, lose much of its zest,
Maybe it's honestly all for the best
That we should fall, now and then, for this junk,
Hokum and Bunk,
Hokum and Bunk!
—*Berton Braley.*

Cats is Cats

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPETENT FAMILY CAT—Brindle, wishes position as mother's helper, and for general mousework. Call in cellar, 1 to 4 A.M.

DEBUTANTE KITTEN—Frisky, magical, wishes home in congenial family who [illegible] No objection to travel. Phone Tree Top.

MALTESE ANGORA WIDOW—Quiet, refined desires situation as companion to elderly person or invalid. Purring and massage. References. Call in person.

HUSTLING YOUNG BUSINESS CAT Unmarried, wants job as mouser in office or store, where there is a chance to rise. Will do anything. Address SPINSTER LODGE.

COLORATURA SOPRANO Blonde, a Back Fence graduate, wishes concert engagements. Solo or ensemble. Coaching. Waterproof fur. Phone "PRIMADONNA," Etude Office.

COUNTRY CAT—Mole expert, desires care of gentleman's place for summer. Write R. F. D., Catnip.

TRAMP CAT—With exclusive garbage route, will accept a few more families. Leave word with caretaker in hole under barn.

ADVERTISEMENTS

After fights, drop in at Tom the Tinker's. Tails mended, ears repaired. Noses recovered. For loss of voice, use our extract of Larks-purr, Juni-purr and Purr-oxide.

SOCIAL

The Claw Club will meet for practice around apple tree today at four. No professional Sharpers admitted.

The Catnip Club will meet for tea and rolls on Barber Shop Roof tomorrow at 2 A.M. Mrs. Tortoise Batik will speak on The Modern Mouse Hole. Though a prominent lecturer and club member, Mrs. Batik is also a devoted mother to her kittens, and a model mousewife.

—*Caroline Fuller.*

Hubby (Former Bungalow Dweller): "Darn It! Why Can't My Wife Remember to Have Me Put the Cat Out Before the Elevator Stops Running!"

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2600 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

How Gabriels Keep You On the Car Seat

Each Gabriel exerts a resistance of from 60 to 250 pounds on the up-throw of the springs, thus easing your car over the bumps.

That is what we mean by *increasing* braking action—the harder the bump, the more powerful is the force with which Gabriel snubs the rebound.

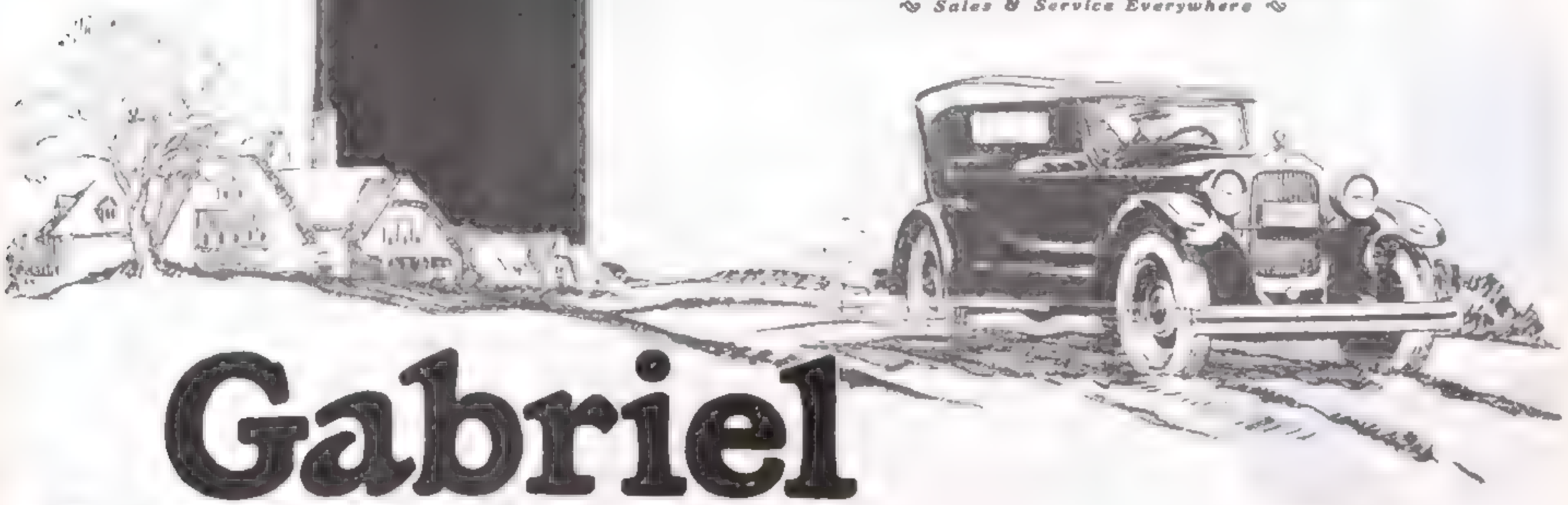
But on a street or road that is apparently smooth, there is no resistance at all—the soft air cushion in balloon and low-pressure tires is free to take up the tremor of the little bumps you can't see.

That is what we mean by free play in Gabriels.

Increasing braking action and free play are the two factors absolutely necessary to get the greatest comfort with balloon and low-pressure tires.

They are the two elements which make the improved Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubber the greatest easy-riding device in existence today.

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
Sales & Service Everywhere



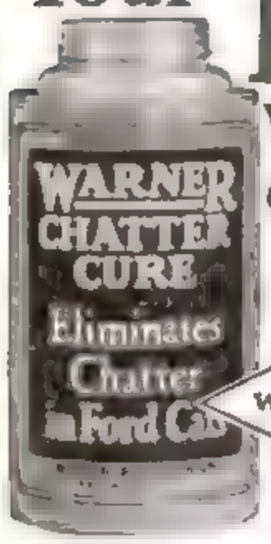
Gabriel
Improved Balloon-Type
Snubbers
Best for All Tires Carrying Low Air Pressure

Guaranteed Harmless

It is no more injurious than pouring water into your radiator. Guaranteed not to clog circulation or damage your engine. If it does not do all we claim for it, we will refund your money. Over a million users enthusiastically endorse it. Avoid substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. Big Car Size $1.00.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Your FORD Won't JERK or SHAKE



Simply pour into oil in crankcase. It removes the glaze and softens the bands. Saves cost of new bands. Improvement in riding

WE GUARANTEE IT

amazing. Absolutely harmless to oil and engine. No odor. If your dealer cannot supply you write us. 75c.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER-PATTERSON
A few drops work wonders. Quickly penetrates and dissolves rust. Releases connections where brute force is futile
Frees Rusted Pipe Connections, Nuts, etc.
Daily used by Plumbers, Machinists, Farmers etc. Over 1000 uses.
75¢
WARNER PATTERSON CO
914 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago
Enclosed find seventy-five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen.
Name
Address
Town State

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE STUFF

(Continued from Page 38)

best of satisfaction. In winding up the affairs of the enterprise, the promoter, sorry but still generous, stated that he was willing to purchase the machinery out of his private funds and offered a small figure for it, which was accepted, as there was no other bidder. He loaded the machinery on freight cars and shipped it out of town, himself going with it; and the lady school-teachers, widows and other purchasers of tractor stock were left with their stock certificates.

It was not until later that the full details became known. The imposing exhibit of machinery that had so promptly appeared upon completion of the small factory building was the promoter's stock in trade and had been used in similar ventures before. It was in fact a sort of peripatetic equipment to be handily moved about the country to any community that wanted to become a manufacturing center.

In this particular case the promoter probably made enough out of his salary and other perquisites to have a tidy sum left after paying organization expenses, the cost of the small factory building and the repurchase of the machinery, and is now ready for the next place. The man who told me the story drew the following conclusions:

"If the town," he said, "had had a more professional chamber of commerce, or no chamber of commerce at all, it would probably have escaped. A real organization would have been in touch with other organizations throughout the country and would have been familiar with such schemes. If there had been no chamber of commerce in town, the promoter would not have attempted his scheme, because in order to work successfully he must have some kind of local body to back him up and give the necessary touch of genuineness to his stock selling. The chamber of commerce that is not strong enough to maintain a professional organization is more likely to be a hindrance than a help to the community. The grafters are everywhere lying awake nights to locate the organizations with part-time secretaries who take the job at forty dollars a month as a side line."

Publicity Stunts

Recently I chanced to be in a Southern town of 4000 population that had just organized a chamber of commerce, and the livewire members were holding a get-together banquet to celebrate. Under the spell of great optimism there were numerous suggestions as to the means to be employed in bringing about the desired results. One member believed the town's growth would be best served by making it a tourist center, and advocated a large electric sign at the railroad station which should announce to travelers, We Welcome the World. Another advocated that the chamber of commerce should hire a big-league baseball team to do its spring training at the local ball park. This would bring both tourists and industries, he argued, because every day during the training season the name of the town would be mentioned in the sporting columns of city newspapers; when people read about a place they are always anxious to go and see it for themselves, and many would want to locate permanently.

A third member's suggestion was purely commercial. He advocated that motion pictures should be made of the river that flows through the town, and that the pictures be shown at the state capital during the session of the legislature. By this means, he said, the entire state would be apprised of the town's natural water power, and manufacturers would presently be clamoring for sites in the community.

The official speaker of the occasion was a man from the near-by big city who had been invited to give the new chamber-of-commerce members the benefit of his long experience in civic activities. His talk was simple and to the point.

"Years ago I ran a general merchandise business in a town up in Missouri," he said, "and in the same town there was a man named Jones who had a hardware store. It wasn't a very big hardware store, but he was going along all right until he got the idea he wasn't getting rich fast enough. He used to go to the city two or three times a year to buy goods, and every time he got back from one of these trips he had a discontented feeling from recalling how much grander the big city hardware stores were than his own. He decided that he was not boosting his proposition hard enough, and the first thing he did to remedy it was to change the name of his place from Jones' Hardware Store to Jones' Mammoth Emporium. He had a lot of signboards painted that he nailed on trees all over the county, announcing that he sold everything from a mousetrap to a threshing machine, and he hired boys to stick handbills under all the front doors telling how complete his stock was and how he was prepared to satisfy all customers.

"All this boosting undoubtedly brought a good many extra customers to Jones' store; but he didn't profit much by it, because he didn't have a big enough stock of merchandise to make good on his publicity. When a farmer came in to look at threshing machines he expected to be shown some real machines, and would not be satisfied at Jones' explanation that he did not actually carry them in stock, but would be glad to order one from the manufacturer's catalogue. In the long run Jones' boosting campaign did him more harm than good, because he got the reputation of being a four-flusher; people who had been induced to go to his emporium expected to see a wonderful display of goods, and they were inclined to resent it when they found he had no bigger stock than any other hardware store in town. The last I heard of Jones he was just about three jumps ahead of the referee in bankruptcy, and all because his stock of goods did not match up with his boosting."

Advertising Begins at Home

"Now take this town of yours that you are so ambitious about, and for which you have organized your new chamber of commerce. Are you sure you have a big enough stock of goods to warrant doing the things that have been proposed? For, after all, you can't get away from the fact that running a town is just the same as running a hardware store or any other business. Maybe if you built a big electric sign beside the railroad tracks or hired a baseball team to do its spring training here, you might get some strangers to come to town; but what have you got in stock to offer them when they do come? People with money enough to travel around the country are apt to be kind of fussy; if you don't suit them the first time they don't come again; and as business men you know it doesn't pay to sell a customer just one time.

"The idea of capitalizing your water power is a good one, but when you have been doing chamber-of-commerce work as long as I have you will find that the business of locating factories is about the most competitive industry there is. Every town and city in the country is pulling for factories, and every one of them has some natural advantages to offer. I am afraid it would take more than a motion picture of your river to cause any great stampede of factories toward your community.

"If my old friend Jones had devoted his energies to building up his stock of hardware instead of doing so much outside boosting, the public would have found his store was a satisfactory place to trade and he might have worked up a good solid business. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for your new chamber of commerce to build up your stock a little before you go campaigning for outside customers?

"I noticed today a lot of automobiles and farm wagons parked in the public square, and in nearly all of them were women and children waiting for others of their families to finish their trading in the stores. I don't know of any better use you could make of your boosting fund than to maintain some kind of a community headquarters where people from the surrounding country could be made comfortable. Looking at it from a purely business standpoint, the people right here in your own county spend the same kind of money as tourists from New York or Chicago, and they come a good deal oftener.

"As for new manufacturing plants, you've already got a couple of mills that are making use of the water power in the river, and I had a talk with the owner of one of them this afternoon. He told me he was doing a fairly good business, and that if he had more capital he saw where he could sell twice as much of his product and employ twenty-five or thirty more hands. Of course, it is more exciting to bring in brand-new enterprises and it looks fine to read in the newspaper that the livewire chamber of commerce has succeeded in adding another factory to the industrial district; but if any of you gentlemen have money to invest, it will serve the same purpose if you use it to help the factories already established, and the chances are that the investment will be safer also. And outside manufacturers will be more inclined to locate in your midst if they see you are inclined to get behind the industries you have."

It is natural enough that citizens should believe so thoroughly in their own community that they take it for granted others have only to see it in order to be possessed of a like enthusiasm. Community pride is responsible for much, both good and bad. It is on this trait in human nature, for instance, that the convention business has been raised in the United States to the plane of a leading industry. For years many chambers of commerce have stressed the value of conventions as an aid to city building and have been willing to pay for the privilege of entertaining the annual conclaves of various organizations.

Competition is the life of trade, and naturally the number of conventions increases with the demand. A recent conservative estimate sets the figure at more than 15,000 annually.

Competition has grown so keen for convention business that in many cases the gatherings are frankly sold to the communities that bid highest, and some communities are willing to bid rather high. In collecting material for this article I visited the chamber-of-commerce headquarters in a Southern city that had just got through with the annual convention of a certain national trade association, and the chamber was checking up results. The city had raised $30,000 for the entertainment of the delegates, as per the promise made a year before, when the convention had been contracted for. At that time optimistic predictions had been made that at least 10,000 visitors would be in attendance; but when convention time rolled around only about 3000 arrived, which meant that the city expended ten dollars for the entertainment of each visitor.

The High Cost of Conventions

There were, of course, lively times in town during the three-day gathering; brass bands were on the streets, the hotel lobbies were filled with delegates decorated with fancy badges, and committees from the local chamber of commerce were on hand to distribute literature setting forth the advantages of their city as a manufacturing and commercial center. But the delegates were in no mood to sit down and study statistics on freight rates, labor supply or proximity to raw materials. Outside of the actual sessions of the convention, they were mainly concerned with having a good time; and those who were not seeking pleasure were mostly boosting their own home towns. Half a dozen communities were trying to land the following year's convention, each one of which maintained a booth in the convention hotel and gave out fully as much literature as the local contingent. At the last day's session, when it came to vote on the question of the next year's meeting, the delegation from a Western city captured the plum by an offer of $40,000. During the course of my conversation with the chamber-of-commerce president he said this:

"I don't know how my successors in office may feel about it, but so long as I am on the job we aren't going to try to buy any more conventions. The price has gone too high. I don't mean, of course, that the chamber of commerce will discourage the convention industry. If some of our citizens are interested in any gathering, and want to raise a fund among themselves, we will help them out on the entertainment features as a matter of civic hospitality. But as the leading business organization of our city, we can't afford to set the example of spending anywhere from ten to twenty dollars apiece on three-day visitors and call it a businesslike investment."

It is only a few years ago that there were numbers of organizations about the country that specialized on money-raising campaigns for local chambers of commerce.

(Continued on Page 64)

The Best Essex Ever Built—$895

Freight and Tax Extra

Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis is Patented

Price considered, Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note this smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price.

Two of every three Essex buyers come to it from those who formerly owned cars bought chiefly for their low first cost.

Essex has all the advantages of the famous and exclusive Hudson patents. In quality Hudson and Essex are alike.

It is the finest Essex ever built. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

Here's a letter which will mean a lot of happiness to men whose

Feet are complaining

"For forty years I punished my feet in every known way and they stood the gaff. I played football, climbed mountains, pounded pavements, danced and generally worked them to the limit.

"About six months ago I began to realize that I had feet. Nothing very definitely wrong—nothing more than mild warnings—but they irritated me. A dull pain came now and then just back of my big toes. My feet tired easily. A sharp pain occasionally in my legs. There didn't seem to be any connection, but headaches came frequently.

Flares with the foot

"I complained to my shoe dealer—claimed the last pair didn't fit. He gave me an argument about your Packard Phlexopedic Shoe. Explained how it gave greater support to the base of the arch, yet was perfectly flexible under the instep. He said it would prevent the arch from sagging down and at the same time would give more exercise to foot muscles and tendons, strengthening them. It was so designed that my weight would be thrown on the outside of the foot where it belonged.

"It was as dressy a shoe as I ever wore, so I bought a pair.

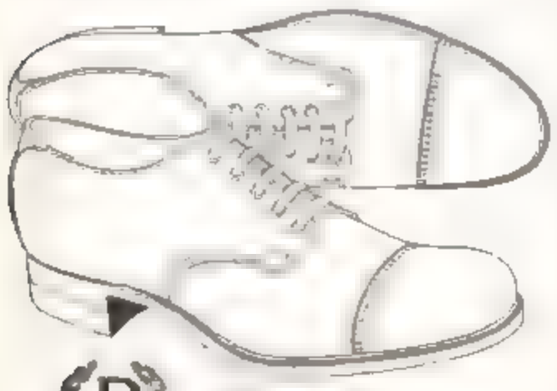
"It may not seem like a reasonable statement, but from that day I have not suffered one minute's trouble from my feet. Whatever it was that was wrong was corrected instantly.

"What's more, the cure seems permanent. Last Fall I wore hunting boots for two weeks in Canadian woods and my feet stood up splendidly."

Packard

PHLEXOPEDIC

We firmly believe that our wonderful Phlexopedic will bring relief to any man whose feet are beginning to go wrong. If your dealer doesn't sell them—write to us. Packards cost from $8 to $10. A few styles higher.



KENMORE MODEL in Black and Brown Kid

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

(Continued from Page 62)

For a percentage of the receipts a representative would go to the community, organize the workers into committees that would comb the business district and under his direction keep going until the required funds were forthcoming. But most of these professional money-raising organizations have been forced out of business because the local chambers of commerce have learned to do it themselves. Two men appointed as colonels choose sides, each picking out the known willing workers. Captains are appointed, each in charge of a group, and lieutenants at the head of committees of three.

The side procuring the greatest number of subscriptions is entertained at a dinner at the expense of the losers. Under such conditions any unwilling citizen must have powers beyond the ordinary to escape doing his share.

Of late there is a tendency to get the money with less effort through the bond-issue plan, which after all is only a variation of buying things on installments instead of waiting until you get the money—easier in fact; because when you go to an installment house you have to lay down a first payment, while in the case of a municipal bond issue all you have to do is to vote the bonds, which costs nothing, have them printed, and then sell them for cash money. It is all quite like getting money from home, a ridiculously easy way of building the municipal auditorium, a bigger city hall than rival communities can boast, or of paving an assorted lot of streets and alleys. It is reported that several ambitious towns in the old South have even treated themselves to new hotels through the exercise of the bond-issue plan.

Recently, in conversation with a wealthy man in New York who is constantly looking for investments, he let drop something that may be of interest.

"In the past I've bought a lot of municipal bonds," he remarked, "but I'm not going to buy any more."

I asked him why.

Debts are Debts

"For the simple reason," he answered, "that debts are debts, whether owed by communities or individuals. If I've got a young man in my employ who can't wait until he has got the money to buy things, but runs around to half the installment houses in town and loads himself up on clothes and jewelry and fancy furniture on time payments, I know sooner or later he is going to get himself in trouble. Public business is no different from private business, only on a bigger scale. Pretty soon some of these communities that can't wait are going to get into trouble, and then they'll have to repudiate their obligations just as my young employe will have to when he gets himself tied up with too many weekly installment payments. It will be even harder on the creditors. The installment jeweler or furniture man can take back his goods and get something out of it; but if I own some municipal bonds on which the payment isn't forthcoming, certainly I couldn't do much with a fancy convention hall or a half mile of paved street, or even a marble public swimming pool."

I have said that the most professionally organized chambers of commerce have come to the belief that they can serve their communities fully as well by keeping out dubious enterprises as by promoting worthy ones. Recently I ran across an example. Two men came to town with the avowed intention of starting a plant to manufacture a certain mechanical device which one of them had invented. They had a little capital which they proposed to put into a building, and they went to the chamber of commerce to ask its assistance in selling some stock around town to enable them to put the product on the market. The inventor himself was thoroughly sincere in his belief that his invention would revolutionize certain lines of industry, and that anyone who invested in the plant would come in for enormous profits. His partner was of the go-getter type, evidently more interested in selling stock than in manufacturing; but there was nothing to indicate that the project was not bona fide. After several sessions with the chamber-of-commerce officials, the latter expressed themselves to the two strangers something like this:

"We are, of course, anxious to develop new industries here; but your proposition is rather too speculative for us to give it an official indorsement. Very likely your invention is a highly useful one; but you know there are something like a million inventions registered at the Patent Office in Washington, only a very small percentage of which have earned money for inventors. Perhaps there are people here in town who can afford to speculate and who would like to invest with you on the chance of long profits, in which case it is none of the chamber's business; but we will not go on record with an indorsement that might influence people to put savings into your company that they can't afford to lose. So far as this chamber of commerce is concerned, you will have to operate on your own footing."

Naturally, this was disappointing to the strangers; and the salesman member of the firm made some caustic remarks about the mossback attitude of people who are not wise enough to recognize a good thing when they see it; but these remarks did not change the attitude of the chamber-of-commerce officials.

In spite of this rebuff, the strangers evidently believed they would be able to find customers for their stock, for they put up their building and went ahead with their stock-selling campaign. It is fair to state that at first they did try to interest people who had money and could afford to take a chance; but when that class proved indifferent, they turned their attention toward the wage earners and the individuals with small savings.

The first intimation the chamber-of-commerce officials had that anything out of the way was going on came in the shape of a printed announcement that was left on the doorsteps of householders in the workmen's section of town. This announcement, printed in big type, set forth most extravagant claims as to the merits of the device the promoters intended to manufacture and the probable profits of investors. There was an illustration of a feeble old workman and his wife, poorly clothed, standing humbly by the roadside to allow an automobile to pass by, while in the automobile sat a prosperous-looking couple dressed in furs and decorated with much jewelry, the picture being designed to show the difference between people who are wise enough to invest their savings in profitable inventions and those who are not. There was also a statement that the promoters of the new enterprise absolutely guaranteed investors against loss.

It was a difficult situation for the chamber-of-commerce officials to cope with. As business men, they knew that no untried invention warranted such optimistic statements; but on the other hand, there was no way to prove that investors might not make big profits. On the statute books of the state, however, there is a blue-sky law designed to cover such situations, and it was resolved to make use of it in a diplomatic manner. Getting the two promoters before a select chamber-of-commerce committee, the following suggestion was made:

"Far be it from this chamber to stand in the way of legitimate enterprise, but we have come to the conclusion that you gentlemen are allowing your enthusiasm to run away with your judgment in the matter of your publicity. We know, for instance, that you are in no financial condition absolutely to guarantee purchasers of your stock against loss; and there is no real basis for your statements that investors will probably make 1000 per cent profits. We don't want to invoke the blue-sky law, and we won't do it if you gentlemen will agree to one thing—which is that in the future you will submit to this committee copies of all the publicity that you propose to put out and abide by any corrections we may think advisable."

There was nothing for the promoters to do other than to accept this suggestion. At last reports the stock selling was going slowly.

There is a healthy tendency among the more sophisticated chambers of commerce of the country to do less boosting and to put their energies into doing the things that are at hand. In one of the Southwestern states there is a city of around 20,000 population that has a chamber of commerce which has been in continuous existence for more than thirty years, and during that time has gone through all the regular forms of the civic-boosting business. For a time it specialized on conventions, maintaining a brass band and a uniformed marching club to visit cities where conventions were in progress and pull for the home town as the next meeting place. There was also a period when it was hoped to build up a big factory district, and a fund was raised to purchase sites that were to be given free to promoters of manufacturing enterprises, and citizens were urged as a civic duty to buy stock in such enterprises. But as is usual where hothouse methods are used, the new factories mostly turned out badly. It was felt the limit was reached when one transient promoter who had come to town to sell stock in an enterprise which he predicted would employ hundreds of people was personally so meagerly financed that he gave bad checks in payment of his board bill.

On the Right Track

There came a time when the livewires were about ready to quit and it seemed that the chamber of commerce would have to go out of business for lack of support. There was a little money left in the treasury and someone made a suggestion for spending it. During the boosting years, when people were excited over the prospect of bringing in new enterprises, considerable real-estate speculation had gone on, and there were a good many vacant lots around town that had been bought by people in anticipation of profits that were never realized. Naturally, the owners of these lots did not take much pride in the appearance of their nonproductive properties. As a rule they were overgrown with weeds and littered with trash, and the suggestion for spending the last of the chamber-of-commerce money was that, with the owners' consent, three or four of these lots in the business district be cleaned up, sowed with grass seed and supplied with benches for the convenience of the public. This was done; and to the surprise of the discouraged chamber-of-commerce workers it made such an impression that many citizens who had never before taken interest in public affairs voluntarily offered to join the organization and help push the little-park movement. There are now more than twenty of these small parks scattered around town.

The results have been rather surprising from a town-boosting viewpoint in that the town has developed as a health center. As one of the citizens explained it, people who go to a strange town to recuperate want to walk around and be in the open air as much as possible; but the trip to the post office or to the stores is often a good deal of a tax, and the little parks every block or so, with their convenient benches, supply just what is wanted. Anyhow, the town has increased its population during two or three years more than it ever did in a similar period in the past when the livewires were engaged in more spectacular activities.

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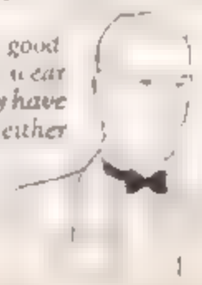

LUNCH MONEY

(Continued from Page 48)

"I asked Terry to come over on Lew's account," Walter explained in the drawing-room after dinner. And he sat down on a sofa by Catherine, whom he had rather studiously ignored before.

Laetitia, who had held Walter's undivided attention throughout dinner, drooped a little. She was not a bit interested in any of the other young people, and the older ones rather dismayed her; Walter's mother and aunt showed so plainly their adulation for Walter and their jealous dislike of anyone who might engage his interest. They were as different as any two women could be—Mrs. Humphreys thin-lipped and frigid, with an expiring voice; Miss Humphreys bold as a discord struck by a modern hand, defying her bitterly lined face with dyed hair and knee skirts, shrieking like a parrot. Yet these antagonistic sisters-in-law were absolutely one in their feeling for Walter

Their idolatrous worship positively came out from them like an incense. Laetitia had, at first, been quite overpowered by it; made nervous and shy, too, by the unexpected size and stateliness of Walter's house. But he had been so very kind to her at dinner in his own quiet matter-of-fact way that Tishie had rallied, her self-confidence restored not only by Walter's manner but by his glances, which told her she was extraordinarily pretty in Catherine's frock—a charming sheath of rose-colored satin.

"I invited Terry to play billiards with Lew while we are playing bridge," Walter was explaining to Catherine. "You see, Kay, I really couldn't let you accuse me again of discourtesy."

There was a resentful edge under his smile.

Catherine, looking very dark and lovely in a white gown covered with tiny brilliants like dewdrops, just turned her languid eyes.

"Am I to thank you, Walter?" she murmured.

A glint showed through the china blue of Walter's eyes.

"You needn't. As a matter of fact, Terry was only too keen to meet Lew."

She waited.

"Because he's an artist," Walter explained.

"I didn't know Terry was interested in art," said Catherine in a bored voice.

"He isn't. But—in an artist's life."

Walter was smiling.

"What do you know about an artist's life, Walter?" asked Catherine scornfully.

"Oh"—his tone was elaborately careless—"just what everyone knows, I dare say ——"

"Yes?"

"Models. That sort of thing."

Catherine flung back her proud head, and her neck was crimson.

"Are you—really—so stupid, Walter?"

"I only wanted to go on some wild bohemian parties!" explained the pink-and-white Terry, with an air of injured innocence.

Lew smiled.

"Afraid I can't help you," he apologized. "You see, I'm not invited to many wild bohemian parties, because I know so few nice people."

"But I say!" Terry blushed furiously, and coughed to hide it. "Artists' masked balls!"

"Sorry," said Lew. "The only artists' masked ball I ever saw was in a movie."

"No illusions left!" mourned Terry. "Nothing in life's as bad as they pretended when I was a child."

"When you were a child!" Miss Humphreys' birdlike screech of laughter. "And pray tell me what you imagine you are now, Terry dear?"

He gave her as malevolent a glance as round blue eyes can manage.

"Well, Aunt Augusta, I guess I'm what all women want to be," he retorted. "Young!" and marched off to the billiard room with Lew, well pleased with his shot at Aunt Augusta.

Miss Humphreys, shrugging and grimacing, settled herself down at the bridge table.

"Horrid, rude little boy, not yet out of the nursery!" she declared. "It's really too sweet of you, Walter, to bother with Terry before he's learned his manners." Then, yielding to the feminine impulse to talk about anyone who has just left the room: "And this—er—Osborne person?" she inquired. "Just exactly who is he, Walter?"

"Ask Catherine," Walter replied grimly. "She found him."

"Llewellyn Osborne is not a stray poodle," Kay retorted. "Do you want to play bridge, Wallie, or talk?"

So they played bridge, and were all thoroughly bored, because everyone except Miss Humphreys was thinking of something else. And you cannot enjoy bridge absent-mindedly. Laetitia was too conscious of Walter's presence, and too afraid of making mistakes; Catherine was so *distrait* that she might as well not have been in the room at all; and Bliff was one of those maddening up-and-down players who do something brilliant one moment, and the next chatter gayly about The Follies while a bid of five no-trumps is being doubled and redoubled.

At the other table they pivoted; and, as so often happens where there is one fiercely good player and three indifferent ones, the best player lost all around.

With a cannibal grin, and utter loathing in her soul for each one of her idiotic partners, Miss Humphreys hauled her heavy glittering purse out of her lap and snapped open the silver top.

"I wonder if anyone can change this," she demanded, extracting a crisp yellow bank note. "I haven't a thing smaller—sorry!"

But in her eyes was malicious triumph, and in her fingers a one-hundred-dollar bill.

"She always does it!" Bliff whispered to Catherine. "Never been known to have less than a hundred."

"My dear Augusta!" Mrs. Humphreys' annoyed, whispering voice. "Really!"

Wallie's tone, too, was annoyed.

"Why, Aunt Augusta, why this penchant for large money?"

"Isn't it—it's really—almost vulgar," whispered Mrs. Humphreys, encouraged by her son's aid against the ancient enemy.

"No Humphreys need be afraid of vulgarity!" trumpeted Miss Augusta.

"Does she mean they've got a divine right to it?" asked Bliff irreverently, as he moved away from the bridge table with Catherine.

"But why does she do it, really?" asked Kay

"Hopes nobody can give change, and then she won't have to part," replied Bliff, lighting a cigarette. "Parting almost kills our dear Aunt Augusta!"

"But she'll have to pay sometime."

"Sometime, any time, better than now. You don't understand. You haven't got the passion for money. It hurts less to send checks."

"No, I don't understand."

"Inherited. Her father. Horrible old miser. Didn't leave me a cent."

"You can't inherit ——"

"Well, maybe so. Maybe not. Anyway, Wallie's generous enough. Sometimes, though, I wonder—I mean, it's just as if he were showing off that he didn't inherit the taint. Still, he isn't really a bit tight. You've got to hand him that."

"But if he feels—if he thinks—I mean, it doesn't matter how much or how little you spend," said Catherine, "it's the way you do it, mentally. Generosity isn't money. It's a—well, sort of a feeling. Like *noblesse oblige*."

"I can give you change, Miss Humphreys," a voice was saying.

It was Mr. Ballinger's, quietly malicious, satisfied. And he had opened his wallet, and was stripping crackling bank notes off the large substantial roll. Mrs. Ballinger was watching with a sort of horrified fascination. The sight of so much money seemed to revolt and yet attract her like something indecent.

"Thank you!" shouted Miss Humphreys furiously, accepting Mr. Ballinger's money, and savagely paying her debts around the table.

Mrs. Ballinger had won only two dollars, but she clutched them happily, stowing away the money in her brocaded bag, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes.

"Poor, dear mother, how she loves to win!" Kay murmured. "And it's so seldom! Usually, both of us are simply in terror of losing. You can imagine when dad has to pay!"

♥

AT SUPPER, made comparatively lively for everyone by champagne and the thought of going home, Laetitia quite regained her earlier happiness, for Walter devoted himself entirely to her. He didn't even glance in Catherine's direction; seemed blandly unconscious that she was talking to Lew, who had come into the dining room with Terry, a moment after the others.

Perhaps it was this unusual devotion of Walter's, perhaps the champagne had something to do with it, but, at any rate, Laetitia found herself saying earnestly to her host, as they went back into the drawing-room: "This has been the happiest evening of my whole life! Really!"

She was just about to repeat this grateful remark, a trifle modified, to her hostess, and then follow Mrs. Ballinger and Catherine toward the door, when Mr. Ballinger's exclamation stopped them all.

"Well! Upon my word!"

And he was fumbling in all his pockets, with his wallet in one hand, and his cheeks the color of a tomato that is about to burst.

"What is it, Mr. Ballinger?" Walter asked.

And Mrs. Ballinger turned around at the door, with a frightened face.

"Stupid of me!" Mr. Ballinger was mumbling, continuing his search. "But I seem to have mislaid that bank note—or did I take it from you, after all, Miss Humphreys?"

Her cheeks flamed suddenly.

"My hundred-dollar bill? The one you changed for me?"

"Yes. Could I have—I don't remember ——"

"Why, of course you took it!" she cried shrilly. "It was right there on the table."

She pointed to the bridge table, and everyone in the room had now stopped talking.

"I laid it down right there on the table!" Miss Humphreys repeated positively. "You gave me the change, Mr. Ballinger, and I put it in my bag, and left my hundred-dollar bill lying there on the table."

She laid her bony finger on the exact spot, and rapped with it for confirmation.

"But, Aunt Augusta," said Walter, looking annoyed, "everyone's apt to make mistakes, you know. Isn't there a possibility that you might have picked up the bill with your change—just absent-mindedly?"

"I am not absent-minded about a hundred dollars!" she snapped.

"I know," he replied patiently, "but have you looked in your bag?"

"Why, I never heard of anything so outrageous!" she screamed, thrusting her glittering purse at him. "There! You can see for yourself. Of course it isn't in my bag!"

"That's not saying it isn't stuffed down her stocking," whispered the impudent Bliff to Catherine. "Wouldn't put it past the old girl."

But Catherine did not smile. Laetitia, who was standing near her, saw that she had grown very pale, and that her dark eyes were dilated.

"Sorry to be such a nuisance," Mr. Ballinger was apologizing. "All my fault. Never did such a stupid thing in my life. But it's funny, I can't remember —— Violet!" he sharply addressed his wife. "Do you remember seeing me pick up that money?"

Mrs. Ballinger was pale, too, and her lips moved stiffly.

"Why—why, no, dear!" she faltered. "That is, I really don't know anything about it at all! I wasn't noticing, you see. But you must have—it isn't like you to be careless. Have you looked in all your pockets?"

"Of course I've looked in all my pockets!" he burst out irritably. "You've seen me turn them inside out! What do you take me for?"

"Perhaps it dropped on the floor," suggested Laetitia brightly. "Has anyone looked under the bridge table?"

So everyone looked, not only under the bridge table, and the chairs, and the sofas, and every conceivable place in the whole room where a hundred-dollar bill might be concealed, but in all the impossible places as well. And Bliff and Terry, enjoying the game hugely, urged each other on to more and more farcical endeavors, with endless chaff and laughter. Laetitia, too, was taking the affair light-heartedly, until she caught sight of the thundercloud that was Walter's face.

Meanwhile Mr. Ballinger, both confused and annoyed, kept on with his apologies. And when it was seen that the search was hopeless he snapped: "Oh, well, never

(Continued on Page 68)

Again—Do Not Expect Long Trading Allowances on Any Used Car When You Come to Buy a Chrysler

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(Continued from Page 66)

mind. It's of no consequence," in a tone that showed only too plainly that it was of great consequence.

"Don't bother! Don't bother!" he repeated testily. "No doubt it will turn up. It's late—we really should go. Tomorrow, perhaps. Never mind."

"But I do mind, Mr. Ballinger," protested Wallie gravely. "And I really cannot allow you to go until the money has been found."

His tone was so stern, so determined, that everyone stopped perfectly still, and looked at him.

"I cannot allow anyone to leave this room until the money has been found," Walter announced deliberately. And his deliberate gaze turned from one face to another.

"Why! What on earth do you mean, Wallie?" gasped Catherine, turning paler than ever.

And to Laetitia's dismay she felt that her own face was beginning to look guilty.

For a second everyone remained frozen, and then Mrs. Ballinger, fluttering like a moth on a pin, whispered, "But, Wallie, it isn't—anything like that? Surely! Unless you mean—the servants?"

"Impossible!" shrieked Miss Humphreys, outraged. "Our servants?"

"Our servants have been in the family for years," whispered Mrs. Humphreys, haughtily. "They're in my will."

"Besides," said Walter, "Parsons is the only one who came into this room all evening; and both times before the money had been laid on the table. While we were at supper Miller and Parsons were both there; and, as we left them in the dining room when we came out, I think that eliminates the servants."

"Unless," shrieked Miss Humphreys sarcastically, "someone suspects our poor old faithful maids, who've been with us for twenty years, and in bed for hours!"

"I assure you I never suspected anyone, Miss Humphreys," declared Mr. Ballinger. "And I'm extremely sorry ——"

"And now we really ought to say good night!" interrupted Mrs. Ballinger, fluttering toward her hostess.

Walter laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Please be patient, Mrs. Ballinger," he said. "We haven't found the money yet."

She dropped down on a sofa beside Llewellyn and Catherine.

"I wish you wouldn't bother, Wallie, really!" she murmured. "I'm so ashamed—so much trouble." She half closed her eyes. "I've a headache coming on."

Llewellyn leaned over and put a cushion at her back.

"Anything I can do, Mrs. Ballinger?" he asked in a tone of such real kindness that she opened her eyes suddenly, and stared straight up into his sympathetic face.

"Would you like to go upstairs, mother," Catherine asked, "and lie down?"

"Sorry, Kay," Walter's firm voice cut in, "but no one must leave the room until this thing is settled."

"Really, Wallie!"

"Walter, the boy detective!" jeered Bliff

"I say!" from Terry. "Look here, Wallie! Do you accuse any of us of stealing Aunt Augusta's money?"

"Mr. Ballinger's money," corrected Walter. "Aunt Augusta's got hers."

"As usual," came from Bliff.

"I don't accuse anyone," Walter continued with magnificent calm. "But this thing has happened to a guest in my house. So it is plainly my duty to see that the money is found. Or—returned."

His straight steely gaze plunged from one pair of eyes to another, until finally they came to rest, fixedly, on Lew's, upturned and slightly smiling.

"What's your plan?" asked Lew. "Call in the police?"

"Certainly not!" replied Walter, coldly rebuking. "A scandal in the newspapers? My dear fellow! Our sort of people ——"

"Wow!" cried Terry, blushing. "Of all your rummy parties, Wallie, this is the rummiest! Want to look through my pockets? Tell you what! Any time you can find a hundred on me I'll give you half—with pleasure."

"Wallie might search the men, and Miss Humphreys the women," Catherine suggested. But her flippant tone held a suggestion of bravado.

"This is no joke, Kay," replied Wallie sternly.

"I think you are making a joke of it!" she flashed. "And a very poor one. In very bad taste. Dad's silly old money is sure to be found—sometime. And even if it isn't, I dare say he can afford to give up a hundred dollars, for once in his life."

"That is not the point," Walter insisted inexorably. "This is my house ——"

"So you've told us."

"And I am personally responsible for what happens in it."

"All right then. If you feel that way—give dad your personal check for a hundred."

"Catherine, my dear!"

"No use roaring 'dear' at me, dad. I'm going to say what I think." She jumped up, her cheeks blazing, and faced Walter. "Here you are," she said scornfully, "you two! You and dad. Either one of you can perfectly well afford to lose a hundred dollars. You wouldn't mind losing it on a race or a game. You wouldn't mind spending it on a party. Yet you're willing to ruin this party, and Wallie to insult all his guests ——"

"Catherine! Catherine!"

"No, dad, I won't stop. Wallie, you talk all the time about 'my house,' 'my house,' 'my house'! If you had any feeling for your house you couldn't—couldn't ——"

She stopped abruptly, fighting back her tears, as ashamed as a boy of crying.

Lew reached out for Catherine's hand.

"Calm down, Kay," he said evenly, into the stricken silence. "We needn't make a tragedy out of this thing. Why can't we settle it quietly? I've thought of a way."

Walter's gaze pounced on him, fastened and held.

"You—have thought of a way?" His tone cut through Lew's quiet voice like a whip.

They stared at each other steadily for a second, watched by the rest. Then Lew said, still very quietly, "If anyone has taken the money—as you seem to think, Walter—I am sure that, by this time, they would be only too glad to give it back."

"Oh! You—are sure?"

"Wallie, how dare you?"

"Just a minute, Kay. I said they'd be glad to give it back. I meant, of course, if there were some way it could be done quietly, without anyone else knowing."

"And why this extraordinary solicitude, on your part, for the guilty? Why should the guilty be shielded?"

Lew smiled.

"Is it a question of ethics, Walter, or of getting the money?"

"Both. Both, of course! The guilty person ought to be exposed, punished, of course. Outlawed. Cut. No decent person ever to speak to him again."

"Wallie is chivalrous, you see," explained Catherine in a deadly voice. "He doesn't believe it possible that the thief might be a woman."

"Oh, don't quarrel!" cried Mrs. Ballinger, in a hysterical voice.

"I agree with you," declared Mr. Ballinger. "I've had enough of this. What's your plan, Mr. Osborne?"

"Well," said Lew, "if you will turn out all the lights, Mr. Ballinger—I think you ought to handle the switch, as you're not under suspicion—and keep them out for a moment or two, I really believe that when the lights come on again, the money will be found on that table."

"All the little children who believe in Santa Claus raise their right hands!" jeered Bliff.

"Bet you a fiver it won't be on that table either!" scoffed Terry.

"After all, Terry," said Walter gently, "Mr. Osborne ought to know."

"Shut up!" cried Catherine wildly. "You beast, Wallie! You beast!"

"If you are ready, Mr. Ballinger," said Lew, "you might turn out the lights, and keep them off while you count a hundred."

"Like a children's game!" crowed Bliff. "Well, everybody's got to play. No chivalry! I suspect you, Aunt Augusta, just as much as you suspect me. But I say! Hadn't all of us better stand around the fatal table? The guilty guy will give himself away if he makes a dash for it, even in the dark."

"Good idea," agreed Lew. "Come on, Kay."

Then he leaned over Mrs. Ballinger, who was still sitting on the sofa, and said very gently, as he laid his hand over hers, "Come along with Kay and me, won't you?"

"Most detestable nonsense!" screamed Miss Augusta, as Bliff and Terry dragged her toward the table. Walter hung back, keeping close to Lew, who was still bending over Mrs. Ballinger.

"I can't," she murmured, leaning back, closing her eyes. "I can't."

And then the lights went out.

For a second there was confusion, the inevitable panic of darkness; a high yelp of laughter from Terry, "Damn!" from Bliff, a soft cry, the rustle of a skirt, a chair overturned.

And then, all at once, Walter's voice rang out, sternly triumphant: "Hah! I thought so! Turn on the lights!"

And the lights blared out like a blow. And everyone saw Walter, flushed, savagely triumphant, hanging on to Lew's wrist.

Lew stood quietly, not resisting. He was pale, but he smiled a little. And in his fingers was a crumpled bit of yellow paper.

He let Walter take the hundred-dollar bill away from him without a word. Everyone was too shocked to speak. Even Catherine just stood and stared, whiter than her dress.

"If you have anything to say ——" Walter's voice began inquisitorially.

"No."

Lew was looking at Catherine bravely. She came toward him a step.

"I've got something to say, Wallie."

He looked at her with hard triumphant eyes. "I think you had better not try to say anything in this man's defense, Catherine I think that, at last, we've found him out."

"At last? Do you mean you've been trying to find out something bad about Lew all the time?"

"Catherine! That is enough. We'll go home now."

Her father came toward her. She stopped him with a look.

"I took that money, dad," she said quietly. "I slipped it into Lew's hand in the dark."

"Oh, no!" cried Walter with a sneering laugh. "You can't save him that way!"

Her fixed eyes, dark with pain, ignored him. She looked beyond them all to Lew, and silenced the words that rose to his lips with her own quick angry words.

"I'll tell you why I did it, if you don't believe me! I'd kept some of the money from mother's charity bazaar, and I had to pay it back. Bridge debts too. And I couldn't ask dad. He's never given mother and me an allowance. He's humiliated us about money—always! Always! It's his own fault if he has a thief in his house."

Mrs. Ballinger, crumpled up on the sofa, was sobbing hysterically.

"No! No! You didn't do it, Kay! You didn't do it!"

Catherine went over to her, and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Pull yourself together, mother," she advised coldly.

Then she turned with a calm defiance to the others, who were still speechless. She saw the malignant triumph in Miss Humphreys' face—"Now she's done for with Walter!"—the unalterable shock and aversion of Mrs. Humphreys, and even Bliff and the blushing Terry turning away their heads.

"I think we'd better go home now," said Catherine, "unless Walter wants to have me arrested. Good night, Mrs. Humphreys. Good-by, Miss Humphreys—Walter. No, don't shake hands. Come, mother. Come along, dad."

She had marshaled her broken and drooping forces, even Mr. Ballinger, too crushed to assert himself; they had crept out of the door, and upstairs for their wraps, before Catherine turned back, just in the doorway, and smiled at Lew.

He followed her out into the hall, and they stood quite alone there, in the shadow of the wide flight of stairs.

"How did you know I didn't do it, Kay?" he asked.

"Because I knew who must have!" she cried bitterly. "I didn't blame poor mother much—but, oh, Lew, it was too cowardly of her to slip the money in your hand!"

"She didn't," said Lew. "I took it out of hers. I knew she was too scared to get to the table; and I could have managed all right, and no one the wiser, if Walter hadn't grabbed me. He must have suspected me from the first."

"He wanted it to be you!" said Catherine, and could keep the tears back no longer. "Oh, Lew! When those lights went on ——"

He put his arms around her.

"Kay darling! Would you—could you, risk it? I'm so awfully poor ——"

"I never want to see any money again as long as I live!" she declared vehemently.

"Not likely to—with me," he promised.

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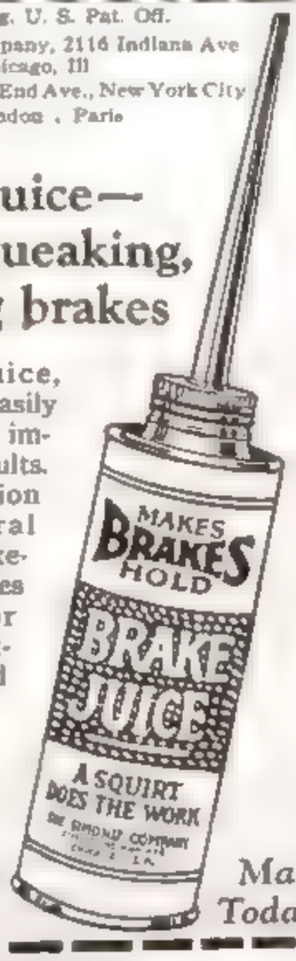

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THE WINDY SIDE OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 21)

time, in his thoughts he hit upon a plan, the impudence and audacity of which appealed to him.

It had its defects. In this day of protective associations it could hardly be repeated with safety; but Wallie, like all magicians, was averse to repeating his tricks. Furthermore, it could not be put into effect in a city where he was so well known as in Chicago; but Wallie welcomed the thought of travel as a pleasant diversion. So, in the spring of the year when he was thirty-one years old, he left Chicago behind him and turned his face to New York again. He had some twenty thousand dollars of reserve, well invested, the utmost confidence in his own powers and in his fate, and only the most delightful anticipations as to the future.

It did not occur to him that when a conservative and well established man of business violates the habits of staid years, he lets loose all the inhibitions which hold his worse self in check. It did not occur to Wallie Trimm that even though he could with security defy the hostile attentions of the world at large, he might be by his own self betrayed. He was not aware of the fact, heretofore stated, that a man's past clings to him.

After a thorough consideration of the possibilities of this plan of his, Wallie decided that it offered directly only a moderate profit; but its audacity still made it dear to him. Determined to make it the complete success it deserved, he devoted to his preparations all the care conceivable. As has been said, the feat could hardly be repeated; but it seemed to Wallie worth while, and infinitely more difficult, to perform his maneuvers almost simultaneously in two establishments, thus doubling his profits, even though at the same time he quadrupled his risks. It therefore became necessary to locate likely quarry. He found what he sought in two stores which stood across the street from each other, one devoted to the sale of gems, the other a department store with fur coats for sale on the first floor. To these two establishments he gave careful study. It was important that he should know where each banked, and to this end he did a deal of unostentatious scouting. He found to his distaste that each used the same near-by establishment; but the jeweler, he reminded himself, must be accustomed to receiving large bills, might not find it necessary to consult the bank at all. He would risk the point, an added element of danger and therefore of amusement.

Wallie was not a believer in the use of disguises; nevertheless he wished to familiarize himself with the geography of these two establishments. To that end he bought a hat of different cut, carried a cane, walked with a slight limp, and made a purchase or two at each place, avoiding the clerks whom he intended later to make the object of his maneuvers. At the end of a fortnight—he did rather well with small, incidental thieveries in the meantime—he knew his ground as well as seemed to him necessary.

The hours not devoted to this scouting he had utilized in the manufacture of his stage properties; a task entailing long hours of experiment with his cameras and in his dark room, and calling for the application of all his manual dexterity. The results of these labors were so successful that he perceived a new field of activity opening before him. It was so vastly profitable in its possibilities that he was tempted to abandon his present project in its favor; but in the end the allurement of the new adventure prevailed over his cupidity. He decided to go through with his plan.

To this end, on a Wednesday morning, he entered the jewelry store. He wore this day, in all his bearing, the demeanor of a somewhat superc..ious young man, a man of wealth, impatient of obstacles, a little haughty. His very walk was provocative and irritating. He came into the establishment, went directly to a counter near the door where rings were displayed behind plate glass, and tapped upon the glass with his cane to attract the attention of the clerk who stood near by. This clerk, a somewhat florid middle-aged man with a sense of the dignity of his position, turned indignantly, glared at Wallie, and was about to turn his back again when Wallie spoke in a sharp, strident voice.

"Here, my man!"

The other made a movement of distaste; but he obeyed the summons. He approached Wallie and confronted him across the show case.

"Rings," said Wallie briefly.

"What kind of ring do you wish to see?" the man asked.

"A plain ring, with a diamond, not too large; in short, an engagement ring. The stone to be modest, but perfect."

"As to the size—perhaps you have a price in mind?"

"I have," Wallie assured him briskly. "In the neighborhood of three hundred dollars."

The salesman found himself overborne, unable to express even by his manner the irritation which he felt. He thought Wallie an extraordinarily obnoxious young man, doubtless a waster living on the paternal largess. Nevertheless he produced a tray of rings and presented them to Wallie for examination. Wallie gave them not a glance.

"I do not wish to paw over your stock," he said harshly. "Select your best stone, at the price, regardless of size, and let me see it. If it is satisfactory, I shall take it; if not, I shall go elsewhere."

The salesman swallowed hard, and he still stared at Wallie. But Wallie had turned away, was indifferently lighting a cigarette, and the man at length selected a stone and grudgingly laid it on a bit of velvet, offering it for Wallie's inspection. Wallie did not seem to perceive this movement. His eyes were on the street, were fixed in fact on the door man in front of the department store across the way. He had had a momentary sense of something familiar in the figure of this man; but then all door men look much alike and he dismissed the thought. The salesman spoke to attract his attention.

"This is a fine stone," he said, and to his own disgust, his tone was humble and submissive.

Wallie turned and looked at the ring; he stirred it with one gloved finger, and he smiled in mild condescension.

"Not bad," he said. "But I fear I must look elsewhere. Lay it aside, if you please. I shall return sometime today if I wish it. Your card?"

The salesman, choking with wrath, nevertheless produced his card and handed it to Wallie. Wallie stuffed it negligently into his waistcoat pocket and strolled toward the door. As he disappeared, the salesman muttered something under his breath. But he put the ring obediently aside.

Wallie's next movement was delayed till mid-afternoon, since he had discovered in the very beginning of his career that toward the end of the day men are at the same time more irritable and less cautious. He spent the day pleasantly enough, dipping into the reticule of an elderly fur-clad dowager with profit to himself. He lunched at the Alcazar, and afterward strolled indolently toward the scene of his approaching maneuver. At a little before three o'clock he approached the department store, opposite the establishment of the jeweler where he had done his foundation work that morning.

His manner here again was curt to the point of insolence; he approached that quarter of the floor where fur coats were displayed, chose a salesman busy at the moment with another customer, and with his cane touched the man in the small of the back.

"Here, my man!" he said in a sharp, strident tone.

The salesman made a movement of irritation, turning sharply.

"I'm engaged," he said. "Find someone else."

"Find someone who can attend to me at once," Wallie directed; and the other swallowed his pride and called to one of his associates. As this man approached, Wallie said briefly, "A coat."

"What kind of coat did you wish, sir?" the other inquired.

"Dark gray fabric, muskrat-lined, otter collar," Wallie replied harshly.

"What size?"

"For myself."

The salesman surveyed him expertly.

"I think we can fit you. We'll try some of these."

"I do not wish to be mauled. Select a coat of the kind I want and I will try it. If it is suitable, I shall take it. Otherwise I will look elsewhere."

"About five hundred?"

"Three," said Wallie positively.

The salesman seemed dubious, nevertheless he turned aside, ran along the rack and selected a garment. As he approached, Wallie turned his back, extending his arms so that the other was forced to help him out of the coat he wore.

The salesman did so, then assisted him to put on the new one.

Wallie glanced at his figure in the mirror and said indifferently, "It will do. I will wear it will send my man for the other."

The salesman nodded, producing his pad.

"A charge?" he inquired.

Wallie shook his head, and at the same time he drew out his pocketbook and extracted from it a piece of currency, tendering it to the man. The other took it, looked at it in some surprise, then nodded and turned away. Wallie saw him approach the floor manager, and followed, interrupting their conversation.

"May I inquire what detains you?" he demanded.

The salesman with a glance appealed to the floor manager; the latter replied.

"You are a stranger to us, sir," he explained courteously. "And this is a thousand-dollar bill."

"Well?"

"We will have to verify its genuineness."

Wallie tapped angrily on the floor with his cane.

"You are insulting."

The other said quietly, "It is our rule, sir."

Wallie said sharply, "Very well; but make haste."

The manager nodded.

"Not five minutes," he assured Wallie, and with the bill in his hand turned away. Wallie returned to his position near the mirror; but while he waited it was manifest that his irritation increased. After two or three minutes, with a gesture of decision, he removed the fur coat and resumed the garment he had worn when he came into the store. Thus clad, he awaited the manager's return.

That gentleman presently appeared, smiling and deferential. He spoke to the salesman—"All right," and to Wallie—"Sorry to detain you."

"You are satisfied of my honesty?" Wallie inquired stiffly.

"A matter of policy with us, sir."

"It is equally a matter of policy with me not to permit myself to be insulted," said Wallie arrogantly. "You may keep your coat. I shall trade elsewhere."

The manager protested.

"We had no intention of distressing you."

Wallie rapped the floor with his cane.

"If you please," he said sharply.

The other yielded; the salesman reluctantly returned the bill, and Wallie, without turning his head, walked out of the store. He was thus far well pleased; his senses were all alert, intoxicated with his own audacity. As he passed out of the door his eye happened to fall on a tray of scarf-pins of moderate price displayed upon a show case on his left. A customer was examining them. Wallie thought condescendingly that one of them was rather attractive. A blue stone—he was fond of the color.

But it was not part of his plan to hesitate; he went directly out of the store, turned to the right, and as soon as he was out of view of those within, swiftly crossed the street and entered the jewelry emporium. Inside, he approached the ring counter—the salesman whom he had so successfully irritated that morning. Without appearing to recognize the man, he laid upon the show case the card the other had given him and said crisply, "Send this man here."

The salesman said, "Ah, yes. That is my card. I have the ring right here, sir." The man was pleased with the prospect of making an unexpected sale.

"Give it to me," Wallie directed, and laid the thousand-dollar bill upon the counter. "Just put it in a box, but do not wrap it."

The other hurried to do so; but when he picked up the bill—Wallie's attention was elsewhere—he looked doubtful, and moved along behind the counter to his neighbor. Wallie, observing this, followed truculently. He spoke to them.

(Continued on Page 72)

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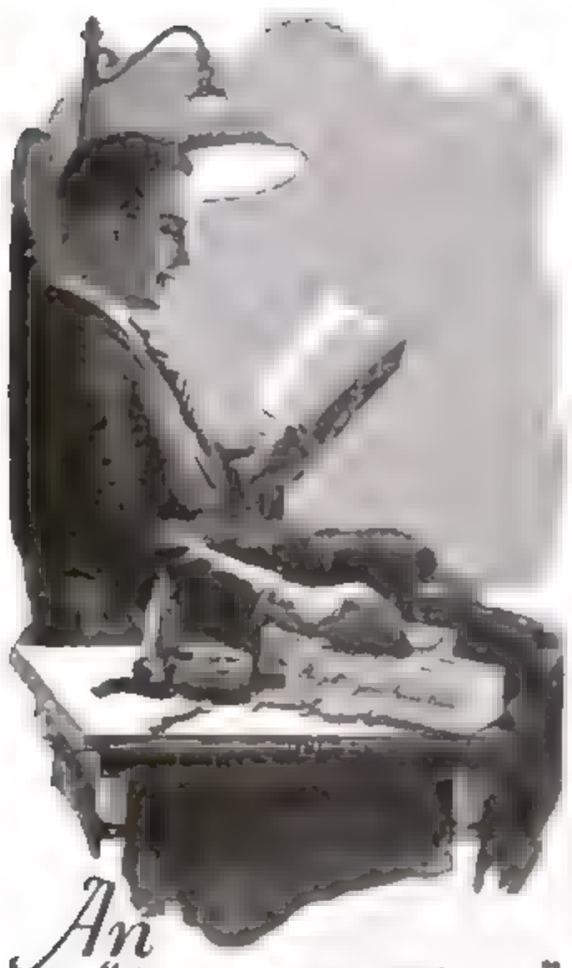

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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 70)

"May I inquire what detains you?"

The salesman said apologetically, "You are a stranger to us, sir. We will have to have someone pass on this bill."

Wallie tapped the floor with repressed impatience.

"You are insulting."

"Just routine, sir."

Wallie said sharply, "Very well; but make haste."

The salesman nodded and hurried away toward the office in the rear of the store. Wallie thought with satisfaction that he would not be likely to send the bill to the bank for examination. The tellers, if called to pass upon the same thousand-dollar bill twice within a few moments, might well ask damaging questions. But it was late, someone here could doubtless take the responsibility. The thing happened so; the salesman returned, smiling.

"Sorry to detain you, sir," he said. "Everything is quite all right."

"You are satisfied of my honesty?" Wallie inquired in a sharp tone.

"We have to be careful."

"I do not permit myself to be insulted by your carefulness," Wallie told him arrogantly. "Here is your miserable ring. I will trade elsewhere."

The salesman hesitated.

"Why ——"

"If you please," Wallie said sharply; and with rising color the salesman passed the thousand-dollar bill across the show case and received the ring back again. Wallie turned away toward the door.

But this time he did not go so directly or so positively; and as he approached the door he hesitated, then halted, then turned and came back again. The bill was still in his hand, and he laid it on the show case before the other. This would have to be done swiftly.

"Sir," he said, "I was at fault, impatient. I lost my temper. Accept my apologies. I will take the ring."

The salesman's relief was enormous, his gratitude immense, his affability immeasurable. A minute later Wallie walked out of the store with the ring in his pocket and some seven hundred dollars in change.

Three minutes later he had repeated the scene of his abasement before the fur salesman across the way. It was not ten minutes since he had walked out in such dudgeon; the salesman swelled with pleasure in Wallie's humility—and gave him the fur coat and his change.

As Wallie strolled this time toward the door, he was full of a warm glow of complete self-satisfaction. Such audacities as this one always delighted him; he felt himself master of the world. The counter where the scarfpins had been displayed was on his left hand, and the tray of pins still rested on the show case. They were worth no more than a dollar or two apiece, but that blue stone again caught Wallie's eye. Without seeming to do so, he satisfied himself that the fur salesman was hidden behind an intervening pillar, that he was not too closely observed. He stopped and rested an elbow on the counter while he stood on one foot to adjust the other shoe. It was as though a pebble irked him, and anyone who had been watching must have had eyes only for this foot and hand. But when he went on toward the door the scarfpin was in his left hand. Once a shoplifter, always a shoplifter!

Outside the door, he stood for a moment, looking toward the jewelry establishment across the street, and he smiled, for by the confused movements therein he understood that his fraud had been discovered. In that case, it were as well for him to move away from this locality. He turned to the right—and someone touched his arm.

At this touch upon his arm Wallie felt that appalling cold and icy clutch of fear which once felt can never be forgotten. Even before he turned his head, he had canvassed every possibility. The jeweler had discovered his loss, but not even yet had any pursuit begun. No one had issued from the store. Nor had there been any hullabaloo from the department store behind him. This must, then, be merely accident. Nevertheless the hand was still upon his arm; his thoughts had held him motionless no more than an instant. He turned his head.

The door man stood beside him; the gold-braided functionary whose duty it was to open carriages and cars so that customers might alight the more proudly. A heavy-set man, this chap, middle-aged, with a vague familiarity about him.

Wallie said stiffly, "Well?"

The door man spoke in a mild tone:

"Sorry, sir. I noticed when you leaned on the counter in there. Happened to be watching you. It looked to me like one of them stickpins caught on your coat sleeve."

Even before the man finished his remark, Wallie had acted. The scarfpin had transferred itself from his hand to the other's coat pocket. Now he smiled confidently.

"Look if you like," he said, and held up his arm.

"It just might have dropped into your pocket," said the door man.

Wallie spoke with sudden irritation.

"Feel in my pocket, you ass," he commanded.

"Just step back into the store," the man suggested.

A little group had already gathered about them, and among this group there was a boy with an armful of papers. This youngster piped up now.

"He ain't got it in his pocket," he cried shrilly. "He stuck it in yours when you stopped him."

The door man's grip tightened on Wallie's arm; the little circle moved closer. And across the street someone suddenly ran out of the jewelry store and looked up and down the street. The carriage man saw this movement and stared at Wallie more closely.

"Something wrong over there, and I see you come out of there," he murmured.

Wallie felt walls shutting in about him.

"This—a mistake," he muttered lamely.

The door man shook his stubborn head.

"We'll talk it over inside," he retorted. "You come along of me."

Twenty minutes later, Wallie's cause was irrevocably lost. In the office of the manager of the department store, his foes had gathered around him. The genuine thousand-dollar bill was discovered in his pocket; the counterfeit which he had presented upon his second appearance had been identified for what it was. The store manager showed it to one of the patrolmen who had Wallie in custody while they waited for the wagon.

"He photographed each side of the genuine bill," the manager explained. "Then pasted the two prints together. A beautiful job; might have passed half a dozen times."

"Not when you've handled 'em," the officer objected. "They spotted it right away over in the jewelry store."

The carriage man in the background loudly asserted himself.

"But he'd have got away before that, plenty of time, if I hadn't nailed him," he reminded them. "I'd had my eye on that guy. He looked like a bad one to me."

Wallie smiled a wry smile. He was recovering his composure, his sense of humor was awakening again.

The door man observed his smile and challenged loudly, "Well, what you laughing about?"

"It amuses me," said Wallie insolently, "to baffle wise men and yet be nabbed by an oaf like you."

"Oh, is that so?" the other cried, purple with anger. "Is that so then? Well, I'm no man's fool. I was a house detective at the Waremore for three years, and I've caught more than one crook in my day."

Wallie remembered—remembered that he had thought there was something familiar about this man. And he smiled again more broadly. This was that Martin who had amused him half a score of years ago. He had laughed at the chap then; but he told himself philosophically that it was indubitably Martin's turn for laughter now.

He perceived the poetic justice in this; but he failed to observe that in fact he owed his downfall to the operation of the psychological law that a man's past clings to him still.

NATURE AS CREATED

(Continued from Page 17)

Congress has made no large general appropriations for these purposes, and in the more remote regions improved roads would seem to be unnecessary, as well as uneconomic. Yet by a natural and comparatively inexpensive process many of these regions are being opened in a gradual way to the automobile. What are known as truck trails are cut to accommodate fire fighters wishing to reach distant places through the national forests. These are the roughest kind of wagon roads. The following summer a little work will be done on these trails to keep them up. Then the next summer a few hard-driving cattle and sheep men are permitted to plow their way through. They are followed by the occasional hunter and camper, and then by the regular tin-can tourist. If the traffic is not heavy the Forest Service is thus able, with relatively small funds expended each summer, to maintain an enormous mileage of road passable in a car. Thus gradually the public penetrates into the wilderness.

Now if there is one fact which we may safely assume concerning the average person who acquires an automobile for other than strictly business purposes, it is that he or she wants some place to go. This apparently simple fact that the motorist must have an objective has a broad social significance of the first order.

Of course many people quickly tire of using an automobile for other than business purposes or for errands and short trips. Others, of more childlike nature, seem entirely satisfied if they can drive like mad up and down the main streets of their own villages. But after making every due allowance, there yet remain an army of very great dimensions who use the motor as a means for seeing new, strange, different and beautiful things. It satisfies their desire for thrills, pictures and horizons.

"Our tourists are going farther and farther afield," said an official of a Far Western automobile club with a membership of more than one hundred thousand, in reply to my inquiry. "They didn't feel that they could stay very long during the war period, and one result was an increased prosperity for near-by local resorts. In one mountain area less than a hundred miles from here, the number of resorts increased from sixteen to seventy-eight. These local places complain to us now because the tourist goes farther away, but neither we nor anyone else can control the direction of motor travel or make it go to any one place. It is humanly impossible to control it.

"The tourist wants more places to go, and newer and stranger places. In this Western country motor travel moves in cycles from year to year, and the objective is seldom the same for any two years running. There is the Pacific Northwest year, when all the travel seems to head for Oregon and Washington. Then there will be a year all California, with travel going into the Yosemite and the Sierra country generally. A new idea from which we are going to hear much is the national-park circle. But the indications now are that Colorado, Utah and Arizona will get the bulk of the travel this coming summer. How do I know? Well, we get about seventy thousand requests a year for road information.

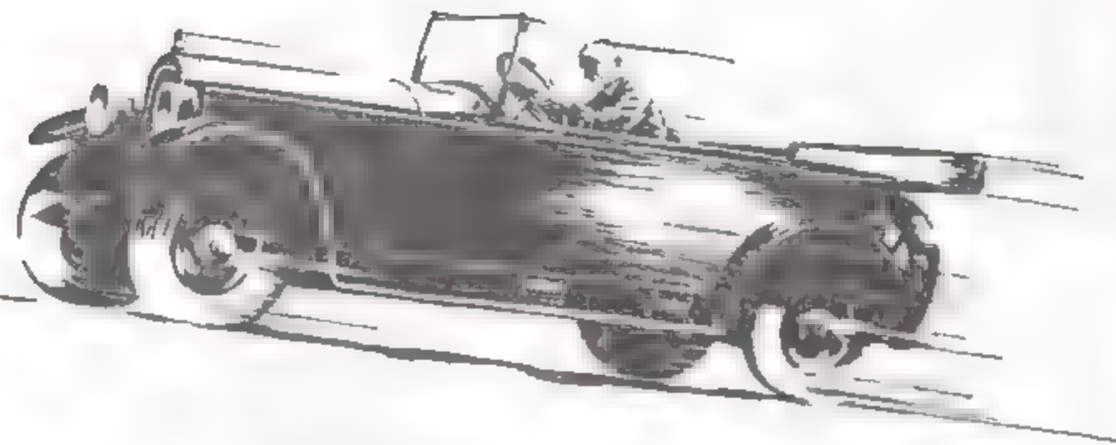
"Travel from California into the intermountain region was hindered last summer by the hoof-and-mouth disease; the borders were closed in places. Perhaps that's the reason they want to go this coming summer; people always want to go where they can't, or couldn't go last time.

"There will be a large increase in travel to Zion National Park in the next few years, because people are learning that that is real back country, which is what they are after. It's different. The truth is that more and more people want to see the unusual. We get so many requests from travelers who want to leave the main road while driving across country, either for hunting trips or else to see points of interest, that we were obliged recently to keep a party of our field men for four months in the Indian country north of Flagstaff, Arizona, studying and mapping it.

"We issue not merely road maps, but special maps that show all the available hunting, fishing and camping locations. With many people the greatest pleasure in making these trips is in the planning. They want to know, down to the minutest detail, exactly what they are going to see. So many people are disappointed when they get to a place that we find it advisable not only to hand them a bunch of illustrated

(Continued on Page 74)

5 records in 6 weeks!



Mt. Wilson!

A stock Cleveland Six made this famous 9½ mile California climb in 24 minutes 47.04 seconds—reducing the previous record by more than a minute and capturing the coveted Los Angeles Evening Express Trophy.

and Mt. Diablo!

A second new power and performance record was hung up when a stock Cleveland Six hurtled to the top of Mt. Diablo—covering the tortuous 11.6 mile roadway in 22 minutes 36 3-5 seconds.

and Mt. Baldy!

With gears locked in high, a stock Cleveland Six reached the summit of Mt. Baldy in 14 minutes 31 3-5 seconds. By this unexampled feat of high gear power and flexibility, more than 2 minutes were slashed from the existing record and the Pomona (Cal.) Bulletin Trophy was won.

and Frisco to Portland Run!

Driven through blinding storms, a Cleveland Six sedan traveled between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, in 21 hours and 29 minutes. This new road record lowered by more than 4 hours the schedule of the crack Shasta Limited, famous Pacific Coast flyer between these cities.

and 1000 Miles in 848 Minutes!

On the Culver City (Cal.) Speedway a stock Cleveland Six averaged over 70 miles an hour for 14 continuous hours without mechanical adjustments or even tire trouble. Never has any stock car given a more brilliant exhibition of speed and ability to withstand terrific punishment.

BY establishing five sensational new performance records in six weeks, the Cleveland Six demonstrated qualities of power, speed, stamina and roadability that have no parallel in motordom today!

Each in itself a feat of heroic proportions, the five records as a group constitute the most impressive proof of engineering and manufacturing greatness hitherto presented to the motoring public!

New Coach Premier $1295

f. o. b. Cleveland

Body by Fisher

Now this unexampled performance and the inspired engineering and manufacturing that make it possible are obtainable in a new low-priced closed car—the Coach Premier. Combining brilliant beauty, extraordinary roominess, and unusual provisions for comfort and convenience, it is a coach by which all other coaches must be judged. Drive it once and you cannot help but agree.

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City Cable Address, "Clevauto"

CLEVELAND SIX

(Continued from Page 72)

literature beforehand but to persuade them to look, before they start, at our big office photograph albums containing pictures of every possible scenic attraction.

"Mexico has great outdoor possibilities, but lacks roads, hotels and garages. Yet we have untold requests for maps from people who would like to drive all the way through to Mexico City. We even had a request for a map from a man who wanted to drive through to Panama. Our understanding is that the only way to drive to Mexico City is to hire a gang of peons to build road as you go along, over or around high rocks, and also rafts to cross the streams.

"In this way you can make about eight or ten miles a day. It has been done.

"The demand for out-of-the-way places is so great that we have had a field party study the country for two hundred and twenty-five miles below Ensenada in the state of Lower California. The eagerness with which people look forward to making trips is shown by the fact that quite early in 1924 we had a request from a man in Vancouver for road information to New York City, explaining that he intended to make the trip in 1926."

A vivid illustration of how the automobile is taking people to strange and beautiful places is afforded by the recent trip of a Mormon bishop and his wife, who took twenty-two young girls, most of whom had never seen a railroad, from their home in a remote section of Southern Utah, nearly seven hundred miles to the Yellowstone.

These are only incidents and side lights but they show plainly enough the extent of the exodus, the break into the open. Who can say what such a folk movement will become when the mileage of motor roads has trebled and the machines themselves have grown into scores of millions? In any case we know that the problems confronting the country would have been far more serious if the automobile had come after instead of before the complete disappearance of our wild-life heritage.

A Permanent Producer

Fortunately the automobile came before instead of after the processes of devastation, erosion and pollution had been completed. It has come at a time when the adherents of leaving a few resources to future generations are almost if not quite as strong as those who believe in using up everything right now.

We have begun to regulate, in the interest of the nation, lumbering and grazing, to protect watersheds and to fight forest fires. Today quite a few persons realize that scenic attractions are one commodity that remains unimpaired even after it has been bought and paid for, that no revenue producer is quite so lasting.

But we have paused too late in the process of laying waste the resources of Nature ever to restore the former freedom of outdoor life, which has been for so long one of the most valued privileges of the American citizen. To a large extent the pleasures and privileges of the outdoors have gone never to return.

Twenty or thirty years ago if an occasional horseman or an enthusiastic party in a mountain wagon toiled far up the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas to the Giant Forest, to see the largest living thing on earth, the General Sherman Tree, no harm was done if a piece of bark was chipped off for a souvenir or a camp made in its generous shade.

Capt. James Parker, of the Fourth Cavalry, then the acting superintendent of the Sequoia National Park, reported as of August 26, 1893, that up to that date only two parties of visitors had entered the Giant Forest that season. Roads were very bad and the place inaccessible. Roads are still bad and the location has not changed, but ten thousand automobiles made the trip in the summer of 1923, a gain of nearly 2000 for the season, and most of them went as close to the base of the General Sherman Tree as possible.

The Lost Freedom of the Open

Obviously an occasional horseman or buggyload could take liberties with Nature that the occupants of ten thousand cars cannot and will never again be permitted to take. Obviously there must be still fewer privileges when in a couple of years from now a modern, broad, hard-surfaced highway leads direct from the valley cities right into the Giant Forest.

In other words, the transition from the horse and buggy to the motor era, together with the increase in population and the demolition of so large a portion of wild-life heritage, means inevitably an increasing restriction and regulation of life in the open. Just suddenly it has become apparent that few if any places remain where man can go and do as he pleases. True, there are spots of wilderness left, but the core, the margin, the ring about them have gone; and gone with them is the freedom of the open.

We may realize keenly today the preciousness of these possessions, the freedom of shores and streams once open to all and so common as to go unheeded. But the fact remains that the pleasures of outdoor life as enjoyed in the past will be narrowed increasingly for coming generations, with a consequent loss, as Doctor Merriam recently said, in the fundamental qualities of our citizens. For these possessions, as he points out, have been of "inestimable value in relation to the finer and higher qualities in the life of the people, and to the possibility of real freedom.

"As at no other time in its history, the whole country is today moving to secure, and to set aside for use of the public, such areas as are needed for outdoor life. Cities are purchasing properties of great value to be turned into meadows and woods, the Federal Government through its national parks and the great area of national forests is providing opportunities for future generations. In time the states will obtain an aggregate of land designed specifically for these purposes even greater than that set

(Continued on Page 77)

Kings River Canyon

When Spring Comes—it is a glorious open car again

ALL the keen delight of open-car motoring, when days grow warm again, is yours in this remarkable new-type car.

But now, in storm and cold, you must have protection. That, too, is yours in the Studebaker Duplex-Phaeton. For it *combines* open and closed car advantages, plus the alert performance of the open car *all the time.* And at open-car price.

It is an entirely new principle—created and offered only by Studebaker.

In the Duplex simply lower the roller enclosures and in 30 seconds or less you have the snug comfort of an enclosed car. Or, with equal ease you have an open car again.

The Duplex body is obtainable on the three Studebaker chassis—Standard Six, Special Six and Big Six. Its all-year utility is thus added to the fine car performance of these world famous chassis.

In design and finish there is new beauty; steering mechanism, fenders and body lines especially designed for full-sized balloon tires; automatic spark control; lighting switch at your finger tips on the steering wheel; genuine Spanish leather upholstery; new ease of operation; velvet clutch action; plus finish and fittings of the very finest quality.

You have never seen a car like this before; never a value to compare with it. At the Studebaker showroom it is ready now, for your inspection.

There are fifteen new Studebakers ranging in price from $1125 to $2650, f. o. b. factory. Among them is one car that will exactly suit your needs. *This Is a Studebaker Year.*

STUDEBAKER

Duplex

U.S. Royal Cords

THE makers of Royal Cords present these facts and ask you to consider where you can reasonably expect to find more tire service for your money.

1. Construction

Royal Cords are built of the new Sprayed Rubber and Latex-treated Web Cord by the Flat Band Method.

These three major improvements in tire making, developed, patented and owned by the United States Rubber Company, have added materially to the uniform quality and service of these famous tires.

2. Resources

The rubber plantations and fabric mills of this Company provide an economic supply of raw materials. Strategically located factories and branches cut the cost of manufacture and distribution.

3. Quantity production and fresh stock

The confidence of both dealers and car owners in Royal Cords insures a constant demand and ready sale.

United States Rubber Company

(Continued from Page 74)

aside by the National Government. But with all that is being done we may not forget that the privileges of the coming years will be less than those of today."

But there is nothing gained by crying over spilt milk, even if we must recognize that the demand for outdoor opportunities is becoming most insistent when their destruction is greatest. Steps for the preservation of wild places must go hand in hand with efforts to make them more accessible.

What really emerges is a great new social problem—the handling of crowds outdoors under modern conditions. Nor is it a problem solely of any one government department or section of the country. At times there has been opposition to the inclusion of scenic mountain areas in national parks rather than in national forests, on the ground that the public prefers the forests because of fewer restrictions there.

But if the widespread forest fires of the summer of 1924, together with the annual increase in motor travel in the forests, mean anything, there will be a constantly tightening system of regulation in these public areas. To assume that the hordes who visit the national forests each summer can, without careful regulation, be prevented from spreading destruction far and wide is absurd.

At a recent official government investigation of the destructive forest fires in the summer of 1924 in one of the Western states, a representative of the largest chamber of commerce in the state seriously suggested that soldiers be used for patrol duty because of their ability to impress upon the traveling public the necessity of greater care with fire. Civic organizations also suggested that a fee of one dollar be charged in the national forests to light a fire, or that fires be permitted only in regular camp grounds.

Talk about handwriting on the wall! Belshazzar had nothing on the careless, penniless tin-can tourist. The district forester of one of the most heavily timbered areas in the West made this statement to the writer:

"We can't keep tourists out of the national forests even if we wanted to. They are coming by the million, mostly in the summer when fire hazards are the greatest. We had twenty-two hundred fires in my district this summer, and one-half of them were man-made. Not all were caused by tourists, of course, some being due to industrial users, lumbering companies, and the like. But the fire risk from itinerant travel must be recognized."

Sanitary Problems

"Then there is the big problem of sanitation in these mountains. To handle it at all properly we need in this district four hundred camps with adequate sanitary facilities. We have funds for only ninety. The public simply cannot be handled without funds for fire protection and camp facilities. It takes money."

Shocking as it may seem, the fact is that the outdoor problem is more and more revolving around such matters as sewage disposal, garbage incinerators, uncontaminated water supply, telephone lines, traffic and police regulation, road building, hospitalization and postal facilities. With twelve thousand visitors concentrated in one square mile on the narrow floor of the Yosemite and from twelve to fifteen hundred motorists in one camp in the Yellowstone, the problems are those of cities.

In both these national parks it is necessary for a United States marshal to hold court during the summer months, mostly to try cases of speeding and reckless driving. Next to the court room in the new Yosemite administration building is the telephone exchange, where as many as seventy-five thousand calls a month are received. Two clerks handle the mail in winter, but twenty-five or thirty are required in the summer. One of the most crying wants is for a new hospital, it being necessary at present to put patients in tents and on the porch of the existing structure.

One of the most sparsely settled portions of the West is Arizona. The mountains there seem, if anything, more vacant than the desert. Yet one of the local Forest Service officials recently announced that he would coöperate with the state chemist and pure-food commissioner in demanding next summer more sanitary conditions in the numerous and well-populated auto camps which have grown up in the mountains.

These prosaic details are of no importance except as they serve to emphasize the extraordinary difficulty and complexity of the modern outdoor problem. It becomes still more puzzling when one stops to consider whether the average tourist really cares much about Nature and the outdoors, even though he or she does head for the scenic and recreational areas when vacation time comes around.

It is a question, in other words, whether the majority of people do not go into the most magnificent scenic regions merely to get what they could get just as well at home—that is, they seem to want to go where the crowds are, and for precisely the same amusements that may be had in any place where crowds are to be found.

It will be recalled by those who have visited the Grand Cañon that the main automobile camp ground is a short distance behind the railroad station at El Tovar. There is no view whatever from this camp ground. A few miles away, however, directly on the rim, there is another camp place, with a superb panorama of the cañon itself, excellent sunset views, tall pines and sufficient water. A few years ago during a railroad strike El Tovar was short of water, because it is supplied by tank cars which are hauled in each day a distance of eighty miles or more. Efforts made by rangers to induce any considerable shift to the smaller and more distant camp ground were unavailing, the majority preferring to remain where they thought the bunch would be, water or no water. Now and then when a party is persuaded to go to the smaller camp, inquiry is usually made of the resident ranger upon arrival as to where the people are. "This is all there will be tonight," he replies. Whereupon they strike camp, pack up all over again and trek back to the crowd, view or no view.

The Lure of the Crowd

Congestion of population on the floor of Yosemite Valley in the summer months has become one of the main regrets of those particularly interested in outdoor recreation. Tourists arriving there in the summer often register the same complaint, and if they take the trouble to make inquiries they are told of the large and almost virgin areas of the park outside the valley, and of other similar Sierra cañons, like Kings and Kern, as primitive today as Yosemite was fifty years ago.

But even if the dissatisfied tourist follows directions, he is back again in no time, hiving with the multitude once more. A resident of Yosemite made this statement:

"I call your attention to the hotel at Glacier Point, which is one of the best hotels, has one of the finest views of any place in the Sierras. I do not know of anyone in the last two years who has stayed more than one night at this hotel. It is rarely if ever filled. I do not think that you would be far wrong in assuming that the people who come here are all automobile tourists, merely stopping en route in Yosemite Valley, where they will remain some little time, and in the valley itself will get dancing, music and entertainment, which they cannot get at Glacier Point. The average guest stay at Yosemite Lodge—on the valley floor—is four and a quarter days, and many people remain a month. Only once in four years has anyone remained as much as a week at Glacier Point. This proves conclusively, I think, that the majority of people want a crowd."

The superintendent of a national park who has in charge one of Nature's most majestic wonders, the sort of spectacle before which the human spirit must ever feel humbled, told me that in his opinion the people who gather in the park camp grounds actually have more social life there than they do at home. Perhaps, indeed, that is why they travel, rather than to see the wonders or to recreate themselves at Nature's shrine.

Certainly those who look upon the Creator's grandest handiwork only in the light of material for power developments, cattle grazing and lumber crops have a powerful argument ready at hand in the human nature of the tourist. There is at least a caustic half truth in the bitter complaint of the cowmen, forbidden to graze their herds in Yosemite, when they say that 95 per cent of the tourists visit only a tiny area and that the Government maintains the remainder of the six hundred thousand acres for a few hundred highbrows.

There are striking exceptions here and there, but as a general statement it may be

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and author of "The Illiterate Digest," America's biggest selling book. More coming. Watch for them.

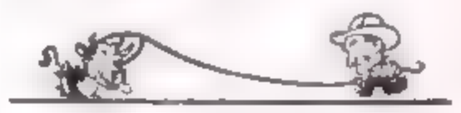
LOOKING at this Bull's picture here just reminds me of the Cattle Business of which I am still in, in a small way.

Stock on the Exchange in Wall Street was never higher, Stock on a Ranch was never lower.

If a Cattleman sold a Steer and they would let him weigh all the mortgages that was on the Steer with him, he would weigh 50 pounds heavier.

One Tenderloin Steak at a hotel brings more than a Steer.

A quart of milk brings more than the Cow.



A Texas Long Horn brings $20 and one pair of Horn-rimmed glasses $25.

A calf sells for $10 and its brains sell for $20.

The hide of a Cow brings $1 and one pair of shoes $18.

Two sacks of 'Bull' Durham is worth more than the Bull.

The only way to be in the Cattle business, is just with a Picture of one.

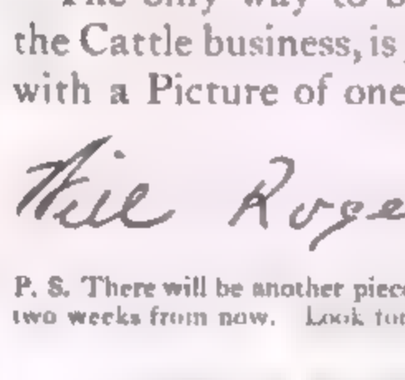
Will Rogers

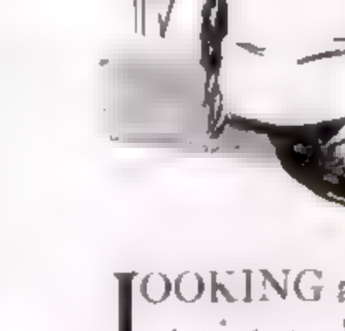
P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents





BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

safely said that 10 per cent is a fairly large average of the visitors to the great scenic areas who show any real disposition either to ride a horse or to walk upon their own legs; who, in other words, desire to leave the beaten track of the automobile road.

Prof. H. H. Chapman, of the Yale Forest School, recently stated that the long conflict between those who advocate the forest as a park or for recreation and those who look upon it solely as a source of timber has been unnecessary. Both sides can be satisfied by a screening of trees along the main traveled roads, for, he says, "the reconciliation lies in land classification, and the key to its solution lies in an understanding of the habits of recreation seekers and their resultant behavior in relation to forest areas.

"Such persons fall into two classes—true woodsmen on the one hand, and on the other, lovers of the woods who are not necessarily woodsmen. To the latter class belong by far the greater per cent of all vacationists. They derive no pleasure in scrambling through a trackless wilderness, no matter how well forested. They prefer the beaten path, the automobile road, the lake shore or stream, or the well-constructed trail; and to these restricted routes they will confine their travels. What they can see of the forest is encompassed by the distance to which the eye can penetrate the screen of trees along the routes laid out for their convenience."

There are a few of the national parks, especially Glacier, in which horseback riding and hiking have assumed large proportions. But there is absolutely no escape from the fact that, on the whole, visitors pour into the outstanding scenic areas in proportion to the development of what might be called modern conveniences. As Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks, says in a recent report: "The finest scenery, without adequate accommodations, is never as popular or receives so large a travel as scenery of lesser quality with good accommodations."

Is it not inevitable that our outstanding scenic and mountain areas will resemble Switzerland more, and the American wilderness less, as time goes on? Under the influence of the automobile the modern tourist wants to see new features, he wants suitable accomodations while seeing them, and facilities to rush off the moment he has seen them. "Where do we go from here?" says many a motorist each morning.

The writer does not speak from guesswork or opinion, but from documentary evidence when he says that it has been found most difficult to keep the tourist more than a day or two in Nature's choicest spots, unless dancing, theaters, tennis courts, swimming pools and similar attractions are provided. It is a very grave question whether natural features, even the grandest in the gift of the Creator, are sufficient to induce a stay long enough to produce financial returns to operators commensurate with the investment necessary to provide the hotels and other conveniences which large crowds require.

Home Comforts Versus Scenery

"Our experience has shown," says one operator, "that if you supply people with good roads, leading them to a comfortable hotel where they can secure good service, great numbers will come and appreciate not only the comforts but the scenery, but if you try to entice them into the mountains over trails, either walking or on horseback, only very, very few will take advantage of the scenic attractions."

When hundreds of thousands instead of a few thousand tourists visit a spot, the rather trivial if important commonplaces of life seem to dominate the situation, no matter how awe-inspiring the scenery. A few years ago an elderly female burst uninvited into the private quarters of the wife of the superintendent of the Grand Cañon National Park and exclaimed to the astonished lady, to whom, of course, she was an entire stranger: "I've been down to the park headquarters, but I don't trust that young man there. What I want is a perfectly respectable, medium-priced boarding house."

It would probably be useless to explain to such a person that she would be perfectly safe, as well as respectable, at either of the only two hotels within nearly a hundred miles, or that mountain lions are much more numerous on both the north and the south rims than medium or any other priced boarding houses.

With the enormous increase in travel, so largely due to the automobile, no one has any right to expect of the average tourist an intimate familiarity with or all-absorbing love for Nature. Millions of people cannot be dumped suddenly into the open with the best results, without a long preparatory educational process. It is not a new saying that "eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not."

"Is this all there is to see?" inquires the unseeing visitor after viewing two or three big trees in the Giant Forest of the Sequoias or after gazing for a few minutes at the Grand Cañon.

In the last few years a ranger and his wife have been stationed during the winter months in the Giant Forest. Although usually inaccessible, because of deep snow, to automobile travel, an increasing number of parties of college and high-school boys and girls make the trip on foot from the great valley far below. The ranger and his wife are busy from morning to night with innumerable duties, and in the evening in their snug little cabin are able to make up some of the reading they have yearned to do in years past.

They live their days in a bracing, wholesome atmosphere, close to the highest and noblest peaks of the Sierras, and under the very shadows of the most nearly immortal of living things. Yet tourists call upon them solely for the purpose of gazing upon such strange and curious creatures. "We heard that you live here all winter," say the visitors, staring at them in wonder, "and we wanted to see you."

It is a common experience of both forest and park rangers to be told by tourists "It would do you good to go to the city," although the ranger may have lived in more and larger cities than the tourist ever saw and be a world-traveled university graduate as well.

Things Worth Seeing

The immense increase in travel brings with it not only its proportion of mere lack of appreciation of Nature, of mere shallowness, but likewise its share of ignorance, thoughtlessness and vandalism. There are those who maintain that the tourist is responding rapidly to education along these lines, yet the littered condition of roadsides and camp sites the country over, as well as the increase in forest fires, does not argue a very rapid change. For the welfare of others the motor traveler should no longer regard himself as the only person in the open; yet far too often that is his very attitude and behavior.

In one of the most remote portions of a national forest in Arizona I have seen the riddled remains of what was once a Forest Service sign pointing the way to a distant water hole, a sign which might well have saved the life of a traveler in that dry country. A jail sentence is too merciful for the moron who shot up that sign.

Yet while actual vandalism should always be punished, the great crowds which pour into the national forests and parks must not and cannot be looked upon as interlopers. If to the multitudes who now spread out over the face of Nature in the summer months the great drama of the outdoors is being played in a foreign tongue, it is the rare opportunity as well as the duty of educational and governmental forces to teach this language to them.

In the last few years there has been a rapid development of the nature guide and educational work in the national parks, which are in their very essence museums of outdoor America. Perhaps the day will come when the visitor will ask the resident naturalist where to go and what to see, instead of inquiring for the nearest vaudeville or dancing pavilion. To the extent that this condition prevails, so much easier will become the problem of preventing the national parks from degenerating into ordinary mountain resorts with road-house attractions.

But the mere existence of natural wonders is not enough. The multitudes will not educate themselves. Organized suggestion and tuition are required. Lectures, informal talks, short nature-study trips, and museums so located and managed that the visitor is persuaded to make them the center of much of his information seeking, are being installed to meet this pressing need. A free illustrated nature lecture built around the wonders of the park, given to the visitors after the evening meal, when the prevailing mood is easy and receptive, is almost certain to be well attended.

Public funds for these purposes are pitifully small, and private benevolence is just beginning to see the extent of the educational opportunity. As time goes on, the national parks should be the scene of great nature Chautauquas, regular summer sessions in many branches of useful knowledge. Indeed, it has been suggested by a leading authority on forestry that if outdoor travel continues to increase, the national forests as well as the national parks will be obliged to employ scientific and educational forces in addition to their executive staffs.

The movement in the parks will go hand in hand, no doubt, with the natural-history-museum movement throughout the country, which aims to make such museums just as numerous as public libraries.

Practically all the national parks have distinctive qualifications for natural-history museums. All are wild-life sanctuaries for the flora and fauna of the region, other than predatory animals. Trees are not felled, nor animals killed. The sight of deer, grazing peacefully and unafraid by the roadside, will become more and more delightful as population and traffic increase.

Nearly all the parks have outstanding geological features, and a few, like Grand Cañon and Mesa Verde, are eminently suited for archaeological or Indian exhibits as well. Indian forest and other outdoor plays and pageants, suggested by the history or the natural features of the region, are almost certain to be gradually substituted, under a wise management, for the cheap hurdy-gurdy amusements of a beach resort. There is such a thing as catering to higher as well as to lower tastes.

Many times those who see clearly what wild-life values mean to the present and future generations have pointed out, as the late Emerson Hough said, that "when we develop a wilderness it ceases to be a wilderness." It is a complex problem to attract vast numbers of people to such areas, to provide for their convenience and to make all parts accessible, without at the same time destroying the very characteristics and values which in the first place singled out the area for special attention.

There is only one solution, broadly speaking. The national policy toward scenery and outdoor recreation must provide for many tastes and degrees of nature appreciation. One man's meat is another's poison; not all nice people want quiet and seclusion, while many abhor being in the current. There is the soft-cushion tourist and there is the pack-train tourist, and both classes have a right to exist.

The Wants of the Hikers

The rising and the setting of the sun are no more certain, in the opinion of the writer, than the continued development of automobile roads, even in national forests and parks. On the other hand, any national outdoor policy that does not encourage people to get into back country, where no automobile road exists, and does not reserve great areas accessible only to the horseman and the pedestrian, would be incredibly shortsighted.

For in the expanding numbers who seek the outdoors there is a big minority as well as majority. The traveler who gives the masterpieces of the Creator a casual once-over and then becomes intensely interested in his next day's mileage may be in the majority. Yet in one of the national parks where summer population is most congested and given over to jazz amusements, between seven and eight hundred lunches are put up for hikers in a single day by one of the hotel-camp utilities.

The building of little camps, with simple accommodations, in the more remote and scenically spectacular portions of several of the national parks, in the last few years, is sure to result in larger numbers leaving the beaten track. They are few in comparison with the majority, but they form a powerful leaven, from which spreads an envious desire on the part of many friends and acquaintances to hike and pack and camp in the high remote places.

As the rising tide of population continues to pour over the improved roads in search of the open spaces, the necessity of spreading people out over all the available recreational areas will grow more pressing. This is not sentiment or opinion, but the cold calculation of traffic, sanitary and other branches of engineering. It is most fortunate, then, that the larger scenic mountain areas, containing the more outstanding natural beauties or features, whether already included in the park system or merely proposed for inclusion, should be of practically no other use, either agricultural or industrial.

Perhaps the largest and most logical proposed extension to the national park system, and the one most likely to go through eventually, is the enlargement of the Sequoia National Park, long ago suggested by John Muir. To the groves of big trees constituting the present park, others will be added, and also an extended adjoining area of the rugged mountain country of the Sierra Nevadas themselves, including Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the country outside of Alaska, and also several other ranges of lofty peaks, the entire preserve to be known in all probability as the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park.

This whole area is at a lofty altitude, buried most of the winter under a blanket of snow so deep that only rarely can an intruder penetrate its spacious and majestic isolation. Within the extensive region proposed for park enlargement there is not, as far as known, a single human habitation. It can be used readily enough in the summer months as a great camping-out place, as a vacation land on the grandest possible scale. But it has no other important practical uses, either in winter or in summer.

Here is a region patently out of the question for agriculture or industry; with admittedly slight value for grazing and uneconomic for water-power sites; with forests either too inaccessible to be of commercial use or whose value is infinitely greater as a sponge to protect one of the most essential watersheds in the country. It is a region whose economic value lies in what the people of the whole country can get out of it in the way of enjoyment, health and spiritual refreshment.

The Uses of Standing Timber

To a peculiar extent California is a state which prospers from attracting visitors who come first to enjoy its open spaces and then perhaps decide to remain. The tourist is said to have left nearly three hundred million dollars in the state in 1923, and the direct loss in 1924 from drought, forest fires and hoof-and-mouth disease was small in comparison with the loss that came from the consequent failure of the tourist business to register as large an annual increase as would otherwise have been the case.

As the terminus of several of the transcontinental railroads and motor highways California is inevitably the objective and turn-around place of many tourists, yet the extent and grandeur of its higher mountains are surprisingly little known, comparatively speaking, to either its residents or its visitors.

For thirty or forty years arguments for and against the preservation of adequate and suitable recreational areas have centered more about the proposed enlargement of the Sequoia National Park possibly than any other similar project. Practically all the specific objections have faded away as time has passed, but there is always a school of thought which looks with abhorrence upon any restriction in the freedom of development, even though there be no adequate economic or commercial excuse. According to this school of thought resources should never be tied up from the possibility of immediate development, useless and unprofitable as these attempts so often prove to be.

It is curious what a shortsighted view people often take, even of their own selfish interests. At first glance it may be said that everything is made to use, that a tree in the forest is put to better service when cut down and made into a dining-room chair or fence post than when allowed to stand until it rots. Yet such an attitude shows a profound ignorance of the nature of the earth upon which we live, not to mention the fact that in the case of a giant sequoia it takes a thousand years or more for it to rot at all.

Forests have three major uses: To provide crops of timber, to conserve water, and for recreational values and wild-life conservation. Certainly in California the second use is fully as important, if not more so than the first. California's very existence depends upon retaining upon its rocky and precipitous Sierras a sufficient sponge of trees, shrubs, brush and grass to hold the melting snow. For there is no water for agricultural purposes in most of California except what gathers in the winter upon its great mountain backbone. California's high-priced land, validated only by big

(Continued on Page 83)

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That New WILLYS KNIGHT

With an engine you'll never wear out

A Revelation in Smoothness!

The performance of this new Willys-Knight literally startles the man who has been used to driving poppet-valve cars. Instead of hearing the workings of tappets, cams, pushrods and clicking valve-springs, he hears nothing but the faint whisper of a wonderfully balanced mechanism—a power-plant almost incredibly smooth and quiet. And when he touches the accelerator there is an instantaneous surge of power—a spurt of speed—an alacrity that makes the performance of many other cars seem slow and sleepy!

If it were not for the protection of patents, imposing the payment of royalties, there would be many other motor car manufacturers using the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve type of engine—for every mechanical engineer in the world knows the complete superiority of *sleeve*-valves over everyday *poppet*-valves for power, smoothness and long life.

Keeps Its Youth

Here is a car with an engine that is still going strong long after poppet-valve engines of the same age have weakened. Its spontaneous aliveness stays by the Willys-Knight year after year. Due to the very nature of its design, this engine wears *in* as other engines wear *out*. For it is free from the things that shorten the life of a poppet-valve engine.

The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has no carbon troubles. It *never* needs valve-grinding. All moving parts in this engine *slide* or *rotate*—with none of the concussion of metal pounding on metal as in poppet-valve engines. That's why the Willys-Knight engine is so quiet—and so smooth. That's why you'll never wear it out!

No Vibration

You can drive the new Willys-Knight at all speeds—from just loafing along in traffic to streaking down a wide-open road—without feeling a tremor of engine vibration! By securing the United States rights to the celebrated new Lanchester Balancer, Willys-Knight introduces in this country the actual achievement of *vibrationless* engine-running.

Its smoothness is a surprise, a revelation of what motoring smoothness ought to be: "I have never ridden in a car with a quieter, smoother engine," says Dr. Lee de Forest, the "father" of radio. And with the same enthusiasm Glenn Curtiss, the famous aeroplane inventor; Hiram P. Maxim, President of the Maxim Silencer Company; Franklin D. Roosevelt, formerly Secretary of the Navy, and dozens of other prominent men have voiced high praise of Willys-Knight performance.

Astonishing Economy

Willys-Knight owners will tell you they never knew any other car that would even approach a Willys-Knight in economy of upkeep. It is common experience for owners to drive 30,000, 40,000 and 50,000 miles without spending a dollar for engine repairs.

And there is economy in the great length of time you can keep a Willys-Knight. It costs a lot of money trading and changing cars every 10,000 or 20,000 miles, hence it saves a lot of money to own a Willys-Knight for you can keep a Willys-Knight four, five, six years and more.

The design of the body lines, the luxury of coachwork and the beauty of finish give the new Willys-Knight a distinction in appearance that is entirely in keeping with this car's very definite mechanical superiority. A great car—a great investment—and naturally a great favorite!

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"Doll up and let's see a Paramount Picture!"

Kitchens are places to quit after supper.

Tonight's the night, so let the dish pan go!

Take hat and powder puff, and man on arm, and go where the lights paint P-a-r-a-m-o-u-n-t against the sky.

There's a thrilling show to be seen, made and backed by the greatest entertainment organization ever known.

See it and share it and make the night mean life, because tomorrow's another day and the dish pan won't run away!

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With BEBE DANIELS, Ricardo Cortez. From the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by John Russell. Scenario by Gerald Duffy.

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With Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Von Eltz and Robert Edeson. Written and adapted by Clara Beranger.

REX BEACH'S
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel "Rope's End." Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

(Continued from Page 78)

money crops, might as well be abandoned by a fast-growing population if the Sierra snows should fail.

Testifying before the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives a few years ago, the general manager of one of the largest lumber companies now operating in these mountains stated that "timber in the Sierras is often of far greater value standing, to retain the snow, than logged."

The most munificent gift which any government or private philanthropists could present to the people of California, and especially to the scores of thousands of not always successful irrigationists in its great valleys, is to allow some of the forests in the mountains to stand. The brush up to fifty-five hundred feet, and the timber from that point to ten or eleven thousand feet, both hold back the snow from melting too fast in the spring, and thus prevent floods and maintain the essential steadiness of flow.

No great population can continue to live in the coastal and valley regions of California unless the mountain column is protected and literally locked up against an after-me-comes-the-deluge type of development. In the seventies, eighties and early nineties these mountains suffered irreparable damage from vast numbers of sheep, which crossed and recrossed at will. In the early nineties it is said that as many as half a million sheep grazed in the Kings and Kern river valleys. Capt. George H. G. Gale, of the Fourth Cavalry, who patrolled a portion of that region, reported as of August 31, 1896: "It is useless to attempt to describe this country after it has been grazed by sheep; one can only realize it after he has seen it."

The Inroads of Sheep

It must be remembered that in the early days of the Forest Service, and when the national parks were patrolled by troops during a few months of the summer only, before the establishment of the Park Service, there was nearly always warfare between sheep and cattle men and the Government. In the government files are to be found endless reports from army officers, speaking of "open and shameless defiance of the law" in the over-sheeping of the region.

In the Spanish-American war year of 1898 regular military patrols were suspended, and in one large area there was no regulation until September fourth, when a detachment of Utah Volunteer Cavalry entered, only to find that two hundred thousand sheep had roamed at will, that many forest fires had been started, and that hunters had killed off most of the game.

In more recent years the Forest Service has gradually reduced grazing in the area in question, and about five years ago decided after a careful inspection to withdraw all sheep. There are possible water-power sites, but they have been described by Col. William B. Greeley, chief of the Forest Service, as "largely hypothetical and speculative." Their value lies only in the undetermined future, and then apparently merely as a club over the heads of the large power companies, if held by municipalities or farmers' organizations. The power companies themselves do not want the sites, regarding them as uneconomic.

If there are any Nature lovers so extreme as to advocate the locking up of the entire Sierra country in a national park, there is no danger of their being heeded, because Congress will not appropriate the funds to patrol excessively large recreational areas adequately. The national forests, which are open to timbering, power sites and grazing, are about twenty times the present national park area in size; and total public lands, aside from parks, are between forty and fifty times the park area, a ratio which will be only fractionally altered by the enlarged Sequoia Park.

Several years ago the Forest Service, which at present has jurisdiction over the proposed addition, agreed that in accordance with national land policy this area should become a portion of the park system. This policy, as stated by Colonel Greeley, is "that where scenic and recreational values have outstanding significance, outstanding importance, they should be permanently protected and segregated from commercial use through the establishment of a national park."

As the development of the West goes on, added Colonel Greeley, "it will become a rather fine question whether in any given area the value of the commercial resources, timber, forage, power and minerals, is greater or less than as a playground or for its beauty and grandeur. But the question . . . should be frankly faced and settled. If the area is to be a national park its recreational and scenic features should be absolutely protected, so that they cannot be broken into. . . .

"The area as outlined in the bill [for enlargement of the Sequoia Park] represents the outstanding region not only in the Sierra Nevadas of California but in the entire backbone extending through the Cascade region of Oregon and Washington that justifies an additional national park."

Colonel Greeley added that the proposed enlargement would build the Sequoia Park up to one of truly national proportions, like Yellowstone and Yosemite. He said the area had long been fixed in his mind for such purposes because of the combination of territory involved, all the country, with the exception possibly of a few cañon bottoms, being above five thousand feet in elevation, "ten peaks, with an elevation in excess of fourteen thousand feet, three of the outstanding cañons of the West—the Tehipite, on one fork of Kings River, the South Fork of Kings River, and the Kern River Cañon—combined with a wonderful region of lakes and Alpine forest."

The late Franklin K. Lane, when advocating, as Secretary of the Interior, the same extension, said "the generation is not far distant which will need two Yosemites. There is a peculiar fitness in adding to the distinction of the Sequoia forest of giant trees the further distinction of this colossal massing of mountains and of these extra cañons. To unite them is to complete a whole, to create a national park in the superlative degree."

The Mountains of Light

"Probably nothing would fit in more with the character of the man—Theodore Roosevelt—than to take these high rugged mountains of the Far West and name them after him."

The proposed extension lies east and north of the present Sequoia Park, from which it is reached by trails, and comprises a considerable portion of that vast mountain wilderness that stretches several hundred miles between the Yosemite and the big trees of Sequoia. Certain of these ranges were long ago described by John Muir as the "mountains of light." Prior to the early nineties practically nothing was known of this region, although in 1891 Muir spoke of the Kings River Cañon as being a rival of Yosemite.

The mountaineering clubs which visit this area are large and enthusiastic, yet so great is its extent that many peaks and even passes are rarely climbed. The higher portions must be reached from the cañons as a base. Eastward from the very crest of the Sierras the country descends in superbly tumbled slopes, merging below the timber line into innumerable lake-studded valleys which converge in great glacial cañons. In two of these cañons the walls are sheer and often run a mile high. Both valleys are guarded, like Yosemite, by gigantic rock domes, Gibraltar failing by several hundred feet to rise half as high as Tehipite Dome.

One of the most striking features of the Sierra forest which impresses the visitor is the broad belts into which the forest is divided, in accordance with elevation. Perhaps even more than in other mountain ranges altitude governs all life and being. But whether one is in the luxuriance of the Giant Forest or in the Andes-Himalaya-like grandeur of the timberless gray granite country, above the eleven-thousand-foot line, the prevailing impression is one of a tranquillity that strikes into the very soul of man, and passes description if not understanding.

Because of a temporarily light snowfall the writer was able to pass with ease through the Giant Forest even in the early winter season. The few inches of snow under the horse's hoofs only accentuated the majestic solitude that seemed so fitting to these oldest and most dignified of all living beings, these predecessors of Christ and contemporaries of Homer.

The Oldest Living Creatures

George W. Stewart, of Visalia, California, who some forty years ago drew up the original plan to save these ancients of days from destruction, together with two rangers and myself, was the only human being traversing the region on that winter day. Mr. Stewart seemed to know each of the thousands of trees, pointing out, as one would the wounds of a friend, the only hurt from which these most nearly indestructible of living beings suffer.

John Muir long ago called attention to the fact that the giant sequoias have no absolute limit of existence, because their death is due solely to accident, not, as of animals and plant life generally, to the wearing out of organs. They do not suffer from any disease, and their wood, roots, bark, buds and leaves are renewed year after year.

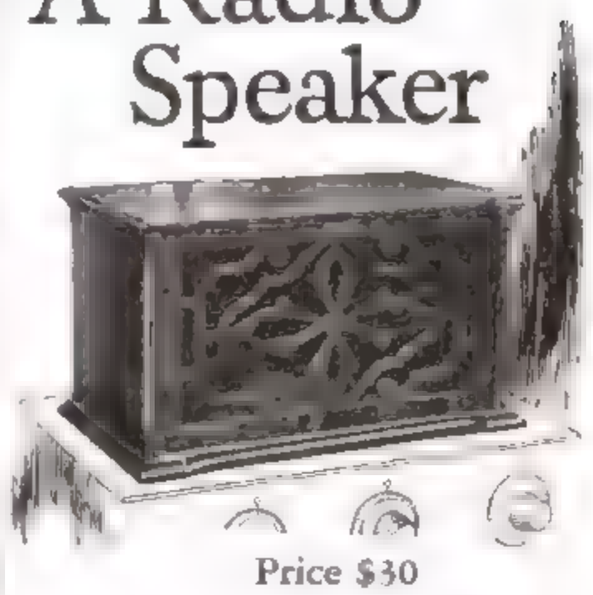
They are never ill. Only dynamite, an unusually severe hurricane, a tremendous lightning stroke or a fire of the most appalling dimensions can down them.

Nearly every sequoia has been burned in part or had its noble head destroyed by lightning. But in most cases it lives on, and the wound is gradually healed. Muir has said that of all living things it is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning. "Thousands of years it stands waiting for . . . heaven's fire."

Mr. Stewart originally became interested in trying to save the sequoias from commercial destruction when as a boy he heard for the first time of the reputed Japanese custom of planting two trees in place of one cut down. The sequoia has comparatively few commercial uses, although it can be and is split up for fence posts, grape stakes and railroad ties. It is too big to cut down in the ordinary way by saws or any other known tools, and has to be dynamited. This is very wasteful, because about two-thirds of the entire tree is destroyed, either on account of the natural loss from the fall of such a colossal weight or from the shattering effects of the explosion.

To destroy any more of these trees for commercial purposes, not to preserve as many as possible, as well as the noble country around them, seems to the writer much the same thing as deliberately burning up the manuscripts in the British and other museums upon which recorded history depends.

A Radio Speaker



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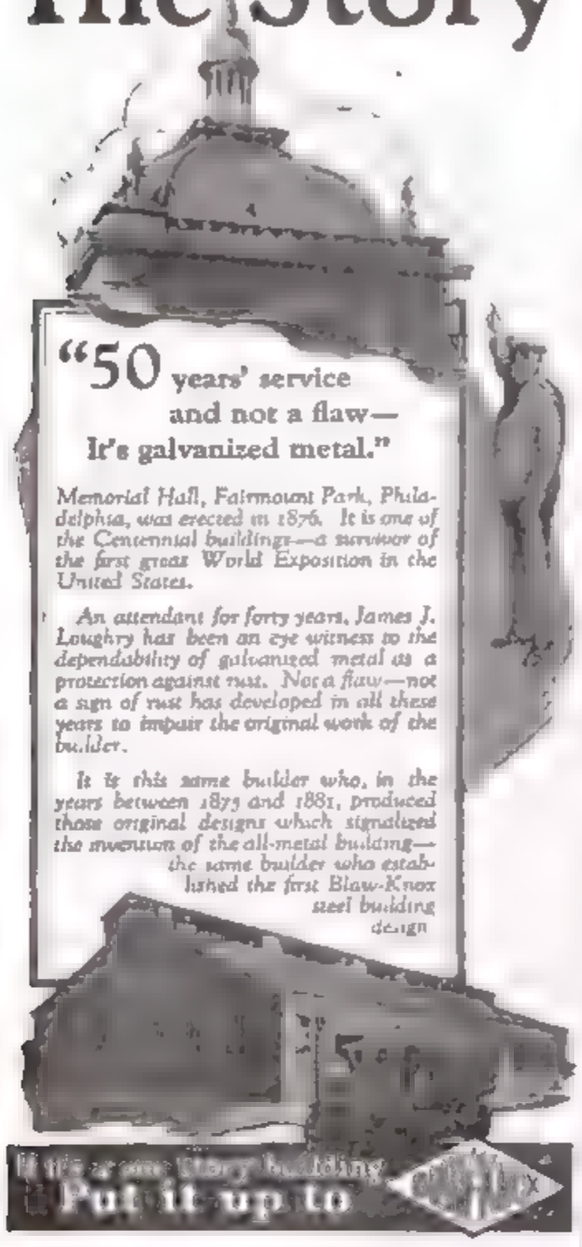
"50 years' service and not a flaw— It's galvanized metal."
Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was erected in 1876. It is one of the Centennial buildings—a survivor of the first great World Exposition in the United States.
An attendant for forty years, James J. Loughry has been an eye witness to the dependability of galvanized metal as a protection against rust. Not a flaw—not a sign of rust has developed in all these years to impair the original work of the builder.
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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

(Continued from Page 7)

price of the stock. Sometimes, vice versa, for variety's sake, Parks whooped down the price. This, of course, often is done by those endowed with ability to do so, great interest, not to mention profits, as a result ensuing. The profits, true, of course accrue almost entirely to those engaged in the whooping, the public to use the Wall Street phrase—merely holding the bag; but though that be so, for the moment let it pass. Of late there appeared to be some slight hitch in the arrangement. When Parks, interestingly, sought to run up the price of Peekaboo, Wall Street's name for the Parks pet, P. K. & B., someone else, it seemed, equally was concerned in the effort to run it down. Contrariwise, when Parks sought to run it down, the someone sought as engagingly to run it up. Need it be said the someone was Briscoe P. Roberts?

Dry stuff, all this; dusty detail. Dry as it may be, though, it is oft from such dry, dusty grounding that the frail fair flower, romance, not uncommonly springs. Not that Parks, of course, would have known romance. Not that Roberts, either, would have recognized it as such. In fact, had either been apprised of its identity, in turn each might have betrayed wonder, not to put it less temperately. Business is business; what had Parks or Roberts to do with slush stuff?—call it sentiment, romance, what you will.

To proceed, however: The clocks of the uptown East Side residence district were striking seven this eve when there drew up at the door of a large, somewhat rococo, stodgy residence in a side street a large rumbling limousine noticeable for its opulence of brasswork, nickel plate and varnish. Out of this a figure unloaded.

The figure, six foot in stature, also was notable for its apparel, the snappy *tenue* distinctive of all rising young financiers—that is, bond salesmen.

"Well, shake a day-day!" said Willy, for it was he; "see you in the morn, old thing!"

To this a feminine voice, its note cooing, made reply. "Nighty night, treasure!" it gurgled.

Another somewhat less tender voice joined in. "Mind now, Bosco!" it warned. "Nine A.M., not P.M.!"

"No fear!" returned Willy; and bounding up the steps of the brownstone mansion, he inserted a key in the lock.

The residence, in passing, was Willy's; the residence also of Willy's parent, J. H. Simmons by name, the J. H. standing for John Henry. A merchant rather than a financier, Willy's forbear was, in fact, the J. H. Simmons prominent in the downtown Worth Street gray-goods trade.

Once a year the trade journal, Loom and Spindle, regularly published Mr. Simmons' portrait under the caption A Leading Merchant Prince. Once a year, in response, Mr. Simmons as regularly bought an extra copy of it, the published cut disclosing him to be a large man wearing short-cropped side whiskers and a black string tie. From the cut, in fact, it was to be seen at a glance that the Worth Street nabob was a survivor of that old-fashioned school now fast becoming extinct—the kind that put their extra earnings into sound, seasoned 4 per cents, gilt-edged and tax-exempt, leaving to others the risky flotsam of 5's, 5½'s and 6's, the utterly worthless jetsam of 6½'s, 6¾'s and 7's. What Willy's parent, though, delighted in even more than a 4 was a fine, hearty 3½. Today, as it happened, Liberty First, 3½'s, had sold off to 100.26, the security at that figure yielding 3.49092; and as the best Mr. Simmons had bought recently figured 3.48075 or thereabouts, his face was expressive of thought, consideration, when a hand knocked on the library door, then turned the doorknob.

"Hullo, guv'nor!" greeted Willy, breezing in. His tone still affable he added, "Nice weather we're having, what'"

The air of pleasant satisfaction lighting the face of Simmons, Senior, waned briefly. Over the edge of his newspaper the father gazed briefly, not to say darkly, at his junior.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing," drawled Willy.

Draping himself over a chair, Willy lit himself a cigarette; and after another penetrating glance Simmons, Senior, scowled, then retreated uneasily behind the screen of his paper.

"I say, dad," said Willy presently, "if you don't mind, sir, I'd like to ask something of you."

The paper rustled sharply. To be asked anything by and from his offspring meant but one thing to him—an advance.

"What, what!" he barked.

Willy was gazing reflectively at the ceiling. "It's about bonds, sir—my business." A grunt escaped Mr. Simmons, the grunt relieved. At this moment Willy spoke again. "The bonds are P. K. & B.'s, sir; the convertible 5's," said Willy; adding, "I hope you haven't any."

Instantly the newspaper gave another exclamatory rustle.

"What, what!" ejaculated the merchant prince.

His air alert, it was to be seen, too, that his eye was lit with a certain note of alarm. Mr. Simmons was, in fact, a holder of P. K. & B. convertible 5's. In a moment of weakness, the bonds having sold down to par, he had been induced to take on several—$25,000 worth in short. Since taking them on, they had dropped as low as 97½, never again going back to par; and, convinced he'd sinfully gambled with his substance, he now was awaiting only a favorable moment to get out from under. Little wonder that his son's idle remark caused him alarm, excitement.

Still gazing at the ceiling Willy spoke again. "It's this way, dad—a matter of business principle. You know how hard I've worked, tryin' to get on. You do, don't you?" inquired Willy. As his parent, however, made no reply, apparently not hearing the question, Willy resumed. "It's this way, as I say, dad: A couple days ago a fella, a client of mine, asked me could I pick him up a few of the 5's. They're not listed, you know; so I took a chance and made him a quote. Well, that's where I got in Dutch," added Willy.

As he did so the newspaper again crackled loudly. An exclamation, its note violent, also boomed out from behind it. "I see!" said Simmons, Senior; "you got stung, so now you expect me to help you settle up! Not a cent, not a cent!" proclaimed Mr. Simmons firmly.

"Why, dad!" said Willy.

Detaching his gaze from the ceiling he peered at his parent in momentary surprise. "Why, I'm not stuck, it's the other fella!" Then he added, "I quoted him par and a half with accrued interest."

Par and a half? For an instant Mr. Simmons was observed to swallow thickly. Par and a half was half a point more than he had paid for his 5's.

"Huh?" he asked.

"That's what's worrying me," replied Willy; "he said he'd take the 5's; and as the bottom's dropped out of the market, it seemed like robbin' someone that's trusted you. You wouldn't have me do that, would you? You wouldn't rob a man that relies implicitly on your faith? Now would you, sir?" asked Willy, when a slight commotion in the library all at once cut short his artless queries.

"Say," said Mr. Simmons, and his voice was somewhat thick, "who is the fellow, and how many of the bonds does he want?"

"Why, dad!" said Willy again.

"Who is he? What's his name?" repeated his parent.

Willy told him presently. The friend was an old college chum of his, a Mr. Sudley.

"J. Granthorpe Sudley," said Willy, adding that his chum, young and inexperienced in finance, wished to invest in twenty-five of the $1000 bonds. In the midst of adding further details about Mr. Sudley, his youth and financial inexperience, Willy caught at his breath, recoiling also. Rising hurriedly, Mr. Simmons had laid a sudden hand on his shoulder.

The hand, however, was kindly. "Say no more," said Mr. Simmons. "I see your trouble; I will help you out!"

Saying that Willy certainly mustn't take advantage of Mr. Sudley's youth, much less of Mr. Sudley's trusting inexperience, and that Willy's honest scruples did Willy great credit indeed, Mr. Simmons also added that if Willy would come down to the safe deposit with him the first thing in the morning, he, Mr. S., had twenty-five of the 5's he would let Willy have at a figure a distinct reduction to par and a half. The figure, in fact, was 100.25, or par and a quarter; and at this substantial cut in price, Willy could give the bonds to his friend, then bring back a check.

"Oh, dad!" cried Willy.

"A certified check," added Mr. Simmons.

"How can I ever thank you!" his son protested.

Perhaps he couldn't. Perhaps Mr. Simmons didn't expect him to. Be that as it may, though, the telephone in the Simmons household was up a flight of stairs; and less than a half minute later Willy was to be seen mounting the stairs, taking them three stairs at a jump. Darting to the telephone he snatched the receiver from the hook.

A moment afterward, over the wire, Willy gave a whoop.

"He bit!" cried Willy. "Dashed if it didn't fetch him!" Then, giving another whoop, Willy added, "You're the wonder girl; I'll tell the world too!"

If so, the wonder girl seemed to take it calmly. After a few brief words she hung up the receiver, gave her hair a jab; and, her look serene, though determined, she rose and went downstairs. Down there was the family library, used also as the living room; and as she opened the door and stepped inside, the wonder girl stopped abruptly, then uttered a brief ejaculation. Set against one wall was a large roll-top desk; and under it at the moment a middle-aged, medium-sized person in a seedy, not to say baggy threadbare sacksuit was burrowing about on his hands and knees, only his heels and a section of trouser leg visible. Staring at it for a moment, Virgie gave another exclamation.

"Sick him, Towser!" she said.

The figure was her father's figure—Briscoe P. Roberts, the distinguished financier.

III

FROM under the desk, his voice muffled, Mr. Roberts muttered something about some money that had dropped out of his pocket and rolled away out of reach. Emerging presently, his air victorious, he laid a bright new penny on the desk and took out his pocketbook. As he replaced the penny in the pocketbook, Mr. Roberts shot a glance at his daughter.

"Who's that jus' phoned?" he demanded suspiciously. "That fella Parks' girl?"

"No, father. Just Mr. Sudley," his daughter replied.

"Sudley? Sudley? Never heard of him!" boomed the banker.

Without replying his offspring studied the carpet momentarily. "Tell me, father," she murmured, "you know about bonds. Do you know anything about P. D. & Q.'s—I mean P. K. & B.'s?"

P. K. & B.'s? Know about them? A momentary convulsion, as if he were swallowing, overspread the chairman's features. Ere he could reply, however, his daughter inquired, "What are P. K. & B.'s worth?"

"Ain't worth anything!" barked Mr. Roberts venomously.

Virgie smiled. "I know," she nodded; "but what will they bring if sold?"

For a moment the eye of the famous financier dwelt sharply on his daughter. "Whatchawantaknowfor?" snapped Mr. Roberts all in a mouthful, exactly as if he were dictating.

Virgie told him.

It was because of Mr. Sudley, she said—the Mr. Sudley who'd just telephoned. A friend of her friend Angeline Parks, Mr. Sudley, had twenty-five of the bonds. J. Granthorpe Sudley was Mr. Sudley's full name; and as the bonds had been left him by his father, and as they were all Mr. Sudley had, and as Mr. Sudley was an orphan and in need of advice, he had gone to Angeline Parks and asked her if she'd introduce him to her papa. Angeline had done so, it seemed; and having talked with Mr. Parks, Mr. Sudley was now greatly perplexed; in grave doubt, it might be said. Frankly, Mr. Sudley feared, in fact, the advice Mr. Parks had given was not the advice a truly good man would give an orphan. Briefly, he'd told Mr. Sudley to sell his bonds. As briefly, he'd said that he, Angeline's papa, would buy them.

"Hah! The old robber!" boomed Mr. Roberts at this point. "He'd buy 'em, would he?"

"Why, yes," acceded his daughter; "that was it. He said he'd buy the bonds, and pay Mr. Sudley 107 flat."

"A hunnerd and seven!" The exclamation—the explosion, rather—filled the room

(Continued on Page 87)

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The minute you signed it that check became money—your money. On its way to your bank, it will pass through the hands of a number of people—probably unknown to you. How can you be sure that your handwritten check will still read for the exact amount of thirty dollars when it is paid by your bank?

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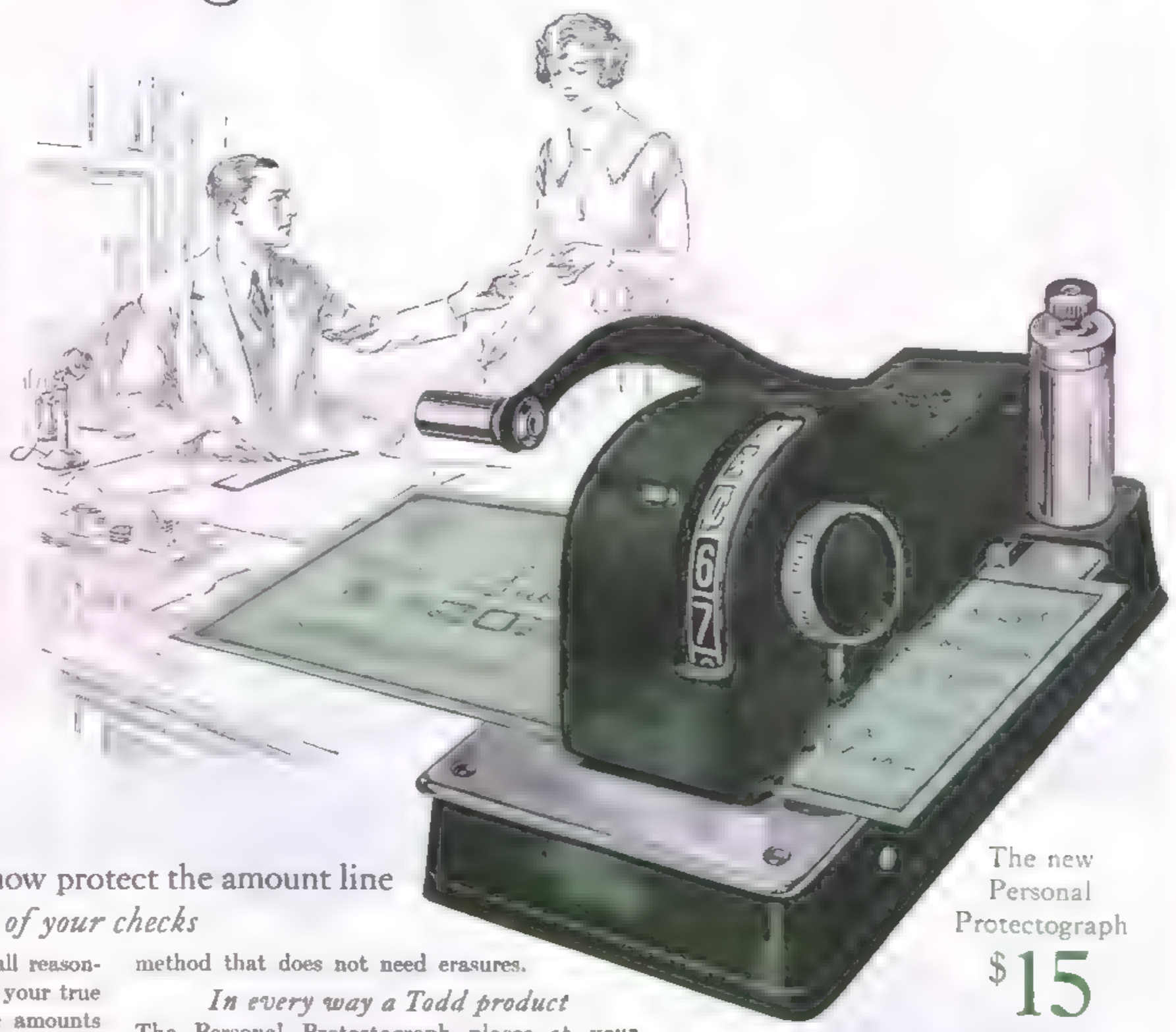

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Standard Forgery Bonds cover the remaining check-fraud possibilities, namely, *forgery of signature* and *forgery of endorsement*. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company.

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

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(Continued from Page 84)

with sound. A hundred and seven for P. K. & B.'s? "Are you crazy?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "A hunnerd and seven for that junk!"

His daughter seemed confused. "Maybe it was 127," she suggested; and at this her father exploded again.

"A hunnerd and twenty-seven!"

"Don't shout, father!" pleaded Virgie, shrinking.

Saying she was not good at figures, that all she could recall was what Mr. Sudley had said, she added, "Mr. Parks told him, you know, that P. K. & B. stocks and bonds were going up or going down; I can't remember which." About to add something else, Virgie was interrupted by another outburst. Listening closely, not to say feverishly, to what she was saying, her father seemed now, in fact, about to tear his hair.

"You forget? You say you can't remember? My God!" said Mr. Roberts, though piously.

P. K. & B. was going up or going down, but though she'd been told, his daughter didn't remember! For a moment the banker's face was expressive.

"If you like," suggested Virgie, "I'll telephone Mr. Sudley."

Speechless now, her father waved her to hasten. Not as a rule an excitable person, Mr. Roberts flung himself on a convenient chair.

Something was up, no doubt of that! If not, why was that robber, Parks, willing to pay 107, anything like it, for his rotten convertible 5's? True, the bonds were convertible into stock at par, but P. K. & B. common was not at par, not by a jugful! Not if Roberts knew it! Short on the stock, Mr. Roberts, in fact, had lately been selling it in chunks. Meanwhile, having slipped from the room, his daughter now was climbing the stairs.

Her father's fever notwithstanding, Virgie climbed them leisurely. As leisurely now she was out of his view, she made her way to the telephone. Once she'd reached it, Virgie furthermore seemed in no haste to take the receiver from the hook. Seating herself idly, she glanced indolently at her platinum wrist watch.

A minute passed. Another minute followed. After seven or eight or so had gone their way, instead of telephoning she rose and retraced her way downstairs to the living room. An instant later, giving a dart, Virgie burst her way inside.

"I got him, daddy!" she exclaimed. "I talked to Mr. Sudley! And what do you think? A hundred and seven isn't exactly what Mr. Parks offered to pay for the bonds, though you needn't care about that. He says if you'll give him that figure he'll be right down at your office in the morning!"

"Will he?" remarked her father. His jaw out, Mr. Roberts added, "Ain't that kind of him!"

His daughter smiled at him delightedly. "Isn't Mr. Sudley just wonderful, daddy! If you buy the bonds," she added, "Mr. Sudley says he'll tell you everything Mr. Parks said to him!"

Her father emitted another grunt. He failed, it seemed, somehow to share his daughter's elation. However, for information this fellow Sudley seemed to possess, the price was reasonably moderate; and a moment later the distinguished financier gave another grunt.

"All right," he said; "you tell him to be at my office at ha-past nine tomorrow!"

"Oh, daddy, aren't you a dear!" his daughter cried delightedly.

"Get out, I'm busy," her endearing parent returned.

Upstairs, a moment later the object of Mr. Roberts' fatherly affection snatched the telephone receiver from the hook and gave the operator a number.

As someone at the other end of the wire answered, Virgie replied with a gurgle, then a squeal.

"He bit, Ange! He bit! He regularly ate it alive! He's going to take Willy's bonds!"

The voice at the other end of the wire also answered with a squeal. The squeal, too, was triumphant.

"Oh, Virge, father's fanning too! When I told him your father was out buying his bonds, mother thought we ought to send out for the doctor! I'll ring you up when he comes out of it, if it isn't a stroke," added the speaker.

"Yes, do, that's a dear," said Virgie.

Downstairs in the hall a fashionably stout lady wearing pearls was waiting; and her air agitated as Virgie came down the stairs, it was to be seen she was Virgie's mother.

"You saw your father, my dear?" she inquired anxiously. Virgie nodded; and more than ever anxious her mother asked, "Did he say anything about your bills, your allowance, darling?"

Virgie smiled. "Don't worry, I've made other arrangements," said Virgie.

She was smiling as she went in to dinner. All through the dinner she smiled; and she was smiling when she bade her parents good night and went upstairs.

In the morning when Virgie came down to breakfast the smile still lingered in her eye. A half hour later, in hat and furs she headed toward the street door, and from the head of the stairs her mother called down to her, "Where are you going, my dear?"

"Out, mother," replied Virgie.

"Out where?" her mother inquired.

Apparently Virgie didn't hear her. The door slammed as Virgie went out.

IV

DRY stuff, business. Dull matter, details about stocks and bonds. That's often the way, though, with many of the solid, the tried-and-substantial fundamentals of life. The most necessary often are the most dreary; and in this respect stocks and bonds do not differ. However, if the stocks and bonds are your own, there is often a surprising change in the situation. Also, there is an equally surprising change if the stocks and bonds are some other fellow's stocks and bonds that you hope to get your hooks on. In fact, this may account for much of the interest Briscoe P. Roberts felt for these securities. In turn, it may account, also, for the frequent, in some ways startling activities of J. Hosmer Parks, the railroad magnate. One way or the other, it may, too, account for the early morning dash the well-known Worth Street merchant prince, Mr. Simmons, made this morning to the safe-deposit vault downtown. The vaults opening at nine A.M. sharp, the door hardly had opened when Mr. Simmons was to be seen dashing in at the door. Accompanying Mr. Simmons was Mr. Simmons, Junior—William, the Wall Street bond man.

Emerging presently out of the vaults, Simmons, Senior, bore in his hand a packet of crisp yellow-and-green parchment papers, twenty-five in number. These he grasped tightly.

"Mind now!" he warned not for the first time, either, that morning—"no check, no bonds!"

"Yes, sir," said Willy.

"And certified!" also warned Mr. Simmons.

"Yes, sir," repeated Willy. Under his breath Willy also said "Damn!" However, his father did not keep him long.

Just as Willy again was saying "Damn!" his father sighed, unclenched his grip on the packet, then handed it to him. "Remember, bring the check direct to me!" said Mr. Simmons.

Willy said he would. Placing the bonds in his inside pocket, he mounted the stairs to the street. His pace brisk yet methodical, the usual sober gait of the rising young financial man, he proceeded with dignity. Once he reached the street, though, Willy's air and manner underwent a swift, surprising change. Abruptly leaping forward, he dashed impetuously around the corner. The next instant at full speed he darted down the side street. Over the roar of the traffic an alarmed voice rose, shouting, "William! I say, William!" But if Willy heard he paid no heed. Some three blocks or so beyond, he turned still another corner, and panting slightly, popped in at the doorway of a large tall office building. Across the plate-glass windows in front was stenciled Investment Finance Corp.

As Willy entered, an attendant in natty gray and brass buttons intercepted him.

"Tell Mr. Roberts I'm here," breathed Willy.

"What name?" inquired the attendant.

"J. Granthorpe Sudley," said Willy.

Instantly he was admitted.

Willy was not long within, however. Emerging in ten minutes or thereabouts, he reappeared as if shot from a gun. Behind him appeared briefly also the familiar figure of Briscoe P. Roberts. His face working energetically in company with his hands and arms, the chairman appeared to be laboring under some strong emotion—ire, to put it mildly. However, though Mr. Roberts' voice was distinctly audible, Willy did not linger. In his hand was a strip of watered paper, baby-blue in tone; and thrusting this into his pocket, Willy also jammed down his hat on his head, at the same time bolting out at the door. Less than a minute later he plunged down the steps of the Subway station over in Broadway.

The deed was done. Briscoe P. Roberts, as per schedule, had come through with the cash, the price demanded for the twenty-five convertible 5's. True, Mr. Roberts almost had wept. By wiles first, then by plaintive appeals he had sought to leak out of Willy what Parks, the archenemy and schemer, had said when he, Parks, had offered to buy the securities. No go though. No check, no info. Adamant, in fact, Willy had declined either to be tricked or cajoled. Eventually defeated, put to rout, Mr. Roberts had snatched a check book out of a drawer, and dashed off a check for the full amount, price 107.

As Roberts, though, tossed the check across the desk, Willy tossed it back. An orphan, Willy intimated, could take no chances. "Have it certified, please," he requested.

Foiled, the chairman rang for a clerk. Eventually, the certified check in his hand, Willy handed over the bonds. At the same time he edged toward the door. The chairman gave a loud exclamation.

"Hey!" he cried. "You haven't told me yet! Is that robber, Parks, running Peekaboo up or down?"

"Peekaboo's going up," answered Willy; and the chairman gave another cry.

"Did Parks say that?" he barked.

Willy didn't say. The check gripped fast in his hand he already had bolted out of the chairman's office.

A good day's work, this. Willy's father should be pleased. The bond salesmen were few, in fact, who could have sold Briscoe P. Roberts twenty-five Peekaboo 5's at 107. Anyone else, either, for that matter. When the Subway train reached the Worth Street stop, the station for his father's office, Willy, however, did not alight. A pencil in his hand, he was busily figuring on the back of an envelope a little problem in arithmetic. As the arithmetic books would state it: If a bond salesman's parent lets him have twenty-five convertible 5's to sell at par and a quarter; or $25062.50; and the bond salesman sells them for 107, or $26750, how much will the parent get? Ans. $25062.50.

This, however, was but a detail. What concerned Willy more exactly was what the bond salesman would get. Ans. $26750 – $25062.50 = $1687.50. Returning the paper and pencil to his pocket, Willy briefly whistled a few bars from the Wedding March. Then, as the train reached Forty-second Street, he rose, dashed out of the car, and scuttled up the steps to the street.

The fact is, though sixteen hundred and eighty-seven fifty was the net result of the early morning's doings, this, too, was but a detail. It still was not yet ten o'clock; and as Willy the bond salesman reached the street level, then darted around the nearest corner, a loud and at the same time elated whoop escaped him. Across the street stood a large imported limousine notable for its opulence of brasswork, nickel plate and varnish.

A morose individual, his air apprehensive, stood beside the car. As Willy whooped, the person—O'Brien, the chauffeur—started perceptibly, his air of apprehension yet more evident. Within the car, in fact, Willy's whoop had been echoed by another whoop; and the door flying open, from within, two figures leaned out, waving energetically. Darting across through the traffic, Willy made his way toward the car.

"Oh, Willy!" one of the two figures cooed endearingly.

The other, less tender, scowled momentarily. "Cut out the soft stuff, Ange!" she directed. "This is biz." Her air intent, she fixed Willy with a penetrating eye. "Did you land it?" she demanded.

"Did I land it!" whooped Willy.

Reaching into his pocket he displayed a strip of watered paper, its tint baby blue. The figure in the car snatched it from him. Willy, however, hardly heeded that. It was nearing ten o'clock; and as he glanced up at a near-by clock Willy turned instantly to the chauffeur. His air more morose and apprehensive, the chauffeur was saying something about the time, his job, and some engagement he had uptown with someone. The someone, it appeared, was the wife of his employer; but though

(Continued on Page 89)

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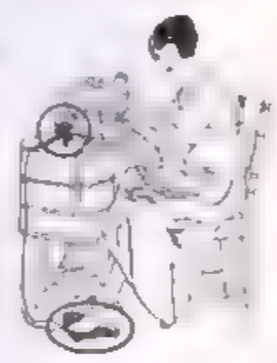

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the chauffeur's job was as good as lost if he wasn't there on time, Willy seemed not to hear.

"Hey, you! Sign off, sign off!" directed Willy. Then giving the chauffeur a direction, he popped inside the limousine. Through the window he also gave another direction.

"Drive like h, O'Brien," instructed Willy.

O'Brien, it appeared, carried out instructions to the letter. His foot on the gas, the car leaped forward as if shot from a gun.

■

THOSE familiar with the historic, not to call it hectic doings of that uneasy market leader P. K. & B., will recall, no doubt, the recent and surprising antics of that feverish jazz baby. It's nothing new, of course, for any stock on the list to take the bit in its teeth and run wild; but usually in such cases some explanation sooner or later is forthcoming. As it will be recalled, though, perhaps with pain in some quarters, to the average outsider the explosion at this time in P. K. & B. had neither rime nor reason in it; and dormant for a month almost, a record in its history, all at once the stock began to shoot off fireworks. The Street naturally was surprised. Great as its surprise may have been, though, it was as nothing compared to the surprise in one particular quarter. This was a brokerage office somewhere in the neighborhood of Fifty-ninth Street.

The office was the uptown branch of Rooker, Burke & Co. As a concession to the investment needs of an uptown clientele—the florists, the gentlemen's tailors, the automobile agents, and other moneyed interests of the uptown district—the office had been opened with the firm's Mr. Horace G. "Butch" Grindle in charge. A recent football light, the picked right guard on an all-star team, Mr. Grindle naturally had all the requirements necessary for a high financial position, especially those of the uptown sort. The market, however, opening at ten o'clock, just before that moment, Rooker, Burke & Co.'s able young branch manager was looking out of the front window at nothing in particular, when all at once he gave a start.

In the midst of uttering comments about the bank statement, the market's technical position as well, Mr. Grindle also let fall an exclamation.

"Well, for crying out loud!" ejaculated Mr. Grindle. Uttering this, Mr. Grindle gave a second exclamation. "What's Willy doing with two debs at this time in the morning!"

"Which?" inquired the client.

"Willy Simmons, last year's fullback!" exclaimed Mr. Grindle; and hastening to the door he flung it open. "Hey, Bosco!" he piped. "Come on in!"

Willy already was coming in. Responding, "Hallo, Butch," he entered the brokerage office, his air brisk, not to call it feverish.

On tiptoe, his interest apparent, Mr. Grindle was peering over Willy's shoulder at the limousine parked at the curb. "Who's that and her sister?" inquired Mr. Grindle; but Willy didn't seem to hear him. If he did, he didn't heed him, at any rate; and grabbing the uptown gentleman by the elbow, Willy also shut the door behind him.

"Listen, Butch; get busy! Are you listening?"

Mr. Grindle was.

"Well, listen, Butch," said Willy. "When she opens, sell me a hundred P. K. & B. Sell 'em at the market, Butch; and when she drops two points, sell me another hundred, hear? Then at every two points down," added Willy, "sell me another hundred. D'you get it, Butch?" he inquired.

Butch got it. That is, he got all but one particular part of it; that is, the part particular to him as the guardian of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s established interest.

"How about a little margins?" he inquired.

Willy thrust a check at him. The check was for $26,750; it also was certified; and having glanced at it Mr. Grindle again started.

"Who's J. Granthorpe Sudley?" he inquired.

"He's an old friend of mine, an orphan," said Willy; and young Mr. Butch Grindle gave a grunt.

"I thought maybe you must have married his rich sister," he mumbled.

Willy made no reply. It was almost ten; and he waved the speaker to hurry.

The market opened with a bang. As ten o'clock struck, the stock ticker in Rooker, Burke & Co.'s uptown branch gave a cluck, then a resounding thump. Chattering noisily, it ground out a length of tape. On the tape, the first quotation was one of five hundred shares of P. K. & B. Opening at 94½, it was followed immediately by another five hundred at ⅛. A hundred at the same figure succeeded. Then came a thousand at 94 flat. Mr. Grindle—Butch—bent an eye on a six-foot figure looking on from the back of the customers' room.

"Say," said Mr. Grindle, "what you got up your sleeve, Bosco, anyway?"

Willy grinned without replying. P. K. & B. having touched 94, now broke another eighth below the figure; and, darting out at the door, Willy hastened toward the limousine standing at the curb.

"They're off!" piped Willy, and darted back again. By the time he reached the customers' room, P. K. & B. had touched 93, sluicing downward as another block of stock was launched into the market; and Rooker, Burke & Co.'s was waking up. Something was doing, that was evident; and what also was evident was that Willy, possessed with the key to the situation, was now a marked man in the office. As P. K. & B. sagged down under furious selling to 92⅛, Butch Grindle slid up beside Willy, his eye and air curious.

"Have a heart, Bosco," said Butch. "If you've got anything, have a heart and loosen up!"

"I'll tell you," replied Willy. "Last night old man Parks, who runs the P. K. & B., nearly had a stroke. Tonight, though, he's going to have it for fair," added Willy; "and I wouldn't wonder if he dropped dead."

Mr. Grindle scowled. "Think you're funny, don't you?" he remarked. As he said it, though, young Mr. Grindle shot another look at his old-time teammate, fullback on the Varsity. "Say! Talking about dropping dead, you're not trying to walk off with Parks' daughter, are you? I heard the old boy was tearing his hair over someone!"

"What's that?" snapped Willy.

Mr. Grindle didn't reply. Putting on his hat he walked out of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s and took a look at the limousine standing at the corner. The initials on the door were J. H. P., the same initials, in fact, as those of J. Hosmer Parks, the genius of P. K. & B.; though this astonishing fact, it's true, was somewhat obscured by the view Mr. Grindle—Butch—had of the two occupants of the car. One, in particular—this a young person attired in tan-hued baby caracul—especially distracted him.

"Gosh!" murmured Mr. Grindle.

Business first, though. It was, in short, not long ere Rooker, Burke & Co.'s had the news. The same news was forthwith spread broadcast in the Street. J. Hosmer Parks, head of the P. K. & B. system, was selling P. K. & B., it was said.

As a matter of fact, Parks was. Having learned the night before that his arch-enemy, Briscoe P. Roberts, was long of the stock, Mr. Parks consistently had taken the other side. Curiously, however, Mr. Roberts now seemed to be doing the self-same thing. On his part, having heard that the robber, Parks, was buying, he naturally had sold. Thus, two minds with but a single thought, both Parks and Roberts were dumping into the market all their holdings of the stock. Such being so, however, it might have astonished both of them if at that moment they had been uptown in the near neighborhood of Fifty-ninth Street.

Ten o'clock had passed. It was eleven and later now; and on the box seat the apprehensive O'Brien hitched about as if about to rise and declare his rights again.

"I'll not put up with it!" uttered O'Brien, "I'll not put up with it any more!" Inside the car, however, the two occupants seemed to pay little heed to his protestations.

"Oh, look!" cried Virgie. "There he is again!"

Out of the office of Rooker, Burke & Co. a figure had appeared. Six feet and more in height, and clad in splendid raiment, the figure, however, was not that of Willy the bond clerk. It was instead that of Mr. Horace G. (Butch) Grindle, the ex-all-star right guard.

"What say?" inquired Angie; adding, "What's keeping Willy, I wonder."

Virgie apparently didn't know. Apparently Virgie, too, didn't care. Her eye on the stalwart figure emerging from the street door, she was murmuring under her breath a bit of verse:

"I like a man with vim and punch,
Who bruises me at breakfast
And lynches me at lunch."

"Oh, Virge, there's Willy!" cried Angie.

Willy, in fact, had just appeared.

His face moist, slightly pale as well, Willy thrust his head in at the window. P. K. & B. had just broken under 88; and his teeth chattering, Willy spoke.

"Say, there's nothing to it!" said Willy. "I've made a million dollars or something; and let's go downtown, Ange, and get a license."

"Oh, Willy!" cried Angie.

Virgie, though, didn't seem to heed this soft, not to say sappy aside. Her eye fixed on the figure of Mr. Grindle, the ex-right guard, she inquired, "Who's the boy in the gun-club checks, Willy?"

Willy looked. "Him? Why, that's just Butch," said Willy.

"Self-supporting?" inquired Virgie.

"Well, he's got a job," admitted Willy; and Virgie drew in her breath.

"Lead me to him, Bosco," she breathed; adding, "Maybe I can do something for him too."

Both Angie and Willy exclaimed, "For him!"

"Me, too," said Virgie.

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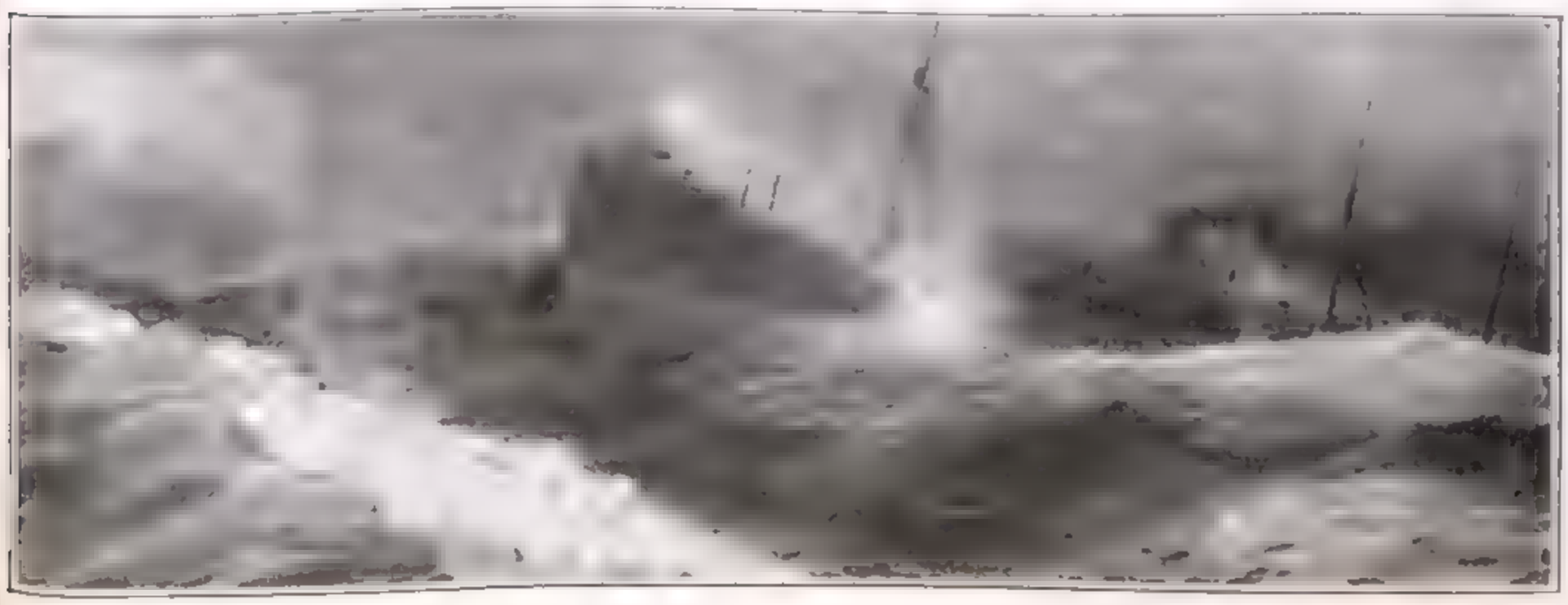

STILLBURN FASHION

(Continued from Page 19)

the little gold-banded fountain pen poised above the tinted blank. Torbitt's tone and word conveyed nothing to Lattimer except an absurd groundless affront. What was the sense of such a hint, even in joke? Torbitt certainly knew that Frank Parlow was president of the Lakeport National, that he'd always given Lonnie everything he wanted. Something in Torbitt's manner gave Lattimer the notion that he was trying, rather clumsily, to start a quarrel, and he was relieved when young Parlow answered good-naturedly.

"Oh, all right, if you'd rather have me owe it to you." Lonnie chuckled. "Just as you say, of course."

"No need to owe it either." Torbitt shook his head. "Touch your chatty old hick friend again. I'll give you three to two he'll come through, and we can't make finger bets at Saratoga."

"Sort of hate to," said Parlow. "It's just possible that dad won't meet the check, after all, and I don't like to stick Lattimer. Give you a note, if you'll take it, and settle when I get my next quarter's income."

"Look pretty, wouldn't I, offering your note to a bookie up at the track? Started this cruise pretty light myself. No; you touch the old boy again, Lonnie. He ——"

Lattimer drew away from the door and tiptoed along the passage to the kitchen, where Chrissie and the girls were getting supper. He wanted to believe that it was just a silly joke and he was afraid that if he stayed he might not be able to go on believing this. It didn't seem possible that these agreeable young fellows could be dead beats, like that shifty rascal who had tried to cash a bad check with Jud last summer. The memory troubled him. Jud would certainly be ugly if it turned out that way. His own trouble hadn't taught him to deal gently with other people who make mistakes. If he found young Parlow trying to cheat, he might ——

He avoided Jud's eye when they seated themselves at the kitchen table. It was manifest that Armstead was in one of his surly moods, eating in a stubborn silence that was proof against even Chrissie's gentle affability, a deep line scored between his heavy brows, his lips shutting like a trap on every mouthful. That trouble with the new hand had left him sullen. If there was any fresh provocation while he was in this humor —— Lattimer glanced apprehensively at the heavy hands. He'd have to handle this affair himself, so that if anything was wrong Jud wouldn't find it out till afterward. If he even suspected that those young fellows were dead beats, there was no telling what he might do.

Jud startled him when they had finished supper and Annie moved toward the door of the taproom with her tray to prepare for serving the guests the later meal they called dinner. Armstead stopped her.

"You give me that there tray, Annie. I'll wait on this gang myself—me and Tom."

Annie's face told her father that she was disappointed. He noticed, too, that she was wearing that new dress and her best pumps, that her bright hair looked even prettier than usual.

"Oh, no, Jud; you're tired enough. Dora and I ——"

"Ain't going to have you fetch and carry for 'em," said Jud harshly. "Stood it long enough. Tom and me can 'tend to this job."

He took the tray from her almost roughly and shouldered through the swinging door. For a moment Tom Lattimer thought that Annie was going to cry, and his anger rose against Armstead. Jud was getting altogether too high-handed. Even if he did hold the mortgage on the place and a practical partnership in the business, he hadn't any right to boss the girls around like this. If Annie got any fun out of waiting on that jolly crowd ——

"You'd better let him have his way, father." Dora spoke quietly. "He'll get it anyway ——"

She put her own tray into Lattimer's hands, and almost against his will he found himself in the taproom, helping Jud with the arrangement of the bare table, uneasy under the patter of indolent chaff from the guests. It wasn't safe to tease Jud when one of his sulky fits lay on him. These boys didn't know ——

"Handles himself like a head waiter," Torbitt was saying. "Where'd you learn to deal 'em off the arm like that?"

Jud lifted a steady, unfriendly glance above the table. There was an instant's pause, while Lattimer's nerves drew tight.

"Waited on table best part of a year while I was in state prison," said Jud. "Learn you how to do most anything if you draw down a good long stretch."

He slid plates deftly into position. There was another pause, and then a laugh in which Lattimer seemed to hear a thin uneasiness, although Torbitt held to his jesting note when he spoke again.

"Well, well! And no extra charge for it either!" He chuckled. "What did they claim you did?"

Again Lattimer's nerves tightened in a short silence.

"Oh, just murder," said Jud.

The word seemed to put him in better humor. He went back to the kitchen as he spoke and Lattimer eagerly seized the chance for explanation.

"Never mind him, boys. He just talks that way. Let him alone and ——"

"One of my main rules is never to annoy murderers," said Torbitt. "Sort of a quaint notion, though, keeping a tame one around the house."

"Way farming goes these days, a man's lucky if he can get a good husky jailbird for a hand, ain't he, Tom?" Jud came back with the lemonade pitcher and filled the tumblers as he spoke. "Supper's ready."

They laughed again as they drew up their chairs, but to Lattimer there was something wrong about their mirth, as if they laughed chiefly to soothe and flatter. He tried to manage so that Jud would do most of the waiting; but there was little chance for explanations in the short intervals while Jud was in the kitchen, and voices carried pretty well through that swinging door too. He did contrive to tell them that Jud hadn't had a square deal; that it had been a fair fight and that Chick Tressler had started it; that Jud had been unlucky enough to hit behind the ear and a little too hard.

"Wouldn't have even tried him if Chick's folks hadn't been all mixed up in county politics. Jury called it manslaughter, and it was a kind of hand-picked panel too."

"With his bare hand, eh?" Lonnie Parlow's eye lighted. "One crack! Golly, what a wallop he must carry in that mitt!"

Lattimer liked him for the look and tone, for the way his glance followed Jud when he was in the room. The others seemed slightly ill at ease, except for Torbitt, whose face persistently reminded Lattimer of something or somebody he didn't like. He tried in vain to identify the association as he hung unhappily about the table, aware of an increasing difficulty in believing that Torbitt had been joking about that check. He couldn't help feeling that there was a cloud over Lonnie Parlow's cheerfulness; that the look in the boy's eyes meant worry, the same sort of worry that had ridden Tom Lattimer in the old days when there wasn't enough money to pay the hands and the bank was fussing about the overdue interest.

Against his will Lattimer was driven to that old detestable trick of mental arithmetic on his own account. He knew that they'd cut the cards that first day to see who should pay the joint bill and that Lonnie had lost. Besides Jud's fifty dollars, there had been two earlier cash advances, so that the check Lonnie would presently tender would run well over two hundred—a lot of money even in these days of comparative plenty, more than Lattimer had any right to risk.

He realized uneasily that he would have to insist on cash. These others still had the money he'd advanced to young Parlow and they were each liable for their share of the bill. He could probably seize Torbitt's car if they tried to bluff about that, and it wasn't likely that they'd refuse to pay up for Parlow, too, if they were made to believe that Lattimer would prosecute him if they didn't. Most landlords would have found no difficulty in such a situation, Lattimer knew. There were plenty who would get a genuine pleasure out of making these young scamps settle up, but he wouldn't. If he could have afforded to lose the money he'd have paid it gladly for the privilege of avoiding a fuss, one of those hateful rows that always seemed mean and detestable because they dealt with dollars.

Of course he could avoid this one by leaving it to Jud. Armstead wouldn't mind it at all, and he'd certainly be more convincing than Tom Lattimer if it came to using threats. You could see that they were just a little afraid of him, right now, in spite of their chaffing. If they knew that Jud was a partner instead of just a hired farm hand they'd settle in a hurry. The thought comforted Lattimer; he could stay out of it; there wasn't any need for him to listen to what Jud would tell those youngsters.

He knew that he ought to be ashamed of the feeling; but his spirits lifted a little in spite of himself as he and Jud cleared the table and went back to the kitchen, where, as usual, Dora and Annie washed dishes and Chrissie, her sleeves turned back and her pretty arms whitened with flour, dealt efficiently with tomorrow's bread.

Usually the room soothed and comforted Tom Lattimer with a sense of sure asylum. Even in the old days he had seemed to leave his worries on the doorstep, to be safe and at peace in the amiable warmth, the friendly, blending smells, the familiar, reassuring clatter of china. Tonight there was something wanting in the atmosphere; he felt a difference in the way the two girls rattled the dishes. Annie, who always chattered and sang at her work, was significantly silent, her lips shut in a tight, straight line that made her look strangely like Dora. Lattimer intercepted her glance at Jud and almost shared the rebellious anger he read in it; there wouldn't have been any harm in Annie's waiting on the taproom table, as long as she'd set her heart on it. If she got any fun out of dressing up and showing off before those merry young fellows in there, it was a pity to deprive her of it. Jud meant well, but he was getting to take too much on himself. Lattimer frowned a little as his eyes moved toward the table, where Jud was already busy with his clumsy bookkeeping, his face harsh and set under the strain of his labored writing. They were all under Jud's thumb. One of these days he'd have to have it out with him, make him understand once for all that he wasn't the head of the family.

Retreating before the unpleasant thought, Lattimer drifted into the taproom. The four guests were seated as if for bridge; but he saw that the game had not begun, and guessed from the faces that turned quickly at the sound of his entrance that the talk had not been wholly free of anger. Lonnie Parlow looked queer, Lattimer thought, with a pang of sympathy for the trouble in the flushed countenance. It reminded him, somehow, of one of those unhappy conferences in the back room at the bank, when three or four of them would try to bait you into paying interest out of a pocket that was a lot worse than empty, as if they could frighten money into it if they tried hard enough.

There was a little pause while the three others glanced expectantly at Parlow. Torbitt broke it at last with a short laugh.

"Just in time, Lattimer. Parlow was just going to ask you for some fresh money."

Parlow's eyes met Lattimer's, angry and ashamed and hunted; they seemed to say that the boy was hoping for refusal. Lattimer's instinct sought refuge from the unpleasantness that seemed to gather and approach like a banking thunderhead.

"I—I'd have to see Jud, I guess. You see ——"

"What's it got to do with him?" Torbitt's voice was suddenly alert, curious. "It's your business, isn't it?"

"Jud's got a half interest in it." Lattimer found a certain protection in the admission. "Besides, I'd have to get the money from him anyway. You cleaned out the cash drawer this noon; but Jud most always carries some. I'll go get him."

"Wait!" Torbitt's eyes seemed to be closer together than ever, and again Lattimer tried to remember what it was that made him think he'd seen that look somewhere else. Torbitt smiled slowly. "Yes, bring him in, will you? I've got a notion that might interest him."

Jud looked up sullenly from the scrawled account book.

"What does he want? I got plenty to do without fooling around a pack of loafers." He shook his head. "You tend to him, Tom."

His brows drew together as Lattimer explained.

"Into us for two hundred already and trying to make it more, eh?" He rose heavily. "Guess it's about time I took holt."

To Lattimer he seemed even bigger and surlier than ever as he stood before the group at the card table. For a moment Torbitt's glib assurance faltered under the glowering challenge of his eyes, and Lattimer fancied that there was a hint of uneasiness in the careless voice.

"Parlow's looking for a friendly capitalist to cash a little check and you seem to be unanimously elected."

Without speech Armstead turned toward Lonnie.

To Tom Lattimer the sullen grimness of his jaw appeared to relax by ever so little, as if, he thought, Jud felt and yielded, against his will, to the disarming appeal that Lattimer had found from the first in the big cheerfully overgrown boy.

"Guess I could if it ain't too much."

Jud's voice was almost amiable as he fumbled in his hip pocket and thumbed the wadded bills he found there. Parlow seemed to hesitate a moment before he produced the folding check book and the gold-mounted pen. Jud stepped to his side as he flattened the book on the table; his hand moved suddenly and he stepped away, holding the book. Lattimer was startled by the effrontery of it; a protest rose to his tongue as Jud's huge thumb turned the stubs.

"Don't keep it in very good shape, do you, kid?" Jud handed it back. "Ought to enter a deposit once in a while so's to make it look better. Ever hear of Lou Whitcomb? No? Too bad you never done time down to Stillburn. Sight of first-rate check passers in there, but none of 'em could touch Lou. Told me himself 't the main reason he got by with his game so good was always keepin' his check book in apple-pie shape. Ought to try it, Parlow."

He spoke with a harsh gentleness that somehow made the words hit harder, to Tom Lattimer's offended ear. Again he was on the point of protest when he saw in Lonnie Parlow's startled, shamed face the sure proof that Jud was right. The boy fumbled with the book and pen; Torbitt laughed softly.

"Go up to the head of the class, Armstead. Knew you'd spot it. Lonnie hasn't got a nickel in the bank and his dad's got a mean habit of refusing to take care of his checks. But he'd take care of this one, all right, if you cashed it. Wouldn't he?"

Lattimer didn't understand, but he saw that Jud was not puzzled. There was even a reluctant grin about the farm hand's sullen mouth, as if he saw some ugly joke.

"Wouldn't wonder," he said slowly. "Guess you been passing checks mostly on your friends, ain't you, Parlow? Folks 't either can't afford to have you pinched or 't don't want to? Uh-huh. Wouldn't wonder if I'd get my money, sure enough. How much did you want?"

Lattimer saw that young Parlow was puzzled but a little reassured; the cornered look had gone out of his face.

"Why, I ——"

"He owes Lattimer around two-fifty," Torbitt put in smoothly, "and he needs forty to square up with us. Might as well get another hundred or two while he's at it, so he'll have something to feed to the bookies at Saratoga. Say he makes the check out for five hundred."

"Sight of money." Jud rubbed his jaws. "Reak, too. How do I know his father'll pay up instead of leavin' him go to Stillburn?"

"Not a chance!" Torbitt laughed. "One look at your map'll show him you mean business. Besides, you'd be getting paid for any risk. Lonnie'll give you his check for five hundred and you'll hand him say two hundred in change. With what he owes you right now—and you've got a dismal chance to collect that if this deal doesn't go through—you'd clean up fifty seeds for yourself." He laughed again. "Pretty soft money, I'll say!"

Jud nodded.

"It might work. There was a fellow down to Stillburn 't was tellin' me jest such a game. Claimed he stuck his father for twelve thousand on it, and would have got more only the old man up and died on him."

(Continued on Page 95)

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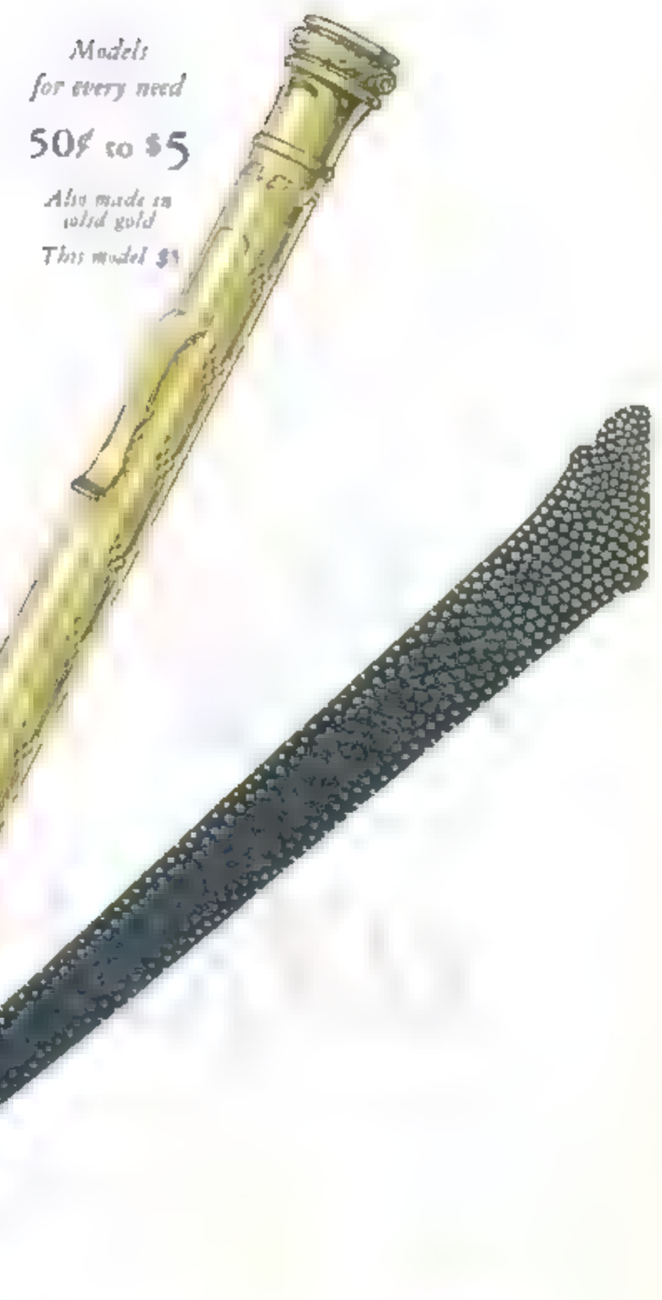

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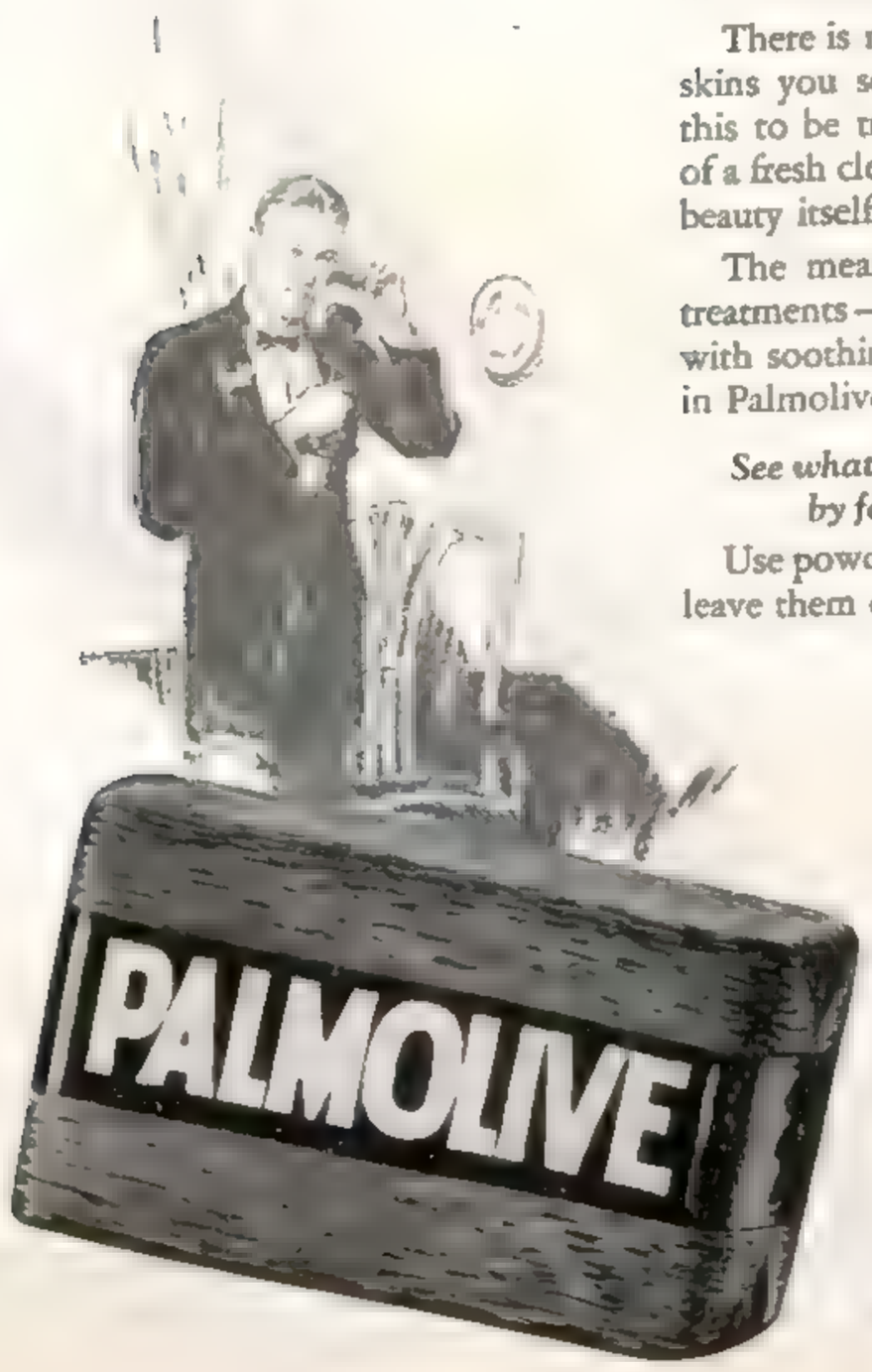

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Say, I don't stand for this!" Lonnie Parlow broke in hotly. "You're all talking as if I was a cheap crook out to skin my father. I'm not! It's my money I'm after. My grandfather tied it up till I'm twenty-five and I can't even get the interest. If I "

"No need to get het up, son."

Jud's tone was astonishingly gentle, and Lattimer frowned at the thought that the fifty-dollar profit had wholly reconciled him to what seemed at best a shabby trick at Frank Parlow's expense. That was the one fault he couldn't help seeing in Jud Armstead; he carried his passion for thrift just a little too far. This time ——

"You take and make out your check," Jud was saying. "Ain't got only a hundred and ten on me, but I c'n get the rest soon 's the bank opens. First-rate scheme, far 's I c'n see. Got a good head on you." He addressed the tribute to Torbitt with a nod. "Don't guess Lou Whitcomb could 've handled it any slicker."

Lattimer held his tongue while Parlow filled out the pale-blue slip and pocketed the bills that Jud gave him in return. Torbitt grinned.

"Better settle up on the dead horses, Lonnie, and start in all square." He shuffled the cards delicately as Parlow paid.

In the kitchen passage, Lattimer ventured a mild disapproval.

"Wish you hadn't, Jud. Guess it's all right, but I don't like it. Keep thinking I've seen that Torbitt's face before somewhere, and I don't know as I'd trust him."

Jud chuckled sourly.

"Seen it any time you've handled a mean colt 't wears its eyes too close together and takes a kick when you ain't lookin'. Sight of such close-eyed folks down to Stillburn, Tom. Funny how few of 'em got to be trusties."

Lattimer's memory cleared to a recollection of that narrow-headed bay colt that had waited so patiently for its chance to lash out at him. Impulse half turned him toward the taproom door.

"Maybe I better "

"You stay out of this." Jud's voice was ugly, savage. "It was you 't got us into this mess and it'll be me 't gets us out, if anybody does."

"But he'll lose the money you just gave him," protested Lattimer. "They're too sharp for him."

"Maybe they won't be, time I'm done with him." Jud seemed to snarl. "If there's one thing a fellow gets to learn down to state prison, it's how to handle crooks and fools. Aim to handle this here business Stillburn style."

He went toward the door of the woodhouse, taking his hat from the nail as he passed. Lattimer followed him, worried.

"Jud, I don't like this "

"Don't, eh?" Armstead chuckled sullenly. "Rather lose a couple hundred, maybe? I wouldn't."

He moved off toward the stable, Lattimer a step behind. In the tool room he paused to light a lantern and carried its thin radiance into the box stall, where his favorite colt whinnied and rubbed its muzzle against his sleeve.

Lattimer noticed that he spared a hand from the weight of the harness to return the beast's caress. It was queer that Jud should be so gentle with animals, even in his ughest moods.

"Going out this time of night?" He discovered that he didn't want to be left alone to deal with the situation. Jud grunted for answer. "But what for, Jud?"

"What d'you s'pose? Seen me fire that hand 's afternoon, didn't you? Got to go get me another, ain't I, if I aim to get the rest o' my hay under cover?"

"But it'll be most ten by the time you get uptown," protested Lattimer. "Don't expect to pick up a hand in the middle of the night, do you?"

Jud laughed harshly.

"Aim to fetch home the best one I ever hired this trip. Don't set up f'r me, Tom. Might have to go further 'n Glenville to get the one I'm after."

He backed the buggy neatly out of the barn and cramped the wheel. The springs groaned under his weight and the brisk patter of the colt's hoofs died away in the distance. Lattimer went back to the house, troubled. Chrissie and the girls had gone to bed, and he put out the kitchen lights and followed them, pausing at the taproom door to ask the bridge players to turn off the lights when they had finished their game.

He shook his head gloomily as he undressed. Torbitt certainly looked a lot like that mean horse. If Lonnie Parlow didn't keep a sharp eye on him —— He lay awake and worried as he had done in the old days. It was a long time since he'd heard the far-away whistle of that late train on the other hill. Past eleven, and Jud still uptown, hunting a farm hand by lantern light, and that card game going on downstairs, three against one, a game in which your partner could make sure that you lost on every hand.

There was nothing unusual in Jud's absence from the breakfast table in the morning. He was always at his chores before the rest of the household woke, and often missed the meal when the farm work pressed; but Tom Lattimer was disturbed, nevertheless, when they sat down at the kitchen table without him, and went out afterward to the barn in search of him. The box stall was empty and the buggy missing from the barn floor. Lattimer's anxiety deepened at the thought that Jud might not be back in time to deal with Torbitt and Parlow and the others. McWhirter had promised to have their car ready sometime this forenoon. If he kept his word it might be necessary for Tom Lattimer to decide the issue without Jud's support or counsel, and he shrank from the prospect. Either way it wouldn't be agreeable. If he let them go before that check business was settled it might cost a lot of money; if he tried to detain them there'd surely be a nasty fuss.

He hung about the barn, where he could watch the house and the road, avoiding his guests. Only when he saw the buggy turn in at the lane did his spirits lift. Jud was alone, but Lattimer was too relieved at the sight of him to worry about the failure of his errand. He greeted him eagerly and volunteered to attend to the horse, observing that Armstead looked thoroughly tired for once. The lines in his face were deeper and more savage, his eyelids drooped wearily and his clothes were creased and rumpled, as if he had slept in them.

"What?" He seemed to have forgotten about the farm hand he'd gone to get, to remember only after a moment's thought. "Oh, him?" His lips pulled away from his teeth. "Got him, all right. Get this place farmed decent, I wouldn't be su'prised." His tone changed. "Seen McWhirter uptown—says he'll be down with that there car around ten. Want you should keep clean out of that business, Tom. Leave me handle it, no matter what happens, see?"

"Wish you would," said Lattimer heartily. "Going to let 'em go, or try to keep 'em till you find out about the check?"

"You leave me handle it," said Jud again.

He swung away toward the house, his shambling stride a little slower than its habit. Lattimer followed, uneasily curious. His nerves tightened as Torbitt appeared on the porch, cheerfully insolent with his after-breakfast cigarette; but Jud's greeting reassured him.

"Car'll be ready around ten. Better get packed up if you aim to make Syrchester by sundown."

Lattimer saw Torbitt's narrow eyes pucker at their corners; he looked slyly amused.

"Fine! I'll see to it right away."

He snapped the cigarette into the grass and the screen door slammed behind him. Jud slowly ground the spark under his heel. His eye met Lattimer's.

"Remember, you leave me handle this, no matter how it strikes you. You keep clean out of it."

Lattimer nodded and followed him in through the woodhouse to the kitchen. Annie's blue eyes hardened spitefully at the sight of Jud. It was clear that she hadn't forgiven him for his interference in her affairs. Dora, without speech, set out food; and Armstead ate silently, with the intent, single-minded hunger of an animal. The sound of a motor interrupted him in a final mug of coffee, and Lattimer saw his face change as he straightened and set down his cup, drawing his hand across his mouth. He went into the taproom, Lattimer following. Torbitt and two of the others were carrying their suitcases through the room. There was something queer in the way they stopped at the sight of Armstead.

"All right, go ahead." Jud's hand jerked toward the door.

They seemed relieved, Lattimer thought. Torbitt grinned faintly.

"Parlow'll be right down," he said from the doorway. "You can settle up any difference in the bill with him while we're stowing the bags."

Jud nodded, his glance on the passage to the stairs.

"Wait for him, if you're a mind to," he said dryly. "Sheriff 'll be along any minute now and he might want to talk to you some before he turns you loose."

"Sheriff?" Torbitt's voice went shrill. "What's he got to do with this? You mean ——"

"Aim to get my money or send somebody up," said Jud. "Maybe you three 'd ruther chip in and pay me that there five hundred. Know I can't send you up for that check, but ——"

"What's got into you? That check's perfectly good if you go through with the play. The old man'll settle."

Armstead laughed.

"Never struck you there was a train up to Lakeport last night, I reckon. Figured I'd find out where I was at about the time you was burnin' up the roads to Saratoga, didn't you? Must make your money a sight easier 'n sweatin' it out of the land. Time I get a dollar offn this here farm I ain't apt to run no resks with it 't I c'n help. Seen Frank Parlow last night—got him up out 'f bed to hear him tell how long that kid c'd break rock up to Stillburn before he'd pay that there check."

"Rats! He didn't mean it!" Torbitt seemed relieved. "He'll settle soon as he's had a chance to cool down."

"Give you the check for four-fifty if you want," said Jud. "Sounded to me like he meant business, but maybe you know him better than me."

"We—we'll go out and talk it over," said Torbitt. "Doubt if we've got that much between us."

"All right." Jud turned his back toward them. The screen door slapped shut and, to Tom Lattimer, the retreating footsteps on the bricks of the porch floor sounded hurried.

He touched Jud's sleeve.

"Better look out, Jud. They might ——"

"You keep out of this!"

The fierceness of the whisper frightened Lattimer. He sprang to the door at the noise of the starter; the car was already in motion.

"Told you so! They've run away. I better see if I can get 'em stopped uptown."

"Told you to keep out, didn't I? What'd be the good of stoppin' that crowd? Don't owe us nothin' only their share 'f the board bill."

"We could hold the car, I guess."

Lattimer reached for the crank of the old-fashioned telephone against the wall. Armstead's hand closed on his wrist.

"Yes, and find 't they ain't got no title to it! Think a narrow-headed man like that there Torbitt 'd put up cash f'r a car when he don't need to? Had me scared f'r a minute—thought the three of 'em was goin' to chip in an' settle." His huge hands went slowly shut, as if they closed on something that they meant to crush. "Certainly would 'f hated to leave him get loose, after all," he said.

His glance turned toward the steps. Upstairs, Lattimer could hear the ancient floor creak under a solid tread. He was displeased; Jud hadn't any reason for hating young Lonnie Parlow so bitterly as this.

"You can't do it, Jud!" He found himself speaking almost with authority. "You can't spoil that boy's whole life by sending him to Stillburn just for ——"

"Ain't so sure it'd spoil him such a whole lot." Jud's voice creaked and Lattimer realized that the words hadn't been well chosen. "But you bet I ain't goin' to spend five hundred dollars on free schoolin' for him, there nor nowheres else." He chuckled softly, and again Lattimer felt the sleeve tighten over the hard flexure of the forearm muscles. "Not when I been awake all night to get me the finest farm hand 't ever happened—two hundred pounds 'f beef and bone 't I c'n handle Stillburn fashion!"

II

IN PRINCIPLE, of course, Tom Lattimer disapproved of the fight, and knew that it was his duty to stop it; but as he hovered on the battle's edge in the deep dry snow behind the barn, he was thoroughly aware of a reprehensible pleasure in the spectacle, and he called his protests the more sharply for the sure knowledge that

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AQUA VELVA

is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation.

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neither Lonnie nor Jud would heed them till the fight was over.

As always, it was Lonnie who had started it and who forced the fighting. Jud stood his ground, sullenly defensive against fierce flailing rushes, content to repel them, one after another, with an awkward thrusting motion of his arms that threw the boy bodily back into the snow. Lonnie's speed and skill made Armstead look even clumsier than he was. If Lattimer had not watched a dozen of these encounters, he would have been sorry for Jud; and in spite of experience, he had begun to think that this time Lonnie might lick him, when he saw the long left arm start from the hip and lash out like the kick of a horse over the boy's guard. There was the queer, sickeningly cheerful sound of flesh on flesh. Parlow's head went back, his body seemed to lift and sag, his legs crumpled. Lattimer caught him as he fell, a sudden anger against Jud flaming up unreasonably in him.

"You ought to have more sense! I should think you'd have had enough fighting, after what it's cost you!"

"Want I should stand still and leave him whale my head off?"

Jud administered first aid with a handful of snow. To Lattimer's relief, Parlow sat up, shaking his head experimentally.

"Got me again, did you?" He chuckled. "Can't seem to learn to look out for that left." He got unsteadily to his feet. "Thought I was going to get you this time. You wait!"

"Have to dock you for it," said Jud stolidly. "Charge you f'r my time the same as yours any time you tackle me in working hours. Don't get pay f'r fighting—not on a farm. Told you so often enough."

Lonnie laughed again.

"I know. Trouble is that by the time I've got what you call a day's work out of my system, the fight's gone too. How much you going to soak me this time?"

Jud consulted his silver watch, his eyebrows gathered in calculation.

"Have to charge you thirty-five cents anyhow. Be more if you ain't in shape to work this afternoon. You'd ought to get it through your head 't every time you go for me means just that much longer before you're squared up. No sense to it. Ought to know by this time 't I can lick you—done it often enough." He scowled. "Teeth'll be so sore you won't want no dinner, neither, and Annie'll guess what's the matter. Dum foolishness!"

"I'll tell her I started it." Lonnie grinned lopsidedly. "And don't you worry about my passing up my dinner either. Take more than sore teeth to get between me and my victuals, after four hours in the woodlot!"

He led the way toward the house, walking jauntily. Tom Lattimer envied him the beautifully swift recuperation of youth and health. Looking at him, it was hard to believe that he'd just been knocked out by a blow not much less damaging than the kick of a mule. From the way Jud hung back, he had much more of a beaten man's aspect. Lattimer was mildly sorry for him. Annie had developed a remarkably fluent tongue this winter, and she'd know about the fight, even if she didn't see Lonnie's chin. Lattimer grinned as he saw Parlow pile one arm high with split stovewood. That was just one of the little tricks that accounted for his favor with the three women—a man who was never too tired or hurried to bring in an armful of wood could be sure of a welcome in any farm kitchen. The grin widened when Jud followed the example. Jud couldn't see that the peace offering would be just another proof of guilt in Annie's biased eye.

He looked forward to a lively dinner, not displeased. Annie would light into Jud, of course, and Chrissie would back her up; but it wouldn't be the wrong kind of a fuss. There'd be something good-natured and kindly under it; a quarrel that just kept you interested and alive, the way you felt when there was a lot of company at the table. Lattimer took off his outer boots in a cheerful humor. It had been a good winter so far—about the best he could remember. With Lonnie Parlow in the house, you hardly missed the summer tourists at all. Lattimer felt a fresh glow of liking for the boy at the thought of how he'd taken his medicine right from the start.

There couldn't be many youngsters brought up as he'd been who would have stood up under Stillburn methods as cheerfully, especially with three women all taking their side. Even that first week, when both palms had been rubbed to raw flesh by the unfamiliar chafe of the fork handle, the boy hadn't whined. He'd tried three times to whip Jud Armstead; but he'd taken each licking as he'd taken this last one, and had even stood up for Jud under Annie's whiplash tongue. Lattimer had a mild glow of anger toward Frank Parlow for not appreciating such a son. It was hard to understand a father who could wash his hands of a boy this way, after indulging him extravagantly for twenty years or more. Somebody ought to go and tell Frank Parlow the history of these five months; he certainly didn't realize what good stuff there was in his son if he was handled right.

Annie was in full torrent when Lattimer came into the kitchen. Under her denunciations, Jud slouched over his plate, his huge, awkward shoulders drooping comically forward. To Lattimer there was something at once pitiful and funny in Jud's visible awe of Annie, of whom nobody else on earth could possibly be afraid. It would have been easier to understand a fear of Dora's unsmiling mouth and level, steady eyes; and yet Jud never seemed uneasy in her presence.

"Let up on him, Annie. I tell you I started it, the same as always."

Lonnie cut cheerfully across a fuming sentence. Lattimer saw Jud's eyes slant at Parlow with an unmistakable gratitude. It occurred to him for the first time that perhaps even Jud liked the youngster, mercilessly as he worked him.

"I don't care who started it," Annie declared. "It's just ——"

"You wait. I'll get him, and get him right, the next time." Lonnie chuckled. "If I could just remember to watch that haymaker left ——"

"If you fight him again I'll never ——"

Annie stopped. Lattimer was afraid she was going to cry. Parlow grinned crookedly.

"Now you be sensible, Annie. Think I'm going away without giving him the prize licking of his young life? Why, it wouldn't be decent!"

Jud looked up from his plate.

"Have to hurry then," he said slowly. "Your time's most up—ain't got over a month left, even figurin' in int'rest and bein' docked for fightin' in workin' hours."

Lattimer fancied that there was a hidden meaning behind Lonnie's laugh.

"Oh, I'll get you before I go, don't you fret!" He lifted his arms and bent them slowly, as if enjoying their strength. "Getting tougher every day I work up in the woods. One of these times you'll get all that's coming to you, and I'll be catching it from Annie because you're wearing your face on the bias."

The creak of runners interrupted the talk. Jud got to his feet.

"Cray said he'd bring over that horse he wants to sell. Guess I better go look him over now." He glanced back. "Might come along, Lon—come in handy to know a mite about horses next time you go to Saratogy."

Lonnie reached for his wammus jacket. It seemed to Lattimer that he flushed a little under the unkind reminder. Jud had a nasty way of rubbing things in; it was about time he stopped dragging up that unlucky expedition to the races. In a mild annoyance Lattimer followed the others out to the retaining wall at the edge of the lawn. His first glance at the shaggy beast behind Jim Cray's cutter told him all he wanted to know; but heeding the nice etiquette of the horse trade, he held his tongue while Jud made a patiently thorough inspection, and Cray, his breath showing white in the shrewd chill of the January day, delivered himself of a persuasive monologue.

"What say, Lon? Think he'll suit?"

Jud turned to Parlow, to Lattimer's resentful surprise. It wasn't like Jud to ask advice about a horse trade; and if he wanted it, why ask it of a city boy instead of a man who knew something about the matter?

"Not for a thin dime with a hole in it!" Lattimer was surprised again by the confident decision in the boy's voice.

"Why not?"

Jud gave no ear to Cray's injured rebuttals. Parlow twisted his heel nervously in the snow.

"Sounds crazy, I guess; but he looks too much like Phil Torbitt for my money. Go ahead and laugh!"

"Nothin' to laugh at." Jud spoke soberly. "Good solid sense to that. Wouldn't want to bet much on anything 't wore its eyes so close together."

He made short work of Cray's endeavors to debate the point, and the disappointed vender presently departed, glumly refusing Lattimer's invitation to come in and have dinner.

Lattimer went down to the barn, after the meal was over, to help harness the team. Jud and Lonnie were a few steps in advance of him and he did not hear the beginning of their talk.

As he came within earshot Jud was saying, "Make out to spare you a spell any time now, the way the work's been going. Might's well take a trip up to Lakeport and see your folks. Don't aim to be no harder on you than I got to."

Lonnie chuckled comfortably.

"Getting worried about what'll happen the next time I wade into you, eh? You wait!"

"It ain't that. Guess you c'n lick me any time you really got to do it. Ain't 's young's I was, and you keep right on gettin' harder. Ain't hurt your health much, farmin' ain't."

Lonnie flexed his arm slowly.

"Not so you could notice it."

"Jest figured you was some better at sizin' up folks 'n you was when you come here. Know better 'n to bet good money on a narrow-head, anyhow. Struck me 't maybe you might make out to size up your father some different too. Kind of liked him that time I was up to see him."

Lattimer saw the boy's jaws tighten.

"Guess I know enough about that. I don't claim I didn't have it coming to me—I can see how many kinds of a mark I was—but that doesn't matter. For all he knew, I might have been breaking rock by this time."

"Got it wrong about that." Jud shook his head. "He knew I didn't aim to spend no five hundred f'r the fun 'f sendin' you up to Stillburn. Told him jest how I aimed to handle you if he didn't pay that there check. Guess he figured 't it would learn you somethin' to work out that debt right here. Kind of promised him it would. Don't guess Torbitt 'd find you such easy pickin' again."

Lattimer saw the angry flush deepen in the boy's face.

"You mean to tell me that it's all been a fake—a frame-up to—to make me work like—like a ——"

"Wasn't no fake about me bein' so short-handed I'd 've done most anything to get me a good hand 't couldn't lay down on me n'r quit. Guess there ain't been much fake about the work you been doin', neither. Don't you go gettin' any notion I been missionaryin' on you, Lon. All I was after was a good hand 't I could handle Stillburn fashion. Figured on it way back when I left you have that extry cash so's you could go on playin' cards with them easy-runnin' friends 'f yours. What I'm tellin' you now is 't I had to kind of talk your father into leavin' me have you, 'stead of payin' that check like he was going to. Told him 't maybe I could learn you most as much right here on the place as you'd be apt to find out in a good long stretch up to Stillburn."

Lonnie's hands closed and opened. He spoke between set teeth.

"You ought to have sent me up! I had it coming—letting those grafters jolly me into making a crook out of myself! I ——"

Jud shook his head reflectively.

"Wouldn't 've paid me. Got all the help they c'n use down there anyhow. Don't know but you been better off right here too. Ain't sayin' a word against state prison; but you wouldn't ever get the good out 'f it if you got sent up f'r bein' a crook. Sight of slick ones in there, of course; but"—he turned toward the stalls—"but us murderers never left 'em mix with us no more 'n we c'd help."

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RACINE

MR. PETHICK MEETS THE CHECK GRABBERS

(Continued from Page 11)

prospects know about the goods? What do they ever know about the propositions they shoot their rolls on? Not a thing. They go down on Standard Oil or Flivver Motors, and they don't know any more about them than they knew about New Haven or Third Avenue Railways years ago. Just a lot of newspaper talk and a steer. Business is done on faith, Conway.

"Planning a new campaign with the mistakes left out, like a good general going home after taking a licking, I arrived at the Continental Hotel, where I was putting up, sharing a room with a Subway guard named Talbot Delacy. He was a powerful fellow, well used to pushing rows of people about at will, and I craved his company after my altercation with my help. He was lying on his bed and reading a book.

"'What are you doing?' I asked sociably.

"'Gone blind?' he grumbled.

"'What are you reading?' I amended after a decent interval.

"'A lot of hokum,' he said then, hurling the book to the floor and lurching off the bed. 'And they got me for two dollars to show me how to make a great big glittering success in my life. Say, Pet, I would give two more dollars for one good poke at the man that wrote that book. If I could smack him just one I would consider myself a success in life, believe me. Taking a poor man's two dollars and telling him to stop thinking. Who's been thinking?'

"He went to his work; I'd forgotten that he was on the night shift. I locked the door and pushed the dresser against it for the sake of privacy and lay down for a quiet evening's reading. I accepted the book which Talbot had rejected. His faculty for just literary criticism was not what had recommended him to me in the first place. I thought he might be wrong about the book.

"And he was wrong, Conway. That book was one of the greatest books I've ever read in all my living days. Well, to be perfectly candid, I'm not much of a bookworm, and if I went down to the big library on Forty-second Street I might see a few strangers in the ranks; but I've always liked to improve my mind when I had nothing else to do, and this book was a real revelation. It was entitled like this, as I recall:

"THE ESOTERIC LAW OF SUCCESS
BY
PROFESSOR MICAH PFAFF,
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF SUCCESS
SUCCESSOR

"It was a scrawny little paper-covered book, and I thought it was one of these ten-cent books of comic gags, and I started into it looking for a laugh. I read two or three pages, and I had several good laughs, not wanting to let on to be dumb; but it was what you might call forced humor; and I guess I was secretly getting a temperature like Talbot Delacy, when it came to me that the book wasn't even intended to be funny. Well, there was a laugh in that, and I kept on reading. It read something like this, Conway:

"'Have you ever paused to consider, reader, that you are performing every second in the day the greatest marvels of chemistry, the most wonderful feats in engineering, the most abstruse problems in mathematics, the most astounding achievements in science? This means YOU—no matter who you are!

"'Ask the greatest chemist that ever lived how to turn a boiled potato into hair and bone and blood and muscle, and he'll throw up his hands. Ask the greatest engineer to build and operate an engine smaller than his fist that will keep hitting for twenty-four hours a day for seventy years, and he'll look at you as if you were crazy. And yet you know how to do those things. The proof is that you're doing them! You're digesting three squares a day, you're keeping your heart pumping ——'

"I began to take notice. He had an argument there, Conway. I could hardly claim I didn't know how to digest a boiled potato, since I'd digested a trainload in my time, and yet in a way, I didn't know, you know. But he was ready for me there:

"'In other words, reader, you know everything there is to know, but you don't know you know it. And, reader, you never will know these things with the hatrack you've been doing your thinking with so far, because you know them only with your subconscious mind!

"'Look at Walter Johnson winding up to put over his smoke ball; look at a juggler on the stage keeping a straw hat and a piano stool and a lit lamp and a cigar all in the air at once. Are those men thinking what they're doing? Not at all; they've done these things so often that they've passed into their subconscious mind. If you think it's thinking does it, ask the first college president you meet to balance even his umbrella on the end of his nose, and see what he tells you.

"'Reader, you can do anything, absolutely anything! Nothing is impossible to you. Why don't you give up trying to think and resign your business affairs and your love affairs to your subconscious mind? Send ten dollars for advanced course for adepts. Don't stop to think. Do it! Do it now! Cash or money order. No stamps.'

"I read the book through at one lying. I do not say that I didn't muff a word here and there, but I got its message. It gave me a corking idea. I put the book aside and lay back to study it out.

"I had a vision of the millions of honest and hard-working people in America who plug away and get nowhere. I saw the multitudes of factory workers walking slowly away from the pay windows with their flat-chested envelopes. I saw the big armies of government clerks filling routine jobs, keeping at them year after year, waiting for dead men's shoes. I saw the school-teachers—twenty-five thousand in New York alone; the policemen—about fifteen thousand in this one city; the soldiers doing one-two-three-four, the farm hands getting up in the dark. And to think that each and every one of these men and women had a subconscious mind that could free him from the curse of labor, to think that nothing but the lack of twelve dollars' worth of information about themselves kept them grinding away! Professor Pfaff was doing a great work in the way of inoculating these people with a divine discontent and getting them sore on their rotten jobs, but he couldn't begin to reach the millions. Most of them wouldn't give up twelve dollars to see an earthquake. And yet every one of these factory operatives was a potential Edison; every clerk would make a good millionaire; every civil-service employe would adorn the White House—yes, by George, and every Tom, Dick and Jenny of them would make a crackajack stock and bond salesman!

"They would, you know. Business is done on faith, as I think I have said, and there was somebody who had faith in every one of these people. The idea that the professor gave me was to go after the man in the street, he could sell stock to somebody, and if I could get enough of him, he would sell stock to everybody. I jumped up right then and there and I dashed off my first appeal for salesmen. Later on I took whole columns and spreads in the metropolitan papers, but this first ad was just a few tight little lines. I hustled it around in time for the late morning edition. It went like this:

"'DO YOU WANT A BIG SALARY?

"'A big corporation about to be formed needs hundreds of men and women from eighteen to eighty to fill big executive jobs. Easy work, short hours, and big pay. No experience necessary. First come first served. Come on, everybody!

"'Consolidated Brokers of America.'

"I admit my confidence slid off in the morning. You know how that is, Conway; you go to bed all hopped up with a scheme and everything is rosy; and then you come to in the morning and everything is still and gray and cold, and the big idea rushes back to embrace you, but you hold it off for another look. You decide you'll take your time and not rush off without your coffee. Maybe you had a talk with your boss all planned out—what you'd say and what he'd say, and then how you'd put the crusher on him—and it went as smooth as an act the night before; but in the morning you're not so sure that the boss will be letter-perfect in his part.

"I felt like that about my ad; I guess my subconscious mind hadn't taken hold yet. It seemed to me that anybody who would fall for that ad would be an awful sucker; I'd shot my forty-five cents for nothing or I had another guess. I wouldn't have an answer, not until the Brooklyn Daily News-Beagle wrote to me in a couple of days and said they supposed I hadn't got results and why not try an insert in a regular newspaper. Yes, Conway, in that cold gray dawn you could have bought the Consolidated Brokers of America, wreck, spare and tools, by offering to owe me five dollars.

"I got up and went downstairs one step at a time, and sat a long while studying the grains in my coffee cup for a warning of two angry salesmen, and then I went around to the office to see if the price of lunch was in the mails.

"'What's up?' I said to the policeman in the hall. 'Was there a fire here, officer?'

"'Only a riot,' he said. 'The reserves just cleared the street and these few here are all that's left of them.'

"'These—what?' I said, looking at the solid ranks that half filled the hall and stretched up the stairs out of sight.

"'You ought to have seen them an hour ago. Make way there now! Move over and let people get by!'

"I sidled up the stairs to my office. I noticed that every one of these waiting people had a copy of the New York Daily Popeye in his hand; that was the paper I'd run my insert in, but I went along smilingly, never imagining. But when I put my key in the door a big fellow at the head of the line took me by the shoulder and announced that he came first and proposed to be served first with a big executive salary for doing as little as possible. It staggered me for an instant. I can twist a crowd around my little finger if I get a chance to work over it, but this thing took me so by surprise that I was frightened enough to turn state's evidence.

"'All—all of you?' I faltered.

"'Never mind nobody else,' he said, moving his big shoulders toward his outstanding ears. 'Your trouble is with me. I've been standing here since nine o'clock, so don't think you can pick one of those guys and give me the razz. I'm hired, what I mean.'

"As I may have said before, I never permit a subordinate to take the least liberty with me. I squared right up to this fellow, and I shot back, 'Why, of course you're hired! And now what about it?' That took the wind out of his sails. It was an unexpected stroke. That's all great business genius is, when you come right down to it, Conway—the ability to see and do the unexpected thing. Original thinking, in other words. I remember paying a bill once —— However, that's a story in itself; most extraordinary, but I can't go into it now. 'And you're hired too,' I snapped, singling out another forbidding fellow. 'Come in here, you two. Shut the door. Can you read?'

"'Nope.'

"'Can you write?'

"'Nope.'

"'You can write your name, can't you?'

"'A little bit, boss.'

"'Good! Take those pads and go outside and take the name and address of everybody out there. Let them write their names down and where they live. Understand? Tell the first dozen to wait and send the rest home until they hear from me. Go!'

"I heard the army marching away in route step under the hoarse orders of my two hard-boiled sergeants, and then I was alone with the picked dozen. They were representative men and women, a fair cross section of Help-Wanted readers. My two handy men were Weehawken chicken pullers. I had a typist, two salesladies, a dancing hostess, a colored elevator boy, a compositor, a diamond setter, a dishwasher and two lawyers. They were between the ages of twenty and forty, except the dancing hostess; she was either sixteen or sixty, and she couldn't have been both, but she looked it.

"I took a bottle of water from my desk, shook it to raise the bead, held it up to the light and passed it around for examination. 'Here,' I said, 'is a sample of Niagara Falls. It is not a handmade sample got up for sales purposes, but just run of the mill.'

"This was a little test in character analysis, Conway; to be perfectly candid, I'd drawn the water from the tap. I watched them to see how they'd act. Most of them examined the supposed sample with deep interest, but I thought I saw one of the lawyers lift his eyebrows. That fellow was using his hatrack.

"'And there,' I said, pointing to a picture on the wall, 'is the falls itself in all its overwhelming power! Look at all that water running away up there, ladies and gentlemen! And water is power, as one of our directors observed not long ago. Also, willful waste makes woeful want; but this is an age of awakening moral spirit, and when, a few short months ago, a small group of public-spirited men visited the falls, they were astounded and aghast. One look at the falls and they determined to put their foot down and stop it. At that moment there was born the Greater Niagara Power Company.'

"I handed around literature.

"'But the power from the falls is being used in a small way now,' said one of the lawyers helpfully.

"'Thank you,' I said, rising to give him a firm handshake in farewell. 'You'll probably hear from me. Good-by.'

"'Now we have covered the two essential features of any merchandising proposition,' I said, putting my finger tips together and noting those who did likewise. 'Our proposition is sound and it's worth while. The power is there and there's an enormous demand for it. We will now come down to cases. When the company gets into operation it will require the services of hundreds of men and women to fill big executive jobs at big pay. No previous experience is necessary, as the enterprise is unique. I shall ask you each to submit to a small test of your business ability, but you can consider yourself hired by the company right now. You're the sort we've been looking for. You may begin the test this very day; it consists in selling stock in the Greater Niagara Power Company.'

"'Selling stock in my grandmother!' said the other lawyer, walking out. I let him go; lawyers make me nervous.

"'Selling stock in his grandmother—precisely!' I said to the ten. 'There's the sort of man we don't want; he hit the nail right on the head, but he didn't have faith enough to see it. It was that man's subconscious mind that made him think of his grandmother—perhaps the only person who'd buy stock from him—and he scoffed. But please don't confuse this enterprise with a stock-selling scheme; a man who will ask anybody to sell stock is an unprincipled scoundrel.'

"'I'm glad you ain't that sort,' said the dishwasher.

"'Not,' I said, 'that stock selling isn't a necessary detail of starting a big corporation, but no man should be asked to focus on it. If I thought you people were nothing but stock salesmen, I wouldn't waste a moment on you; I've just fired two bang-up stock salesmen. I want you people to focus on your big executive jobs at big pay: keep that ideal in your mind. But I know you've all got business acumen enough to know that we must first raise the money to buy or rent the falls and to build the power houses and to provide you each with a mahogany desk; otherwise there'd be nothing on your desks but your feet. It's a minor detail, I admit, but there it is, and let us dispose of it.'

"'I don't think I could sell stock,' said the older saleslady.

"'If you don't try, madam, you'll never sell any. Did you ever try to sell stock? Let me positively assure you that you can do it. Everybody can. You have a subconscious mind, haven't you?'

"'No more than yours, I guess,' she said, a bit peeved.

"'You don't quite get me. Let me tell you that you're doing things every day in the week that you don't know how to do. Do you know how you make your heart beat? Do you know how you produce that rosy hue upon your cheek?'

"'I do,' said the dancing hostess, looking keenly at her.

"'No personalities, please,' I said, rapping for order. 'I was about to remark that the lady does these things by her subconscious mind, and that she can sell stock in the same way. Will you try it for one week and let me prove it to you?'

"'No,' said the typist, the compositor and the dishwasher.

(Continued on Page 102)

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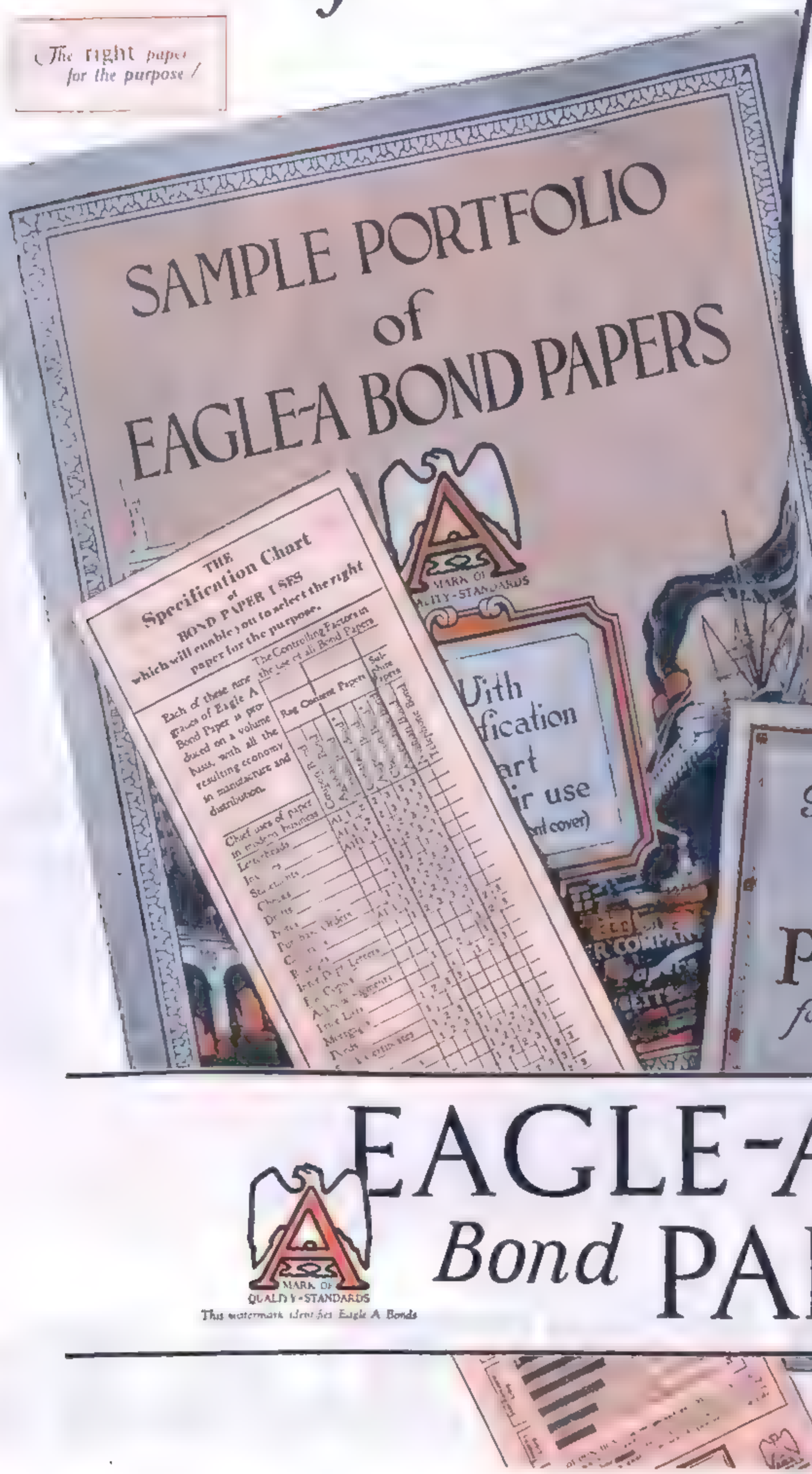
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Photograph shows one of a fleet of Goodyear equipped buses operated by the Public Service Company of Newark, N. J. and serving more than one hundred communities.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The New Public Service

The American people appear to be on the threshold of a transportation experience far finer than any they have ever known.

A new carrier, of immense utility, and fast developing toward perfection, is taking rank with the automobile for personal use, the street railway for the movement of city populations, and the great rail systems for swift, long-distance travel.

It is the motorbus.

Efficient, elastic, popular—it is the twentieth century's newest gift to public transportation.

* * *

Look where you will, you see the motorbus—carrying its millions in the cities, distributing and feeding the traffic of steam and electric rail lines, spreading its network of highway travel over the countryside.

Last year, it transported its billions of passengers and covered its billions of passenger miles.

This is the fruition of a ten-year development, the result of great public need, wise public and private enterprise, good roads, good laws, and amazing progress in the designing of vehicles, the science of operating them, and the manufacture of equipment for them.

* * *

It was in no small part made possible by the pneumatic tire so widely employed in motorbus service today, and in the pioneering and developing of that tire, the work of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company has been most significant.

You will recall the pioneer Goodyear motor expresses on pneumatic tires designed for heavy duty over long distances.

Day and night, winter and summer, these Goodyear couriers ran the 900 miles between Akron and Boston, scaling the mountains, threading the cities, crossing the country, to establish the fact that tires could be built for heavy loads and hard service, for sustained performance, for long, economical life.

You will remember those national demonstrations, the Goodyear transcontinental runs, from New York to San Francisco and down around the rim of the desert back again, to prove dramatically that the vision of the far-seeing men who have built up this motorbus industry was sound and clear.

* * *

That pioneering preceded the steady, faithful development of the Goodyear Pneumatic to its present-day status as the standard pneumatic tire for motorbus service the country over.

From those early days to this, the Goodyear effort to perfect this tire has never ceased.

Now it is crowned by the invention in Goodyear's own mills of that extra-elastic, extra-durable new material, SUPERTWIST.

SUPERTWIST adds to the tractive power of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread, the lasting life of Goodyear rubber, and the rugged strength of Goodyear construction, the final values of greater carcass life, sidewall flexibility, road activity and riding comfort.

It makes the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tire the preferred equipment of such operating successes as the Public Service Transportation Company of New Jersey, with its 700 buses, traveling 2,000,000 miles a month, and serving over 100 municipalities and the country in between.

To every operator, large and small, this accomplishment in tire construction is the best assurance that the pioneer marches abreast of the people's need, straight to the future success of the new transportation.

More people ride on Goodyear tires than any other kind

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 98)

"And then there were seven. I didn't know it at the time, but that was an awfully good percentage to catch out of twelve. I equipped these seven stickers with literature in which they could read about the big executive jobs and sent them forth. I was sure they'd make good promptly, so I gave them 10 per cent commission and no salary. That was as good a proposition as they could have got from the biggest and best bond house in Wall Street, and it had the further advantage of leaving 40 per cent for me.

"And, sure enough, Conway, inside of one elapsed hour the first of the chicken pullers came back into the office with a proud smile on his face. His name, if I recall it, was Clarence Limburg. 'There's the jack, boss,' he said, dumping a full pint of small change onto the desk. 'Sold five hundred shares to my old man. He's all crippled up, and he's laying on the ground down on Fulton Street.'

"'You didn't have to cripple him, did you?' I said sternly.

"'What do you mean?'

"'I mean, did you have trouble to persuade him?'

"'Trouble to persuade a cripple?' He sniffed contemptuously. 'I should say not. I shoved it under his nose and told him to sign up.'

"'What business is the old gentleman in?'

"'He's a cripple, I told you. He sits on the steps with his arm up his back and people give money to look at him. What you call a licensed peddler, boss. Took in fifty dollars this morning. Yes, my old man is sitting pretty. Well, I'm getting mine now; I couldn't have made five dollars in an hour at my trade if I busted my suspenders. Give me my papers and I'll go sell another edition. My old woman's got dough too.'

"So far, good; but the best was yet to come. Inside that week these seven Trojans sold twenty-six hundred dollars' worth of stock, cleaning up an average of thirty-seven dollars apiece right in the midst of those hard times. Well, the colored boy ran away with four hundred dollars, but the Greater Niagara people gave me that much stock for nothing, and my cut was still eight hundred and eighty dollars. I sat down right away and wrote a testimonial to Professor Pfaff, who had tipped me off. And when I came to tabulate those sales it was as I had figured out; my salesmen had done all their selling to friends and relations.

"'Keep it up,' I told them. 'Make next week the banner week.'

"And they went to it like good fellows. But they didn't do so well that week. They sold a hundred dollars' worth, but it all went to the dancing hostess whose heavy sugar papa had just come to town, and he messed things up by telling her she could keep it and the stock too. And so my seven coadjutors drifted in on me during the week and told me they'd run out of relations, and that they could still love that executive job to death, but they had to eat.

"'The matter with you,' I said to him or her, 'is that you're one of these floaters who drift around from job to job, trying to better their jobs instead of bettering their work.' There's something for all of us in that, Conway. Never leave business for business; don't get up and move on when you're sitting pretty. 'Look at me,' I said. 'I used up my relations long ago, and I haven't a friend who'd lend me a dime, and I'm booming right along. But I'm not arguing with you. Go on and quit.'

"And they did, Conway the whole seven of them. Was I discouraged and cast down? Not in the least. I knew I'd made one of the greatest discoveries in the history of selling. I banked my eight hundred and eighty dollars for a reference and went over and took four hundred square feet in the new Mid-City Building at two-ten a square foot. I ordered a sign forty feet long and four feet high. I ran a big square-peg ad in three newspapers. Many people think I invented that expression 'a square peg in a round hole,' but I didn't. The Patent Office in Washington says I didn't, and what's good enough for Washington is good enough for me. They refused me a patent on it. I think they should have afforded me protection, as I was the first to see its commercial possibilities, but I bowed to their decision and pegged away.

"It was the same thing all over again on a larger scale. I put on sixty salesmen, and they all sold stock and then quit on me. They were all sorts of people, taken out of all sorts of jobs; they sold fifteen thousand dollars' worth, netting me six thousand dollars, and then threw up their hands and quit. Did I throw in the towel? No, sir; I took the rest of the floor and opened up big.

"I don't want to brag, but I think I was the only executive in America who had to hire a new personnel every two weeks, and every man jack of them inexperienced. How would you like to try it in your business, Conway? Could you make a dollar with a turnover like that? Could you keep a jump ahead of the red flag? I made money in large packages. I sold the propositions the people want, the sort they can see a real profit in. No Flivver Motors or Nazareth Steel; the way my customers figured, they would be suckers to wait a year for 6 or 7 per cent of their money when they had it all already. That's psychology.

"The last year I was in business I employed eighteen thousand salesmen. Listen to what I'm saying, Conway—eighteen thousand. I had sixty thousand applicants and they cost me a dollar a head in advertising. I turned down the bulk of them because they didn't have steady jobs; the people I wanted had jobs already, the solid and respectable people who had good friends and relations, not just drifters.

"There was a pitiful aspect to my business. I've shed tears, and shed them on a public platform, too, when I've been delivering an inspirational talk and have come to speak of the countless floaters there are in America—people that won't stick to their jobs. Two weeks here, and out they go to try something else. Conway, it's a ghastly burden on American business. I didn't want that sort. Mulling it over, it struck me that I should advertise for men who would stick to their jobs. I see that wrinkle is being worked extensively nowadays, but I claim I originated it; the idea is to face the essential difficulty and not blink it. I read an ad in a paper yesterday that went like this: 'The only way to become a steeple jack is by actual practice in scaling high buildings. Let no so-called school delude you that they can teach you by mail. It can't be done. Enroll at once for our new course in actual and practical steeple jacking in six lessons, all easy reading. The American Institute of Jacks and Riggers.' Another was addressed to deaf mutes: 'Do you wish to become a great public speaker? You will never succeed without learning to talk, and don't listen to anything different. Send immediately for our big bargain offer in six lessons.'"

"I get it, Pethick. And how did you come out in getting men to quit their jobs by advertising for men who'd stick to them?"

"Excellently, Conway. I got a much higher percentage of available material. It was harder going toward the end; a number of wise men had been watching me, and they went to stealing my stuff and raiding my preserves; but I could always pull a new one. But then came this regrettable affair with this young fellow McCann, and I was indicted and charged with fraud. I'm not going into that, beyond saying that I was found guilty and given a term in prison. What I'm getting at here is this matter of the check grabbers."

"The judge said you were a public menace, Pethick, and that your methods were a curse to honest business."

"That was a nice thing to say about a man, wasn't it?" said Pethick, reddening with anger. "I was a salesman, Conway. It was my business to sell, and I sold; and if the goods didn't stand up, it was no skin off my neck. That is, I thought it wasn't. However, let that pass; there's no percentage in harboring ill will, Conway. Just to show I was willing to let bygones be bygones, I sent that judge a prospectus of the Hampodyne Radio Corporation when I got out of jail and was handling the stock, and he reciprocated by buying a big block of it.

"You know the Hampodyne radio, Conway. It's the best on the market, or was a short while ago. I'm open to reason and always was, and it didn't take me three years to figure out that I didn't want any more Greater Niagara Power Company or Boreal Improvement Company. I had my opinion, but if judges and juries were going to think differently, there was no percentage in being pig-headed. I determined that I would get a proposition that would keep me out in the open, even if I didn't make so much. I didn't have a dollar out of the two hundred thousand I had before the crash of the Consolidated Brokers of America. Where did it go? Don't ask me. It went. A friend put me on to this man Hamp, who'd invented a radio that seemed to be a stem-winder, and I took hold of putting it on the market.

"This Hamp was just an inventor. All he knew about me was that I was the prominent promoter that everybody had been talking about; what they had been saying toward the end he didn't seem to know, having a gift for minding his own business. He didn't seem to be advised of recent improvements in stock shoving. He had an old-fashioned notion that he ought to sell some moneyed fellow on his contraption and get him to put up enough to build a few machines, and then some big bond house would take hold and underwrite enough stock to get into production and probably send their salesmen around with a sample radio in a grip. A big advertising campaign, and all that sort of thing.

"Well, now you know those capitalists want a very handsome cut. I explained to Hamp how much simpler it would be to sell the stock first and get the money in and then make up his mind what he would do with it. Maybe he would decide he had made enough, and he would let somebody else build the radio and make another fortune. He balked at first, seeming to think I was proposing something dishonest; but I showed him there was nothing compelling him to skip with the money if he didn't choose to, and he was finally convinced and let me take hold. All I asked him for was one thousand dollars for printing and the first week's salary account, office rent, advertising, and the like, and he would be afloat. He scraped it up, just about. Remember, Conway, this was an absolutely legitimate proposition and buying the stock was like a tip from the feed bin. I was figuring on pyramiding on it myself.

"I took a handsome suite of offices, put on a few men to count money, bought everything on time, and ran a big square-peg ad—come on, everybody! You men that can stick to a job, come here and stick to this one! Big corporation, about to be formed to market a utility of national scope, needs hundreds of inexperienced men to fill big executive jobs.

"Did they come? Conway, they came running. In spite of the fact that I had had a dozen flourishing imitators when the Consolidated Brokers went under, the supply didn't seem to have been more than scratched. And there weren't many chicken pullers and dishwashers among them, either; surprisingly few. Most of them were brisk, clean-cut, shrewd-eyed young men, confident as actors and glib as the street worker who offers you nine dollars' worth of jewelry for twenty-five cents. The best material for salesmen, if only I could sell them on my proposition. That is all I was afraid of. But I was worrying needlessly; they were sold before they came. They listened respectfully to my exposition of the wonderful opportunities that awaited them in the radio field, agreed promptly to sell stock when I switched onto that aspect of the matter, and made only one stipulation. They said there was absolutely nothing doing on straight commission and that they had to have salaries.

"I met that cleverly enough. I told them that I would pay salaries for the first week, while they were trying the proposition out, and that thereafter they'd be on straight commission if they wanted to stick. You get the good sense of that; I knew the great majority of them would have a big week back home, and after that it would be harder, but not on me. And I put on fifty of them on terms all the way down from fifty a week and 2 per cent, to 10 per cent and ten dollars. I tried to pick them all of the type I mentioned, the livewire sort, a bit hard-boiled, but wide awake; the sort I'd been when I was a young fellow. And then I told Hamp he could get busy, because we had struck the rock of the nation's finances, which is the roll inside the broken teapot, and streams of revenue were going to gush. I had a little something left over from my inspirational talk to my men.

"Things were quiet around the office that week. Most of my boys didn't take time off to report every day. It seemed as though most of them lived in the suburbs and farther, and they could only call on the long-distance. But I was sure that we'd have signed contracts on Saturday for ten to twenty thousand dollars, which we could show at the bank; and when Hamp asked me to take the half day off and go scouting around with him in Astoria looking at manufacturing lofts I went without a qualm.

"On Monday morning I went down to the office and added up the contracts; it took me just two seconds. There had been ninety dollars' worth of stock sold in all. Then the bank called up and Hamp talked to them. He put down the receiver and said, 'What was that you said last week about striking a rock? We've struck it fast enough. The account is overdrawn.'

"'The bookkeeper must have handed out the salary checks in the face of that showing,' I said disgustedly.

"'Why shouldn't he?' said Hamp, reaching for his hat. 'A salary is a salary, isn't it? You can stay around here if you like, Pethick, but I'm going over to see the bank and then down to that capitalist on Nassau Street to talk business.'

"And he went. And that was the end of my connection. That Nassau Street usurer robbed the life out of him, getting a half interest in the machine as the price of talking about it at all. I understand that Hamp was shut off with a couple of million, but that's nothing to what he would have made if he'd kept the thing to himself. I had to get out and hustle a job, and it seemed as though there weren't many Hamps. I didn't find another. I couldn't go back into the square-peg business. That's still a paying industry, but it's out of the rocker-and-nugget stage and requires capital now. I had a talk some months ago with one of the biggest of the square-peggers that are left.

"'It's the check grabbers,' he said, 'and it strikes right at the root of the business. You can't employ everybody any more as you could in the old days. We've put so many thousand of them through the wringer that the supply is dangerously low, and we can't turn men down because they ask for salaries. We've got to take lots of them on, as the business is built on the turnover; and that means that we've got to support a big investigation department. We're looking up references all the time to escape the check grabbers, and believe me, we have to look.'

"'I am shocked to hear this,' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' he said grimly, 'it's a real profession nowadays. Ten or fifteen years ago you'd meet up with a sleeper on the pay roll once in a while, a man who was too lazy to work; but these newcomers are hustlers. They hold from three to eight jobs at all times, and they're rushed off their feet to jump around and get the salaries and land new jobs. Just as we have specialized on hiring new men all the time, so there's a growing army of men who specialize on getting new jobs all the time. You were out of the game for a couple of years, and when you came back you were eaten up by the check grabbers.'

"'I wonder what could have brought such a condition about,' I said.

"'Pethick, I don't know,' he said. 'It's often puzzled me. I sometimes think it's the lack of good moral training in our public schools. That's how I size it up.'

"'That may be,' I said, 'but I rather think it's the result of the war. It wasn't like this before the war.'

"'That's true,' he said, 'but I don't believe in these economic interpretations. No, it's fundamentally a matter of morality. People nowadays, and especially the young people, are out for a good time twenty-four hours a day. They don't want to hear about the future, about a big executive job they can work into. They want theirs now! It's got to do with jazz and liquor drinking and dancing and short skirts.'"

Pethick sighed and looked at the door and me.

"That was probably one of your graduates that just went out with my twenty-five dollars," I said. "But I get the moral: it is to have a sound proposition that the right sort of salesmen will stick to, and then look up your references. I don't think I'll bother any further with that Italian fraternal society. Those lots are no place to live anyway. They're only fit for a coal yard, and I think I'll take an offer the Slater Fuel Company made me last week and drop the price."

"It's a terrible state of affairs," said Pethick. He shot away the cigar butt. "That's a very good smoke, Conway; where can I get some of them?"

"Right here," I said, shutting the lid of the box and handing it to him. "Here, take the whole works; do me a favor and take them, will you? You will them fairly, and never mind asking questions. And now let's go get a bite of lunch, eh?"

What is the real source of charm in a room?

by Helen Richmond

LET me give you an interior decorating hint—the use you make of daylight in your rooms gives them the last touch of alluring comfort. Tone the light!

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THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 25.)

The girl went with John Quincy to the balcony.

"I—I don't know what to make of it," she said.

"Things are coming rather fast," John Quincy admitted. He remembered the Corsican cigarette. "I wouldn't trust him too far," he admonished.

"But he's so wonderful."

"Oh, he's all right, probably. But looks are often deceptive. I'll go along now and let you talk with him."

She laid one slim tanned hand on his white-clad arm.

"Do be careful!"

"Oh, I'm all right," he told her.

"But someone shot at you."

"Yes, and a very poor aim he had too. Don't worry about me." She was very close, her eyes glowing in the dark. "You said you weren't afraid for yourself," he added. "Did you mean ——"

"I meant—I was afraid—for you."

The moon, of course, was shining. The coco palms turned their heads away at the suggestion of the trades. The warm waters of Waikiki murmured near by. John Quincy Winterslip, from Boston, and immune, drew the girl to him and kissed her. Not a cousinly kiss, either—but why should it have been? She wasn't his cousin.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. He seemed to be floating dizzily in space. It came to him that he might reach out and pluck her a handful of stars.

It came to him a second later that, despite his firm resolve, he had done it again. Kissed another girl. Three—that made three with whom he was sort of entangled.

"Good night," he said huskily, and leaping over the rail he fled hastily through the garden.

Three girls now—but he hadn't a single regret. He was living at last. As he hurried through the dark along the beach his heart was light. Once he fancied he was being followed, but he gave it little thought. What of it?

On the bureau in his room he found an envelope with his name typewritten on the outside. The note within was typewritten too. He read:

"You are too busy out here. Hawaii can manage her affairs without the interference of a malihini. Boats sail almost daily. If you are still here forty-eight hours after you get this—look out. Tonight's shots were fired into the air. The aim will quickly improve."

Delighted, John Quincy tossed the note aside. Threatening him, eh? His activities as a detective were bearing fruit. He recalled the glowering face of Kaohla when he said, "You did this! I don't forget!" And a remark of Dan Winterslip's his aunt had quoted: "Civilized—yes. But far underneath there are deep dark waters flowing still."

Boats were sailing almost daily, were they? Well, let them sail. He would be on one some day, but not until he had brought Dan Winterslip's murderer to justice.

Life had a new glamour now. Look out? He'd be looking—and enjoying it too. He smiled happily to himself as he took off his coat. This was better than selling bonds in Boston.

XVIII

JOHN QUINCY awoke at nine the following morning and slipped from under his mosquito netting eager to face the responsibilities of a new day. On the floor near his bureau lay the letter designed to speed the parting guest.

He picked it up and read it again with manifest enjoyment.

When he reached the dining room Haku informed him that Miss Minerva and Barbara had breakfasted early and gone to the city on a shopping tour.

"Look here, Haku," the boy said. "A letter came for me late last night?"

"Yes-s," admitted Haku.

"Who delivered it?"

"Cannot say. It were found on floor of hall close by big front door."

"Who found it?"

"Kamaikui."

"Oh, yes—Kamaikui."

"I tell her to put in your sleeping room."

"Did Kamaikui see the person who brought it?"

"Nobody see him. Nobody on place."

"All right," John Quincy said.

He spent a leisurely hour on the lanai with his pipe and the morning paper. At about half past ten he got out the roadster and drove to the police station. Hallet and Chan, he was told, were in a conference with the prosecutor. He sat down to wait, and in a few moments word came for him to join them. Entering Greene's office, he saw the three men seated gloomily about the prosecutor's desk.

"Well, I guess I'm some detective," he announced. Greene looked up quickly.

"Found anything new?"

"Not precisely," John Quincy admitted. "But last night when I was walking along Kalakaua Avenue with a young woman somebody took a couple of wild shots at me from the bushes, and when I got home I found this letter waiting."

He handed the epistle to Hallet, who read it with evident disgust, then passed it on to the prosecutor.

"That doesn't get us anywhere," the captain said.

"It may get me somewhere, if I'm not careful," John Quincy replied. "However, I'm rather proud of it. Sort of goes to show that my detective work is hitting home."

"Maybe," answered Hallet carelessly.

Greene laid the letter on his desk.

"My advice to you," he said, "is to carry a gun. That's unofficial, of course."

"Nonsense, I'm not afraid," John Quincy told him. "I've got a pretty good idea who sent this thing."

"You have?" Greene said.

"Yes; he's a friend of Captain Hallet's—Dick Kaohla."

"What do you mean—he's a friend of mine?" flared Hallet.

"Well, you certainly treated him pretty tenderly the other night."

"I knew what I was doing," said Hallet grouchily.

"I hope you did. But if he puts a bullet in me some lovely evening, I'm going to be pretty annoyed with you."

"Oh, you're in no danger," Hallet answered. "Only a coward writes anonymous letters."

"Yes, and only a coward shoots from ambush. But that isn't saying he can't take a good aim."

Hallet picked up the letter. "I'll keep this. It may prove to be evidence."

"Surely," agreed John Quincy. "And you haven't got any too much evidence, as I see it."

"Is that so?" growled Hallet. "We've made a rather important discovery about that Corsican cigarette."

"Oh, I'm not saying Charlie isn't good," smiled John Quincy. "I was with him when he worked that out."

A uniformed man appeared at the door.

"Egan and his daughter and Captain Cope," he announced to Greene. "Want to see them now, sir?"

"Send them in," ordered the prosecutor.

"I'd like to stay, if you don't mind," John Quincy suggested.

"Oh, by all means," Greene answered. "We couldn't get along without you."

The policeman brought Egan to the door and the proprietor of the Reef and Palm came into the room. His face was haggard and pale; his long siege with the authorities had begun to tell. But a stubborn light still flamed in his eyes. After him came Carlota Egan, fresh and beautiful, and with a new air of confidence about her. Captain Cope followed, tall, haughty, a man of evident power and determination.

"This is the prosecutor, I believe?" he said. "Ah, Mr. Winterslip, I find you everywhere I go."

"You don't mind my staying?" inquired John Quincy.

"Not in the least, my boy. Our business here will take but a moment." He turned to Greene. "Just as a preliminary," he continued, "I am Capt. Arthur Temple Cope of the British Admiralty, and this gentleman"—he nodded toward the proprietor of the Reef and Palm—"is my brother."

"Really?" said Greene. "His name is Egan, as I understand it."

"His name is James Egan Cope," the captain replied. "He dropped the Cope many years ago for reasons that do not concern us now. I am here simply to say, sir, that you are holding my brother on the flimsiest pretext I have ever encountered in the course of my rather extensive travels. If necessary I propose to engage the best lawyer in Honolulu and have him free by night. But I'm giving you this last chance to release him and avoid a somewhat painful exposé of the sort of nonsense you go in for."

John Quincy glanced at Carlota Egan. Her eyes were shining, but not, alas, on him. They were on her uncle.

Greene flushed slightly.

"A good bluff, captain, is always worth trying," he said.

"Oh, then you admit you've been bluffing," said Cope quickly.

"I was referring to your attitude, sir," Greene replied.

"Oh, I see," Cope said. "I'll sit down, if you don't mind. As I understand it, you have two things against old Jim here. One is that he visited Dan Winterslip on the night of the murder and now refuses to divulge the nature of that call. The other is the stub of a Corsican cigarette which was found by the walk outside the door of Winterslip's living room." Greene shook his head.

"Only the first," he responded. "The Corsican cigarette is no longer evidence against Egan." He leaned suddenly across his desk. "It is, my dear Captain Cope, evidence against you." Cope met his look unflinchingly.

"Really?" he remarked. John Quincy noted a flash of startled bewilderment in Carlota Egan's eyes.

"That's what I said," Greene continued. "I'm very glad you dropped in this morning, sir. I've been wanting to talk to you. I've been told that you were heard to express a strong dislike for Dan Winterslip."

"I may have. I certainly felt it."

"Why?"

"As a midshipman on a British warship, I was familiar with Australian gossip in the 80's. Mr. Dan Winterslip had an unsavory reputation. It was rumored on good authority that he rifled the sea chest of his dead captain on the Maid of Shiloh. Perhaps we're a bit squeamish, but that is the sort of thing we sailors cannot forgive. There were other quaint deeds in connection with his blackbirding activities. Yes, my dear sir, I heartily disliked Dan Winterslip, and if I haven't said so before, I say it now."

"You arrived in Honolulu a week ago yesterday," Greene continued. "At noon—Monday noon. You left the following day. Did you, by any chance, call on Dan Winterslip during that period?"

"I did not."

"Ah, yes. I may tell you, sir, that the Corsican cigarettes found in Egan's case were of Turkish tobacco. The stub found near the scene of Dan Winterslip's murder was of Virginia tobacco. So also, my dear Captain Cope, was the Corsican cigarette you gave our man Charlie Chan in the lobby of the Alexander Young Hotel last Sunday night." Cope looked at Chan and smiled.

"Always the detective, eh?" he said.

"Never mind that!" Greene cried. "I'm asking for an explanation."

"The explanation is very simple," Cope replied. "I was about to give it to you when you launched into this silly cross-examination. The Corsican cigarette found by Dan Winterslip's door was, naturally, of Virginia tobacco. I never smoke any other kind."

"What?"

"There can be no question about it, sir. I dropped that cigarette there myself."

"But you just told me you didn't call on Dan Winterslip."

"That was true; I didn't. I called on Miss Minerva Winterslip, of Boston, who is a guest in the house. As a matter of fact, I had tea with her last Monday at five o'clock. You may verify that by telephoning the lady."

Greene glanced at Hallet, who glanced at the telephone, then turned angrily to John Quincy.

"Why the devil didn't she tell me that?" he demanded. John Quincy smiled.

"I don't know, sir. Possibly because she never thought of Captain Cope in connection with the murder."

"She'd hardly be likely to," Cope said. "Miss Winterslip and I had tea in the living room, then went out and sat on a bench in the garden, chatting over old times. When I returned to the house I was smoking a cigarette. I dropped it just outside the living-room door. Whether Miss Winterslip noted my action or not, I don't know. She probably didn't; it isn't the sort of thing one remembers. You may call her on the telephone if you wish, sir."

Again Greene looked at Hallet, who shook his head.

"I'll talk with her later," announced the captain of detectives. Evidently Miss Minerva had an unpleasant interview ahead.

"At any rate," Cope continued to the prosecutor, "you had yourself disposed of the cigarette as evidence against old Jim. That leaves only the fact of his silence ——"

"His silence, yes," Greene cut in; "and the fact that Winterslip had been heard to express a fear of Jim Egan." Cope frowned.

"Had he, really?" He considered a moment. "Well, what of it? Winterslip had good reason to fear a great many honest men. No, my dear sir, you have nothing save my brother's silence against him, and that is not enough. I demand ——"

Greene raised his hand.

"Just a minute. I said you were bluffing, and I still think so. Any other assumption would be an insult to your intelligence. Surely you know enough about the law to understand that your brother's refusal to tell me his business with Winterslip, added to the fact that he was presumably the last person to see Winterslip alive, is sufficient excuse for holding him. I can hold him on those grounds, I am holding him, and, my dear captain, I shall continue to hold him until hell freezes over."

"Very good," said Cope, rising. "I shall engage a capable lawyer ——"

"That is, of course, your privilege," snapped Greene. "Good morning."

Cope hesitated. He turned to Egan.

"It means more publicity, Jim," he said. "Delay too. More unhappiness for Carlota here. And since everything you did was done for her ——"

"How did you know that?" asked Egan quickly.

"I've guessed it. I can put two and two together, Jim. Carlota was to return with me for a bit of schooling in England. You said you had the money, but you hadn't. That was your pride again, Jim. It's got you into a lifetime of trouble. You cast about for the funds and you remembered Winterslip. I'm beginning to see it all now. You had something on Dan Winterslip and you went to his house that night to—er——"

"—— to blackmail him," suggested Greene.

"It wasn't a pretty thing to do, Jim," Cope went on. "But you weren't doing it for yourself. Carlota and I know you would have died first. You did it for your girl, and we both forgive you." He turned to Carlota. "Don't we, my dear?"

The girl's eyes were wet. She rose and kissed her father.

"Dear old dad," she said.

"Come on, Jim," pleaded Captain Cope, "forget your pride for once. Speak up and we'll take you home with us. I'm sure the prosecutor will keep the thing from the newspapers."

"We've promised him that a thousand times," Greene said. Egan lifted his head.

"I don't care anything about the newspapers," he explained. "It's you, Arthur—you and Cary. I didn't want you two to know. But since you've guessed, and Cary knows, too, I may as well tell everything."

John Quincy stood up.

"Mr. Egan," he said, "I'll leave the room, if you wish."

"Sit down, my boy," Egan replied. "Cary's told me of your kindness to her. Besides, you saw the check."

"What check was that?" cried Hallet. He leaped to his feet and stood over John Quincy.

"I was honor bound not to tell," explained the boy gently.

"You don't say so!" Hallet bellowed. "You're a fine pair, you and that aunt of yours!"

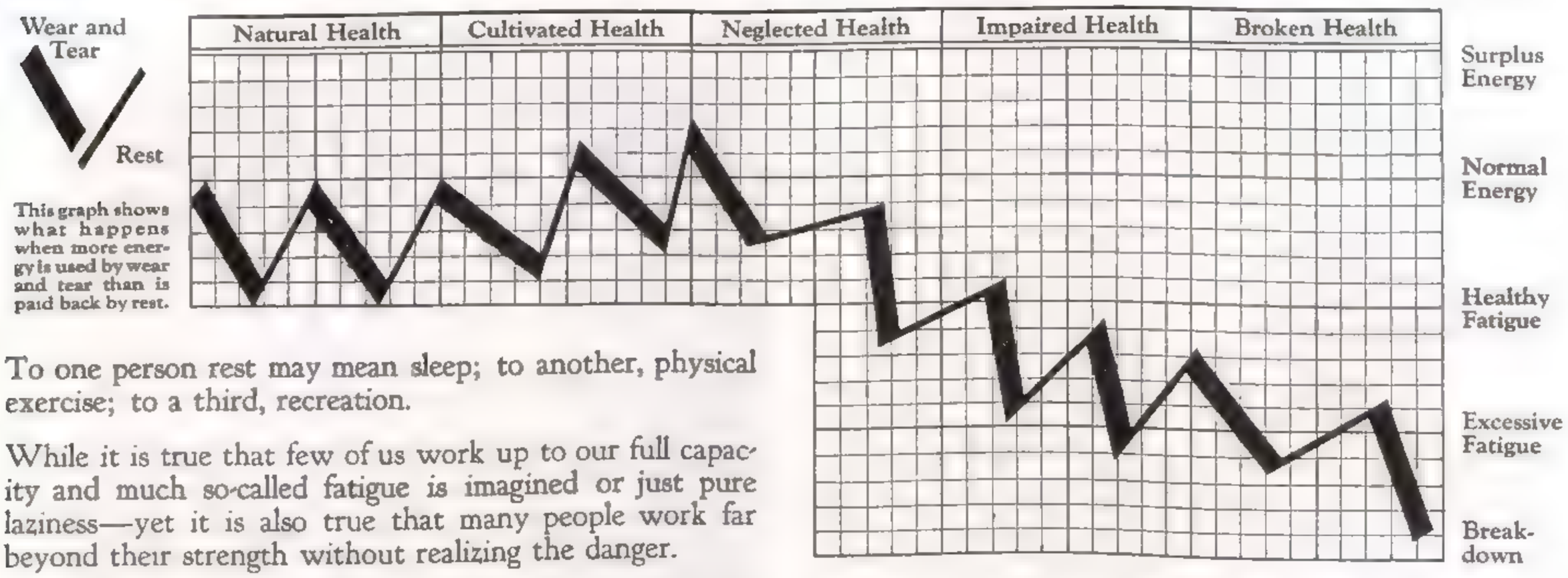
"One minute, Hallet," cut in Greene. "Now, Egan, or Cope, or whatever your name happens to be, I'm waiting to hear from you."

Egan nodded. "Back in the 80's I was teller in a bank in Melbourne, Australia," he said. "One day a young man came to my window. Williams, or some such name, he called himself. He had a green-hide bag full of gold pieces—Mexican, Spanish and English coins, some of them crusted with dirt—and he wanted to

(Continued on Page 109)

Pay Yourself Back

ARE you tired? It is getting close to the time of year when people talk of feeling "all tired out" and there is much discussion of spring tonics. If you are fatigued and there is nothing organically wrong, the tonic you need and probably the only one you need is the right kind of rest to restore your energy.



This graph shows what happens when more energy is used by wear and tear than is paid back by rest.

To one person rest may mean sleep; to another, physical exercise; to a third, recreation.

While it is true that few of us work up to our full capacity and much so-called fatigue is imagined or just pure laziness—yet it is also true that many people work far beyond their strength without realizing the danger.

A certain amount of fatigue after exertion is natural, but excessive fatigue is Nature's safety-device for warning that rest is needed. When you are over-tired, your powers of resistance are lowered and you are more susceptible to disease.

What brings about excessive fatigue? Usually over-strain—either physical or mental—and insufficient rest. Because your activity is both of the body and the mind, and one reacts on the other, your fatigue is a close interlacing of physical and mental weariness. Neither can be relieved separately. Emotional disturbances—worry, fear, resentment, discontent and depression—also cause fatigue. The tired man is often a worried man and the worried man is usually a tired man.

If you are over-tired, find the reason and then try to plan your time so that you will have sufficient rest. If hard physical work is making you feel "all in" you may require more hours of sleep than usual even though this may mean temporarily giving up some form of amusement. Perhaps you are not eating the right amount of energy-making food. If you are a mental worker the kind of rest you probably need is exercise in fresh air. If excessive emotion is making you tired, the right kind of recreation probably will help you.

Remember that excessive fatigue is not a thing to be lightly shrugged away. There is often a direct connection between the first neglected signs of fatigue and a serious breakdown from which recovery is a slow, disheartening process. If you tire too easily and if rest does not put you back in good condition, it is more than likely that your health is affected and needs attention.

Workers—take warning! Pay back the energy that you take out of yourself. As the years mount up, longer and longer periods of rest are necessary to make restoration. The "spring tonic" that you need most likely is just a rearrangement of your hours of work, play and rest, and not medicine.

Employers of labor are coming to find that excessive, unnecessary fatigue is a great source of industrial and economic waste. It entails loss of production and loss of earning power. It is said to be a factor in the occurrence of work accidents and is closely related to the cause or aggravation of most cases of severe sickness.

Many large organizations have learned that physical fatigue can be minimized by careful control of working conditions. An increasingly large number of employees are now working only a reasonable number of hours each week. Machines, tables, benches, and seating facilities are being constructed to serve the needs and comfort of those who use them. Adequate, proper lighting and good ventilation have been found to be important factors in the battle against the serious consequences of abnormal fatigue.

Tests have shown that in connection with certain occupations output can be increased and fatigue decreased by arranging rest periods. Here in the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, our more than 9000 employees have two rest periods, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. These periods of relaxation have a beneficial effect on both the work and the worker.

There are many hours of the day when men and women do not work. The good use of these hours is as important to health as is the right use of working hours. The Metropolitan has published a booklet, "What Would You Do With 36,000,000 Minutes (70 years of life)?" and another on "Industrial Hygiene." Either or both, of these booklets, will be mailed free to those who ask for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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(Continued from Page 107)

exchange them for bank notes. I made the exchange for him. He appeared several times with similar bags, and the transaction was repeated. I thought little of it at the time, though the fact that he tried to give me a large tip did rather rouse my suspicion.

"A year later, when I had left the bank and gone to Sydney, I heard rumors of what Dan Winterslip had done on the Maid of Shiloh. It occurred to me that Williams and Winterslip were probably the same man. But no one seemed to be prosecuting the case; the general feeling was that it was blood money anyhow; that Tom Brade had not come by it honestly himself. So I said nothing.

"Twelve years later I came to Hawaii and Dan Winterslip was pointed out to me. He was Williams, right enough, and he knew me too. But I'm not a blackmailer. I've been in some tight places, Arthur, but I've always played fair; so I let the matter drop. For more than twenty years nothing happened.

"Then, a few months ago, my family located me at last, and Arthur here wrote me that he was coming to Honolulu and would look me up. I'd always felt that I'd not done the right thing by my girl—that she was not taking the place in the world to which she was entitled. I wanted her to visit my old mother and get a bit of English training. I wrote to Arthur and it was arranged. But I couldn't let her go as a charity child; I couldn't admit I'd failed and was unable to do anything for her; I said I'd pay her way, and I—I didn't have a cent.

"And then Brade came. It seemed providential. I might have sold my information to him; but when I talked with him I found he had very little money, and I felt that Winterslip would beat him in the end. No, Winterslip was my man—Winterslip, with his rotten wealth. I don't know just what happened. I was quite mad, I fancy. The world owed me that, I figured, just for my girl. I called Winterslip up and made an appointment for that Monday night.

"But somehow—the standards of a lifetime—it's difficult to change. The moment I had called him I regretted it. I tried to slip out of it. I told myself there must be some other way; perhaps I could seal the Reef and Palm. Anyhow I called him again and said I wasn't coming. But he insisted and I went.

"I didn't have to tell him what I wanted. He knew. He had a check ready for me—a check for five thousand dollars. It was Cary's happiness, her chance. I took it and came away, but I was ashamed. I'm not trying to excuse my action. However, I don't believe I would ever have cashed it. When Cary found it in my desk and brought it to me, I tore it up. That's all." He turned his tired eyes toward his daughter. "I did it for you, Cary, but I didn't want you to know." She went over and put her arm about his shoulder and stood smiling down at him through her tears.

"If you'd told us that in the first place," said Greene, "you could have saved everybody a lot of trouble, yourself included." Cope stood up.

"Well, Mr. Prosecutor, there you are. You're not going to hold him now?" Greene rose briskly.

"No; I'll arrange for his release at once." He and Egan went out together, then Hallet and Cope. John Quincy held out his hand to Carlota Egan, for by that name he thought of her still.

"I'm mighty glad for you," he said.

"You'll come and see me soon?" she asked. "You'll find a very different girl, more like the one you met on the Oakland ferry."

"She was very charming," John Quincy replied. "But then she was bound to be—she had your eyes." He suddenly remembered Agatha Parker. "However, you've got your father now," he added. "You won't need me." She looked up at him and smiled.

"I wonder," she said, and went out. John Quincy turned to Chan.

"Well, that's that," he remarked. "Where are we now?"

"Speaking personally for myself," grinned Chan, "I am static in same place as usual. Never did have fondly feeling for Egan theory."

"But Hallet did," John Quincy answered. "A black morning for him."

In the small anteroom they encountered the captain of detectives. He appeared disgruntled.

"We were just remarking," said John Quincy pleasantly, "that there goes your little old Egan theory. What have you left?"

"Oh, I've got plenty," growled Hallet.

"Yes, you have. One by one your clews have gone up in smoke. The page from the guest book, the brooch, the torn newspaper, the ohia wood box, and now Egan and the Corsican cigarette."

"Oh, Egan isn't out of it. We may not be able to hold him, but I'm not forgetting Mr. Egan."

"Nonsense!" smiled John Quincy. "I asked what you had left. A little button from a glove—useless. The glove was destroyed long ago. A wrist watch with an illuminated dial and a damaged numeral 2 ——"

Chan's eyes narrowed.

"Essential clew," he murmured. "Remember how I said it." Hallet banged his fist on a table.

"That's it—the wrist watch! If the person who wore it knows anyone saw it, it's probably where we'll never find it now. But we've kept it pretty dark; perhaps he doesn't know. That's our only chance." He turned to Chan. "I've combed these islands once hunting that watch," he cried, "now I'm going to start all over again. The jewelry stores, the pawnshops, every nook and corner. You go out, Charlie, and start the ball rolling." Chan moved with alacrity despite his weight.

"I will give it one powerful push," he promised, and disappeared.

"Well, good luck," said John Quincy, moving on. Hallet grunted.

"You tell that aunt of yours I'm pretty sore," he remarked. He was not in the mood for elegance of diction.

John Quincy's opportunity to deliver the message did not come at lunch, for Miss Minerva remained with Barbara in the city. After dinner that evening he led his aunt out to sit on the bench under the hau tree.

"By the way," he said, "Captain Hallet is very much annoyed with you."

"I'm very much annoyed with Captain Hallet," she replied, "so that makes us even. What's his particular grievance now?"

"He believes you knew all the time the name of the man who dropped that Corsican cigarette." She was silent for a moment.

"Not all the time," she said at length. "What has happened?"

John Quincy sketched briefly the events of the morning at the police station. When he had finished he looked at her inquiringly.

"In the first excitement I didn't remember, or I should have spoken," she explained. "It was several days before the things came to me. I saw it clearly then—Arthur—Captain Cope—tossing that cigarette aside as we reëntered the house. But I said nothing about it."

"Why?"

"Well, I thought it would be a good test for the police. Let them discover it for themselves."

"That's a pretty weak explanation," remarked John Quincy severely. "You've been responsible for a lot of wasted time."

"It—it wasn't my only reason," said Miss Minerva softly.

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. Go on."

"Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to link up that call of Captain Cope's with—a murder mystery."

Another silence. And suddenly—he was never dense—John Quincy understood.

"He told me you were very beautiful in the 80's," said the boy gently. "The captain, I mean—when I met him in that San Francisco club."

Miss Minerva laid her own hand on the boy's. When she spoke her voice, which he had always thought firm and sharp, trembled a little.

"On this beach in my girlhood," she said, "happiness was within my grasp. I had only to reach out and take it. But somehow, Boston—Boston held me back. I let my happiness slip away."

"Not too late yet," suggested John Quincy. She shook her head.

"So he tried to tell me that Monday afternoon. But there was something in his tone—I may be in Hawaii, but I'm not quite mad. Youth, John Quincy, youth doesn't return, whatever they may say out here." She pressed his hand and stood. "If your chance comes, dear boy," she added, "don't be such a fool."

She moved hastily away through the garden, and John Quincy looked after her with a new affection in his eyes. Presently he saw the yellow glare of a match beyond the wire. Amos again, still loitering under his algaroba tree. John Quincy rose and strolled over to him.

"Hello, Cousin Amos," he said. "When are you going to take down this fence?"

"Oh, I'll get round to it sometime," Amos answered. "By the way, I wanted to ask you—any new developments?"

"Several," John Quincy told him. "But nothing that gets us anywhere. So far as I can see, the case has blown up completely."

"Well, I've been thinking it over," Amos said. "Maybe that would be the best outcome, after all. Suppose they do discover who did for Dan—it may only reveal a new scandal, worse than any of the others."

"I'll take a chance on that," replied John Quincy. "For my part, I intend to see this thing through."

Haku came briskly through the garden. "Cable message for Mr. John Quincy Winterslip. Boy say collect. Requests money."

John Quincy followed quickly to the front door. A bored small boy awaited him. He paid the sum due and tore open the cable. It was signed by the postmaster at Des Moines, and it read:

"No one named Saladine ever heard of here."

John Quincy dashed to the telephone. Someone on duty at the station informed him that Chan had gone home and gave him an address on Punch Bowl Hill. He got out the roadster and in five minutes more was speeding toward the city.

XIX

CHARLIE CHAN lived in a bungalow that clung precariously to the side of Punch Bowl Hill. Pausing a moment at the Chinaman's gate, John Quincy looked down on Honolulu, one great, gorgeous garden set in an amphitheater of mountains. A beautiful picture, but he had no time for beauty now. He hurried up the brief walk that lay in the shadow of the palm trees.

A Chinese woman—a servant, she seemed—ushered him into Chan's dimly lighted living room. The detective was seated at a table playing chess; he rose with dignity when he saw his visitor. In this, his hour of ease, he wore a long loose robe of dark purple silk, which fitted closely at the neck and had wide sleeves. Beneath it showed wide trousers of the same material, and on his feet were shoes of silk, with thick felt soles. He was all Oriental now, suave and ingratiating, but remote, and for the first time John Quincy was really conscious of the great gulf across which he and Chan shook hands.

"You do my lowly house immense honor," Charlie said. "This proud moment are made still more proud by opportunity to introduce my eldest son." He motioned for his opponent at chess to step forward, a slim, sallow boy with amber eyes—Chan himself before he put on weight. "Mr. John Quincy Winterslip, of Boston, kindly condescend to notice Henry Chan. When you appear I am giving him lesson at chess so he may play in such manner as not to tarnish honored name."

The boy bowed low. Evidently he was one member of the younger generation who had a deep respect for his elders. John Quincy also bowed.

"Your father is my very good friend," he said, "and from now on you are too." Chan beamed with pleasure.

"Condescend to sit on this atrocious chair. Is it possible you bring news?"

"It certainly is," smiled John Quincy. He handed over the message from the postmaster at Des Moines.

"Most interesting," said Chan. "Do I hear impressive chug of rich automobile engine in street?"

"Yes, I came in the car," John Quincy replied.

"Good! We will hasten at once to home of Captain Hallet, not far away. I beg of you to pardon my disappearance while I don more appropriate costume."

Left alone with the boy, John Quincy sought a topic of conversation.

"Play baseball?" he asked. The boy's eyes glowed.

"Not very good, but I hope to improve. My cousin, Willie Chan, is great expert at that game. He has promised to teach me."

John Quincy glanced about the room. On the back wall hung a scroll with felicitations, the gift of some friend of the family at New Year's. Opposite him, on another wall, was a single picture, painted on silk, representing a bird on an apple bough. Charmed by its simplicity, he went over to examine it.

"That's beautiful," he said.

"Quoting old Chinese saying, a picture is a voiceless poem," replied the boy.

Beneath the picture stood a square table, flanked by straight, low-backed armchairs. On other elaborately carved teakwood stands distributed about the room were blue-and-white vases, porcelain wine jars, dwarfed trees. Pale golden lanterns hung from the ceiling, a soft-toned rug lay on the floor. John Quincy felt again the gulf between himself and Charlie Chan.

But when the detective returned he wore the conventional garb of Los Angeles or Detroit, and the gulf did not seem so wide. They went out together and, entering the roadster, drove to Hallet's house on Iolani Avenue. The captain lolled in pajamas on his lanai. He greeted his callers with interest.

"You boys are out late," he said. "Something doing?"

"Certainly is," replied John Quincy, taking a proffered chair. "There's a man named Saladine ——"

At mention of the name Hallet looked at him keenly. John Quincy went on to tell what he knew of Saladine, his alleged place of residence, his business, the tragedy of the lost teeth.

"Some time ago we got on to the fact that every time Kaohla figured in the investigation, Saladine was interested. He managed to be at the desk of the Reef and Palm the day Kaohla inquired for Brade. On the night Kaohla was questioned by your men, Miss Egan saw Mr. Saladine crouching outside the window. So Charlie and I thought it a good scheme to send a cable of inquiry to the postmaster at Des Moines, where Saladine claimed to be in the wholesale grocery business." He handed an envelope to Hallet. "That answer arrived tonight," he added.

An odd smile had appeared on Hallet's usually solemn face. He took the cable and read it, then slowly tore it into bits.

"Forget it, boys," he said calmly.

"Wha-what?" gasped John Quincy.

"I said forget it. I like your enterprise, but you're on the wrong trail there." John Quincy was greatly annoyed.

"I demand an explanation," he cried.

"I can't give it to you," Hallet answered. "You'll have to take my word for it."

"I've taken your word for a good many things," said John Quincy hotly. "This begins to look rather suspicious to me. Are you trying to shield somebody?" Hallet rose and laid his hand on John Quincy's shoulder.

"I've had a hard day," he remarked, "and I'm not going to get angry with you. I'm not trying to shield anybody. I'm as anxious as you are to discover who killed Dan Winterslip. More anxious, perhaps."

"Yet when we bring you evidence you tear it up ——"

"Bring me the right evidence," said Hallet. "Bring me that wrist watch. I can promise you action then."

John Quincy was impressed by the sincerity in his tone. But he was sadly puzzled too.

"All right," he said, "that's that. I'm sorry if we've troubled you with this trivial matter ——"

"Don't talk like that," Hallet broke in. "I'm glad of your help. But as far as Mr. Saladine is concerned"—he looked at Chan—"let him alone." Chan bowed.

"You are undisputable chief," he replied.

They went back to Punch Bowl Hill in the roadster, both rather dejected. As Chan alighted at his gate John Quincy spoke:

"Well, I'm pau. Saladine was my last hope."

The Chinaman stared for a moment at the moonlit Pacific that lay beyond the water-front lamps.

"Stone wall surround us," he said dreamily. "But we circle about, seeking loophole. Moment of discovery will come."

"I wish I thought so," replied John Quincy. Chan smiled.

"Patience are a very lovely virtue," he remarked. "Seem that way to me. But maybe that are my Oriental mind. Your race, I perceive, regard patience with ever-swelling disfavor."

It was with swelling disfavor that John Quincy regarded it as he drove back to Waikiki. Yet he had great need of patience in the days immediately following, for

(Continued on Page 113)

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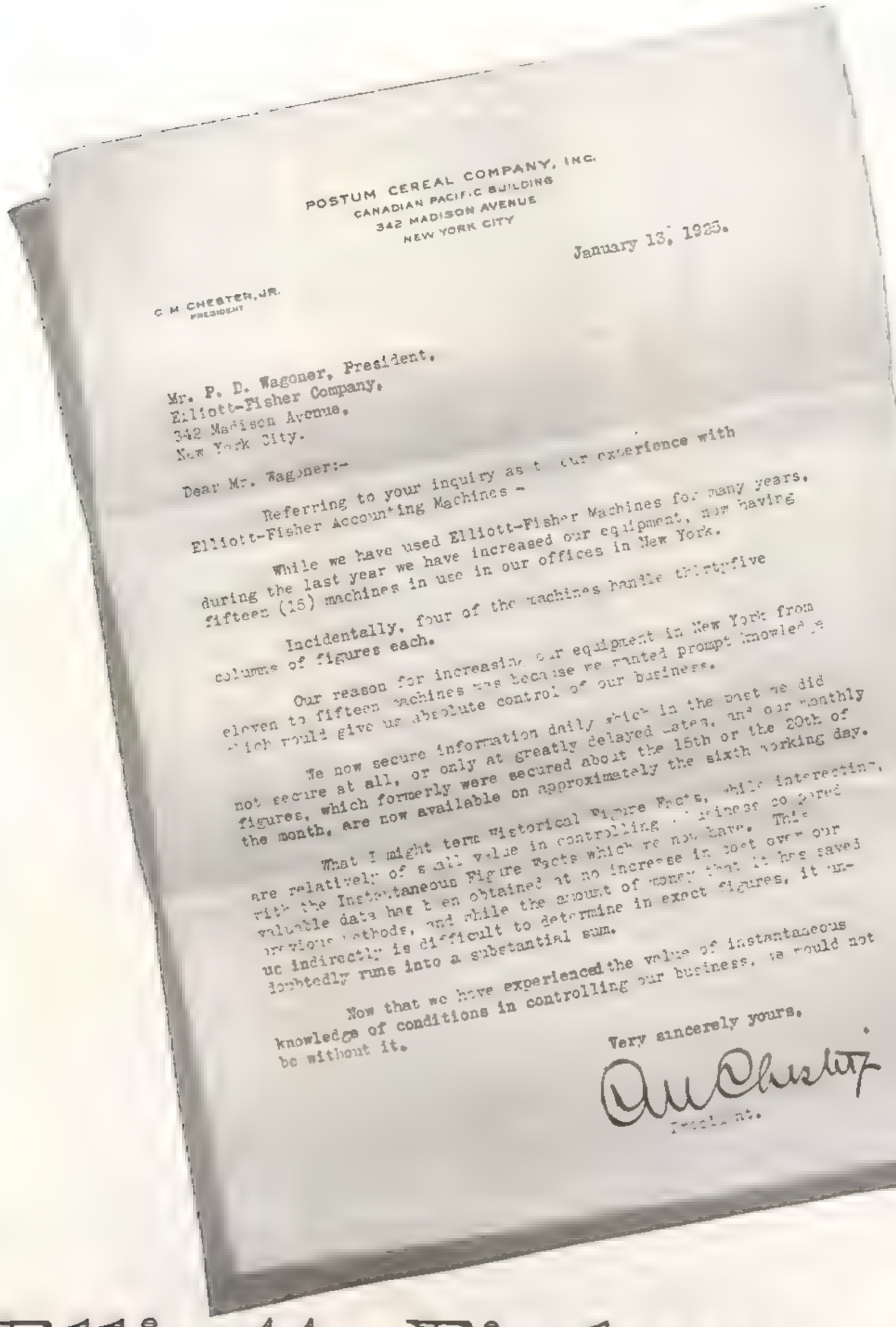

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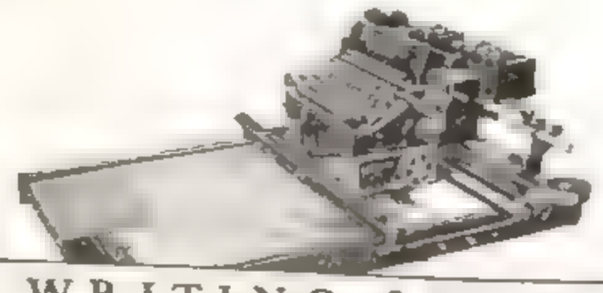

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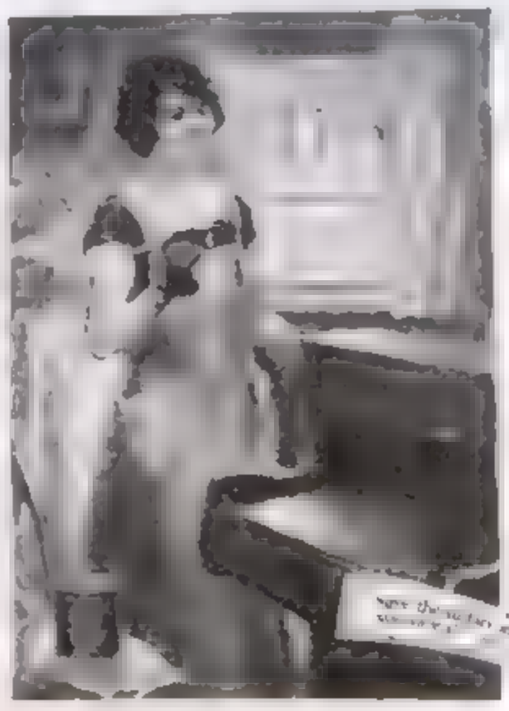

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(Continued from Page 109)

nothing happened. The forty-eight-hour period given him to leave Hawaii expired, but the writer of that threatening letter failed to come forward and relieve the tedium. Thursday arrived, a calm day like the others; Thursday night, peaceful and serene.

On Friday afternoon Agatha Parker broke the monotony by a cable sent from the Wyoming ranch:

"You must be quite mad. I find the West crude and impossible."

John Quincy smiled; he could picture her as she wrote it, proud, haughty, unyielding. She must have been popular with the man who transmitted the message. Or was he, too, an exile from the East?

And perhaps the girl was right; perhaps he was mad, after all. He sat on Dan Winterslip's lanai, trying to think things out. Boston, the office, the art gallery, the theaters. The Common on a winter's day, with the air bracing and full of life. The thrill of a new issue of bonds, like the thrill of a theatrical first night—would it get over big or flop at his feet? Tennis at Longwood, long evenings on the Charles, golf with people of his own kind at Magnolia. Tea out of exquisite cups in dim old drawing-rooms. Wasn't he mad to think of giving up all that? But what had Miss Minerva said? "If your chance ever comes ——"

The problem was a big one, and big problems were annoying out here where the lotus grew. He yawned and went aimlessly downtown. Drifting into the public library, he saw Charlie Chan hunched over a table that held an enormous volume. John Quincy went closer. The book was made up of back numbers of the Honolulu morning paper and it was open at a time-yellowed sporting page.

"Hello, Chan," John Quincy said. "What are you up to?" The Chinaman gave him a smile of greeting.

"Hello. Little bit of careless reading while I gallop about seeking loophole." He closed the big volume casually. "You seem in the best of health."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"No more fierce shots out of bushes?"

"Not a trigger pulled. I imagine that was a big bluff—nothing more."

"What do you say—bluff?"

"I mean the fellow's a coward, after all." Chan shook his head solemnly.

"Pardon humble suggestion—do not lose carefulness. Hot heads plenty in hot climate."

"I'll look before I leap," John Quincy promised. "But I'm afraid I interrupted you."

"Ridiculous thought," protested Chan.

"I'll go along. Let me know if anything breaks."

"Most certainly. Up to present, everything are intact."

John Quincy paused at the door of the reference room. Charlie Chan had promptly opened the big book and was again bending over it with every show of interest.

Returning to Waikiki, John Quincy faced a dull evening. Barbara had gone to the island of Kauai for a visit with old friends of the family. He had not been sorry when she went, for he didn't feel quite at ease in her presence. The estrangement between the girl and Jennison continued; the lawyer had not been at the dock to see her off. Yes, John Quincy had parted from her gladly; but her absence cast a pall of loneliness over the house on Kalia Road.

After dinner he sat with his pipe on the lanai. Down the beach at the Reef and Palm pleasant company was available, but he hesitated. He had seen Carlota Egan several times by day, on the beach or in the water. She was very happy now, though somewhat appalled at thought of her approaching visit to England. They'd had several talks about that—daylight talks. John Quincy was a bit afraid to intrust himself—as Chan had said in speaking of his stone idol—of an evening. After all, there was Agatha, there was Boston. There was Barbara too. Being entangled with three girls at once was a rather wearing experience. He rose and went downtown to the movies.

On Saturday morning he was awakened early by the whir of aëroplanes above the house. The American fleet was in the offing and the little brothers of the air service hastened out to hover overhead in friendly welcome. That day a spirit of carnival prevailed in Honolulu, flags floated from every masthead and the streets bloomed, as Barbara had predicted, with handsome boys in spotless uniforms. They were everywhere, swarming in the souvenir stores, besieging the soda fountains, skylarking on the trolley cars. Evening brought a great ball at the beach hotel; and John Quincy, out for a walk, saw that every spick-and-span uniform moved toward Waikiki, accompanied by a fair young thing who was only too happy to serve as sweetheart in that particular port. John Quincy felt suddenly rather out of things. Each pretty girl he saw recalled Carlota Egan. He turned his wandering footsteps toward the Reef and Palm, and oddly enough, his pace quickened at once.

The proprietor himself was behind the desk, his eyes calm and untroubled now.

"Good evening, Mr. Egan—or should I say Mr. Cope?" remarked John Quincy.

"Oh, we'll stick to the Egan, I guess," the man replied. "Sort of got out of the hang of the other. Mr. Winterslip, I'm happy to see you. Cary will be down in a moment."

John Quincy gazed about the big public room. It was a scene of confusion, spattered ladders, buckets of paint, rolls of new wall paper.

"What's going on?" he inquired.

"Freshening things up a bit," Egan answered. "You know, we're in society now." He laughed. "Yes, sir, the old Reef and Palm has been standing here a long time without so much as a glance from the better element of Honolulu. But now they know I'm related to the British Admiralty, they've suddenly discovered it's a quaint and interesting place. They're dropping in for tea. Just fancy! But that's Honolulu."

"That's Boston, too," John Quincy assured him.

"Yes, and precisely the sort of thing I ran away from England to escape, a good many years ago. I'd tell them all to go to the devil—but there's Cary. Somehow women feel differently about those things. It will warm her heart a bit to have these dowagers smile upon her. And they're smiling. You know, they've even dug up the fact that my Cousin George has been knighted for making a particularly efficient brand of soap." He grimaced. "It's nothing I'd have mentioned myself—a family skeleton, as I see it. But society has odd standards. And I mustn't be hard on poor old George. As Arthur says, making soap is good clean fun."

"Is your brother still with you?" John Quincy inquired.

"No, he's gone back to finish his job in the Fanning group. When he returns, I'm sending Cary to England for a long stop. Yes, that's right—I'm sending her," he added quickly. "I'm paying for these repairs too. You see, I've been able to add a second mortgage to the one already on the poor tottering Reef and Palm. That's another outcome of my new-found connection with the British Admiralty and the silly old soap business. Here's Cary now."

John Quincy turned, and he was glad he had, for he would not willingly have missed the picture of Carlota on the stairs. Carlota in an evening gown of some shimmering material, her dark hair dressed in a new and amazingly effective way, her white shoulders gleaming, her eyes happy at last. As she came quickly toward him he caught his breath; never had he seen her look so beautiful.

She must have heard his voice in the office, he reflected, and with surprising speed arrayed herself thus to greet him. He was deeply grateful as he took her hand.

"Stranger," she rebuked. "We thought you'd deserted us."

"I'd never do that," he answered. "But I've been rather busy ——"

A step sounded behind him. He turned, and there stood one of those ubiquitous navy boys—a tall, blond Adonis who held his cap in his hand and smiled in a devastating way.

"Hello, Johnny," Carlota said. "Mr. Winterslip, of Boston, this is Lieutenant Booth, of Richmond, Virginia."

"How are you?" nodded the boy, without removing his eyes from the girl's face. Just one of the guests, this Winterslip; no account at all—such was obviously the lieutenant's idea. "All ready, Cary? The car's outside."

"I'm frightfully sorry, Mr. Winterslip," said the girl, "but we're off to the dance. This week-end belongs to the Navy, you know. You'll come again, won't you?"

"Of course," John Quincy replied. "Don't let me keep you."

She smiled at him and fled, with Johnny at her side. Looking after them, John Quincy felt his heart sink to his boots, an unaccountable sensation of age and helplessness. Youth—youth was going through that door, and he was left behind.

"A great pity she had to run," said Egan in a kindly voice.

"Why, that's all right," John Quincy assured him. "Old friend of the family, this Lieutenant Booth?"

"Not at all. Just a lad Cary met at parties in San Francisco. Won't you sit down and have a smoke with me?"

"Some other time, thanks," John Quincy said wearily. "I must hurry back to the house."

He wanted to escape, to get out into the calm lovely night, the night that was ruined for him now. He walked along the beach, savagely kicking his toes into the white sand. Johnny! She had called him Johnny! And the way she had looked at him too! Again John Quincy felt that sharp pang in his heart. Foolish, foolish! Better go back to Boston and forget. Peaceful old Boston, that was where he belonged. He was an old man out here—thirty, nearly. Better go away and leave these children to love and the moonlit beach.

Miss Minerva had gone in the big car to call on friends and the house was quiet as the tomb. John Quincy wandered aimlessly about the rooms, gloomy and bereft. Down at the Moana a Hawaiian orchestra was playing and Lieutenant Booth, of Richmond, was holding Carlota close in the intimate manner affected these days by the young. Bah! If he hadn't been ordered to leave Hawaii, by gad, he'd go tomorrow!

The telephone rang. None of the servants appeared to answer it, so John Quincy went himself.

"Charlie Chan speaking," said a voice. "That is you, Mr. Winterslip? Good! Big events will come to pass very quick. Meet me drug and grocery emporium of Liu Yin, Number 927 River Street, soon as you can do so. You savvy locality?"

"I'll find it," cried John Quincy, delighted.

"By bank of stream. I will await. Good-by."

Action—action at last. John Quincy's heart beat fast. Action was what he wanted tonight. As usually happens in a crisis, there was no automobile available; the roadster was at a garage undergoing repairs and the other car was in use. He hastened over to Kalakaua Avenue, intending to rent a machine, but a trolley approaching at the moment altered his plans and he swung aboard.

Never had a trolley moved at so reluctant a pace. When they reached the corner of Fort Street in the center of the city he left it and proceeded on foot. The hour was still fairly early, but the scene was one of somnolent calm. A couple of tourists drifted aimlessly by. About the bright doorway of a shooting gallery loitered a group of soldiers from the fort, with a sprinkling of enlisted navy men. John Quincy hurried on down King Street, past Chinese noodle cafés and pawnshops, and turned presently off into River Street.

On his left was the river, on his right an array of shabby stores. He paused at the door of Number 927, the establishment of Liu Yin. Inside, seated behind a screen that revealed only their heads, a number of Chinese were engrossed in a friendly little game. John Quincy opened the door, a bell tinkled and he stepped into an odor of must and decay. Curious sights met his quick eye—dried roots and herbs, jars of seahorse skeletons, dejected ducks flattened out and varnished to tempt the palate, gobbets of pork. An old Chinaman rose and came forward.

"I'm looking for Mr. Charlie Chan," said John Quincy.

The old man nodded and led the way to a red curtain across the rear of the shop. He lifted it and indicated that John Quincy was to pass. The boy did so, and came into a bare room furnished with a cot, a table on which an oil lamp burned dimly behind a smoky chimney, and a couple of chairs. A man who had been sitting on one of the chairs rose suddenly, a huge red-haired man with the smell of the sea about him.

"Hello," he said.

"Is Mr. Chan here?" John Quincy inquired

"Not yet He'll be along in a minute. What say to a drink while we're waiting? Hey, Liu, a coupla glasses that rotten rice wine!" The Chinaman withdrew. "Sit down," said the man. John Quincy obeyed; the sailor sat too. One of his eyelids drooped wickedly; he rested his hands on the table—enormous, hairy hands. "Charlie'll be

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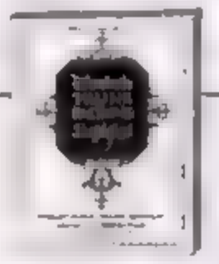

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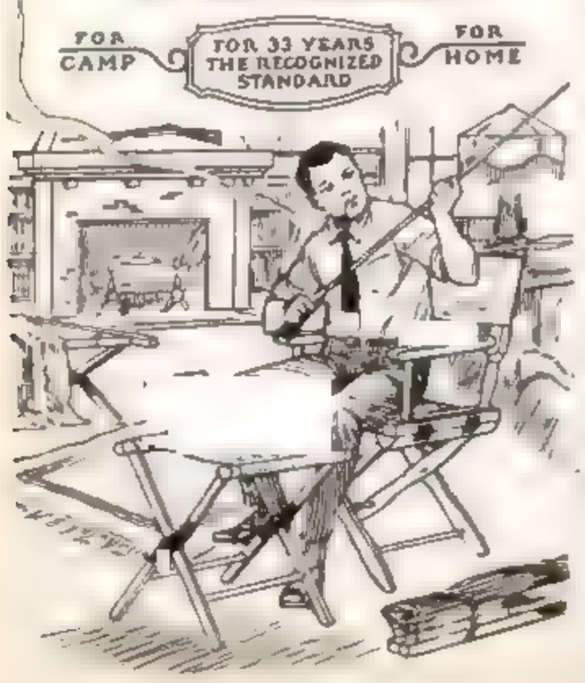

here pretty quick," he said. "Then I got a little story to tell the two of you."

"Yes?" John Quincy replied.

He glanced about the little vile-smelling room. There was a door, a closed door, at the back. He looked again at the red-haired man. He wondered how he was going to get out of there. For he knew now that Charlie Chan had not called him on the telephone. It came to him belatedly that the voice was never Charlie's. "You savvy locality?" the voice had said. A clumsy attempt at Chan's style; but Chan was a student of English, he dragged his words painfully from the poets, he was careful to use nothing that savored of pidgin. No, the detective had not telephoned; he was no doubt at home now, bending over his chessboard, and here was John Quincy shut up in a little room on the fringe of the River District with a husky sailorman who leered at him knowingly.

The old Chinaman returned with two small glasses into which the liquor had already been poured. He set them on the table. The red-haired man lifted one of them.

"Your health, sir," he said.

John Quincy took up the other glass and raised it to his lips. There was a suspicious eagerness in the sailor's one good eye. John Quincy put the glass back on the table.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't want a drink, thank you."

The great face with its stubble of red beard leaned close to his.

"Y' mean you won't drink with me?" said the red-haired man belligerently.

"That's just what I mean," John Quincy answered. Might as well get it over with, he felt; anything was better than this suspense. He stood up. "I'll be going along," he announced.

He took a step toward the red curtain. The sailor, evidently a fellow of few words, rose and got in his way. John Quincy, himself feeling the futility of talk, said nothing, but struck the man in the face. The sailor struck back with efficiency and promptness. In another second the room was full of battle and John Quincy saw red everywhere—red curtain, red hair, red lamp flame, great red hairy hands cunningly seeking his face. What was it Roger had said? "Ever fought with a ship's officer—the old-fashioned kind with fists like flying hams?" No, he hadn't up to then, but that sweet experience was his now, and it came to John Quincy pleasantly that he was doing rather well at his new trade.

This was better than the attic; here he was prepared and had a chance. Time and again he got his hands on the red curtain, only to be dragged back and subjected to a new attack. The sailor was seeking to knock him out, and though many of his blows went home, that happy result—from the standpoint of the red-haired man—was unaccountably delayed. John Quincy had a similar aim in life; they lunged noisily about the room, while the surprising Orientals in the front of the shop continued their quiet game.

John Quincy felt himself growing weary, his breath came painfully, he realized that his adversary had not yet begun to fight. Standing with his back to the table in an idle moment while the red-haired man made plans for the future, the boy hit on a plan of his own. He overturned the table, the lamp crashed down, darkness fell over the world. In the final glimmer of light he saw the big man coming for him and, dropping to his knees, he tackled in the approved manner of Soldiers Field, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Culture prevailed, the sailor went on his head with a resounding thump, John Quincy let go of him and sought the nearest exit. It happened to be the door at the rear, and it was unlocked.

He passed hurriedly through a cluttered back yard, and climbing a fence, found himself in the neighborhood known as the River District. There, in crazy alleys that have no names, no sidewalks, no beginning and no end, five races live together in the dark. Some houses were above the walk level, some below, all were out of alignment. John Quincy felt he had wandered into a futurist drawing. As he paused he heard the whine and clatter of Chinese music, the clicking of a typewriter, the rasp of a cheap phonograph playing American jazz, the distant scream of an auto horn, a child wailing Japanese lamentations. Footsteps in the yard beyond the fence roused him and he fled.

He must get out of this mystic maze of mean alleys, and at once. Odd, painted faces loomed in the dusk; pasty-white faces with just a suggestion of queer costumes beneath. A babel of tongues, queer eyes that glittered, once a lean hand on his arm. A group of moon-faced Chinese children under a lamp who scattered at his approach. And when he paused again, out of breath, the patter of many feet, bare feet, sandaled feet, the clatter of wooden clogs, the squeak of cheap shoes made in his own Massachusetts. Then suddenly the thump of large feet, such as might belong to a husky sailor. He moved on.

Presently he came into the comparative quiet of River Street and realized that he had traveled in a circle, for there was Liu Yin's shop again. As he hurried on toward King Street he saw, over his shoulder, that the red-haired man still followed. A big touring car, with curtains drawn, waited by the curb. John Quincy leaped in beside the driver.

"Get out of here, quick!" he panted. A sleepy Japanese face looked at him.

"Busy now."

"I don't care if you are ——" began John Quincy, and glanced down at one of the man's arms resting on the wheel. His heart stood still. In the dusk he saw a wrist watch with a luminous dial, and the numeral 2 was very dim.

Even as he looked strong hands seized him by the collar and dragged him into the dark tonneau. At the same instant the red-haired man arrived.

"Got him, Mike? Say, that's luck!" He leaped into the rear of the car. Quick, able work went forward. John Quincy's hands were bound behind his back, a vile-tasting gag was put in his mouth. "Damned if this bird didn't land me one in the eye," said the red-haired man. "I'll pay him for it when we get aboard. Hey you, Pier 78! Show us some speed!"

The car leaped forward. John Quincy lay on the dusty floor, bound and helpless. To the docks? But he wasn't thinking of that; he was thinking of the watch on the driver's wrist.

A brief run, and they halted in the shadow of a pier shed. John Quincy was lifted and propelled none too gently from the car. His cheek was jammed against one of the buttons holding the side curtains and he had sufficient presence of mind to catch the gag on it and loosen it. As they left the car he tried to get a glimpse of its license plate, but he was able to ascertain only the first two figures—33—before it sped away.

His two huge chaperons hurried him along the pier. Some distance off he saw a little group of men, three in white uniforms, one in a darker garb. The latter was smoking a pipe. John Quincy's heart leaped. He maneuvered the loosened gag with his teeth so that it dropped about his collar.

"Good-by, Pete!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, and launched at once into a terrific struggle to break away from his startled captors.

There was a moment's delay, and then the clatter of feet along the pier. A stocky boy in a white uniform began an enthusiastic debate with Mike, and the two others were prompt to claim the attention of the red-haired man. Pete Mayberry was at John Quincy's back, cutting the rope on his wrists.

"Well, I'll be damned, Mr. Winterslip!" he cried.

"Same here," laughed John Quincy. "Shanghaied in another minute but for you." He leaped forward to join the battle, but the red-haired man and his friend had already succumbed to youth and superior forces and were in full retreat. John Quincy followed joyously along the pier and planted his fist back of his old adversary's ear. The sailor staggered, but regained his balance and went on. John Quincy returned to his rescuers.

"The last blow is the sweetest," he remarked.

"I can place those guys," said Mayberry. "They're off that tramp steamer that's been lying out in the harbor the past week. An opium runner, I'll gamble on it. You go to the police station right away ——"

"Yes," said John Quincy, "I must. But I want to thank you, Mr. Mayberry. And"—he turned to the white uniforms—"you fellows too." The stocky lad was picking up his cap.

"Why, that's all right," he said. "A real pleasure, if you ask me. But look here, old-timer," he added, addressing Mayberry, "how about your Honolulu water front and its lost romance? You go tell that to the marines."

As John Quincy hurried away Pete Mayberry was busily explaining that the thing was unheard of—not in twenty years—maybe more than that —— His voice died in the distance.

Hallet was in his room, and John Quincy detailed his evening's adventure. The captain was incredulous, but when the boy came to the wrist watch on the driver of the car he sat up and took notice.

"Now you're talking!" he cried. "I'll start the force after that car tonight. First two figures 33, you say? I'll send somebody aboard that tramp too. They can't get away with stuff like that around here."

"Oh, never mind them," said John Quincy magnanimously. "Concentrate on the watch."

Back in the quiet town, he walked with his head up, his heart full of the joy of battle. And while he thought of it he stepped into the cable office. The message he sent was addressed to Agatha Parker on that Wyoming ranch. "San Francisco or nothing," was all it said.

As he walked down the deserted street on his way to the corner to wait for his trolley, he heard quick footsteps on his trail again. Who now? He was sore and weary, a bit fed up on fighting for one evening. He quickened his pace. The steps quickened too. He went even faster. So did his pursuer. Oh, well, might as well stop and face him. John Quincy turned. A young man rushed up, a lean young man in a cap.

"Mr. Winterslip, ain't it?" He thrust a dark-brown object into John Quincy's hand. "Your July Atlantic, sir. Came in on the Maui this morning."

"Oh," said John Quincy limply. "Well, I'll take it. My aunt might like to look at it, very possibly. Keep the change."

John Quincy rode out to Waikiki on the last seat of the car. His face was swollen and cut, every muscle ached. Under his arm, clasped tightly, he held the July Atlantic. But he didn't so much as look at the table of contents. "We move, we advance," he told himself exultantly. For he had seen the watch with the illuminated dial the dial on which the numeral 2 was very dim.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Alki Point, Seattle

A fair deception

Children think these fairy grains are confections—*you know they're whole wheat*

WHY coax children to eat foods that are "good for them"? Why distract a child's appetite by *commanding* they be eaten? Thousands of mothers have learned how unnecessary that is. How much better it is to give children the food they need in a form that they love.

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Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Crisp and toasty grains, steam exploded to eight times their natural size, gay as the morning, and with the rich flavor of nutmeats. Children revel in this most delightful of cereal foods.

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Rice steam exploded like the wheat—"The Enchanted Breakfast" in a million homes; a delightful alternate with Puffed Wheat.

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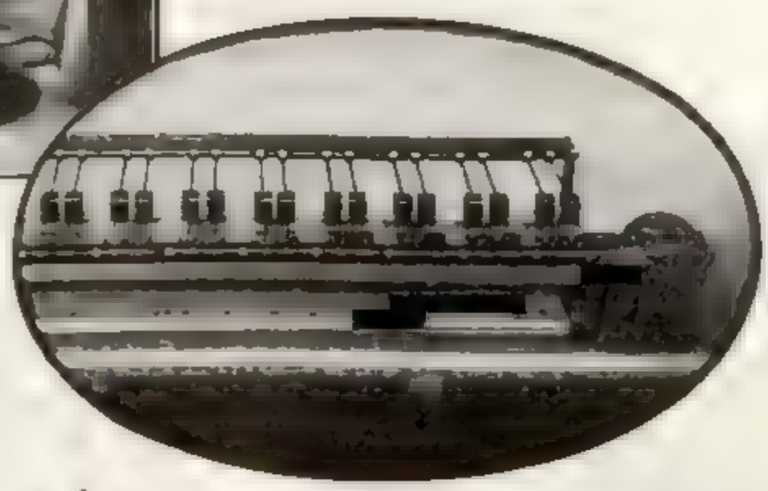

The test. This rubbing instrument imitates the pressure of your hand on the coated transmitter stand. Applied steadily for days, it gives an equivalent of several years' actual service.

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*in your telephone**

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Why asphalt? is a natural question. The answer is the same as to why gold? Why silk? Why coal? —or any of the other surprising materials in a telephone. *It is the best for the requirement.*

Search for these "bests" has led Western Electric all over the world. Your telephone is the product of six continents, but of one guiding purpose—to produce an instrument that will work right, look right and last long.

*No. 10 of a series on raw materials.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

TOWER

(Continued from Page 34)

"John and I are going to be married Christmas week," Aggie told her father. She said it without a tremor, and I knew she meant it.

"Well, Swede Hueffer's out there," announced the old man, with a head nod toward the house drive. "He's out there with a horse and buggy, saying he has a right to see you."

Aggie's eye met mine.

"I'll do the talking for this family," I said.

But something about my face, I suppose, made Aggie stop me before I got to the door. She must have felt there was going to be murder done on the old farm that morning.

"I'll talk to Archie," she said, with a firmness I hadn't expected to find in her, and she did.

I don't know what she said to him. But it must have been to the point. For, ten minutes later, he was lacing his big roan and throwing up the rut mud as he went, and that pretty well settled things. I learned that morning, as I've learned before and after, that the man who intends to get anything in this world has to go after it. The race belongs to the strong, and the harder the race the more you haul down. Yet an odd feature of it was, I never quite forgot that Archie Hueffer invasion on my claim, just as some inner part of my make-up never quite forgave Aggie for letting another even momentarily dispute my right. My pride was hurt. And about that time I gave up trying to understand women. I wanted Aggie Newton. I was determined to have her, and I'd won her back from the rival who so nearly took her away from me. But she was no longer the Aggie Newton I had dreamed about. Something came between us, something I could neither define nor drive away. I suppose if I'd been more of a lady's man I could have understood the situation better. But in those days I knew more about engines than I did about girls.

I swallowed my pill, however, and about six weeks later Aggie and I were married. I couldn't get time off for a wedding trip.

There was a good deal of trouble, of course, about that wild freight run on smoke signals and coming in without the rear-end men. But the boys were on my side, and it's queer how a wing flap or two of romance will fan over the best man's code of ethics. Those boys, and even the conductor himself, lied like troopers and felt they were lying in a good cause. They not only all affirmed that signal in the rain to be a high ball but the conductor himself protested he'd missed the van because it was going so fast. When a somewhat exasperated superintendent examined us for visual acuity, as the orders phrase it, he didn't find much wrong with our eyes. It was only our moral sense that was astigmatic.

And when Aggie and I finally set up housekeeping in a little six-room frame house on Flint Street the boys gave us an ormolu clock and a big cut-glass water set.

Swede Hueffer went down to Kentucky to work on a horse farm. He came back fat and red-faced. We never talked about him much, Aggie and I, but when the old feeling had pretty well faded out with time I used to tease her now and then about the blond-headed Lochinvar who'd got out to the farm too late in the morning.

It wasn't until Archie got into state prison, six or seven years later, for kiting one of his father's checks that Aggie gave up looking downcast when I harped on how her old beau didn't even have the manners to appear broken-hearted over his loss. But she used to say she always hated to think it was a wicked lie about a conductor's signal that had really brought us together, and I used to tell her it was fate. After Swede Hueffer was sent up, I imagine she even got to believing I was right.

IV

I FIND it hard to remember those first years of my married life. I was happy in my home life, happy in my work and happy in the thought that I was reinstating myself with Big Sam. And happiness seems to burn up its own memory, about the same as a well-stoked fire burns up its own smoke. I remember one day in my car asking Horner, the general manager of the Great Western, what he regarded as the best gift life could give him.

His answer was: "Being at work and so wrapped up in it you're unconscious of the passage of time."

And he wasn't so far wrong, all things considered. A man is given a big job, he wades into it; and as he works, one impression is wiped out by the next and the years slip away and he suddenly wakes up and finds he isn't so young as he used to be. He gets a knock that carries him out of the game for a while, and that gives him a chance to sit on the side lines and wonder what it's all about.

I worked hard in those early days, not only because I loved the work but because I had to. Big Sam wanted results and it was up to me to show what I could do, and the old D. & B. couldn't afford idlers. All things considered, we had no right to survive. That backwoods road, so badly built, so badly placed, seemed cut out for an early death. Our bigger rivals sat back and laughed at us, and while they were enjoying our weakness they gave us another breathing spell in which to get our wind and collect our wits. And in the end we lived, through the sheer will to live. We lived and gathered strength and grew in spite of those rivals who had sneered at our early littleness.

I had more and more a hand in that growth, for Big Sam more and more saw that I was to be depended on, and advanced me from one position to another. That advance is not easy to explain, for railroad titles and positions are things of the moment, subject to ceaseless change and many altering shades of meaning. Through the growth of our larger systems, for example, and the resultant scarcity of titles, I've noticed that a general manager's duties quite often come to be performed by a vice president and of late are covered by a president. Occasionally, it's true, a general manager will still have full scope and control, while the president will be the Wall Street man looking after the wider financial interests of the road. A superintendent, on the other hand, may have control of a division of from three hundred to five hundred miles, and sometimes more, while a general superintendent will have a district that embraces several divisions. So it's possible today for a general manager, who has no wider scope than the old-time general superintendent, to have a much wider territory, in some instances including two or more general superintendents' districts, besides having full control of mechanical matters.

In the earlier days it was customary for the general manager to control traffic and the treasury, the accounting and the legal departments, and the purchase and stores department as well; but the title of president is now given to the officer coördinating these departments. The whole thing, however, is pretty fluid, and the later tendency is to delegate the specialized duties to specialized heads, called vice presidents. So though titles over doors or in the corner of letterheads may remain the same in type and lettering, strange changes can creep into the significance of those titles; one can fade away until it stands for little more than a sinecure discreetly endured, and the other can grow and take on acquired meaning until it masks the power behind the throne. And this is worth remembering, in view of certain things I must talk about later on.

Big Sam kept me as his secretary for more than a year, and during that year I think I learned more than during any other year of my railroad life. Then, to serve his own ends, he made me trick dispatcher at divisional headquarters, where I had the actual directing of trains, the meeting and passing arrangements by train orders, as provided for in general train and interlocking rules. Then I was made chief dispatcher. That meant I had the distribution of power and stood actively and actually responsible for the movement of traffic, which was growing, of course, with the growth of our system.

At that work, I knew what Big Sam wanted and I gave it to him; and before another year was over I was train master, and then assistant superintendent. That meant, on our system, that I was the man who hired and trained and supervised trainmen and yardmen and also looked after the station staffs. I was responsible for good discipline and the proper performance of work in train yards and the maintenance of efficiency in station service. And the first battle I had to fight, in that new job, was the cleaning up of the Detroit yards.

That was a mess which, in the rebuilding of our old Detroit River terminal and the rush of other work, had been month by month growing worse. It was a clot in our circulation and it was strangling the life out of our service. There were cars in that mix-up which had been lost for three months. Shippers were filing heartbreaking claims against us. Cars filled with perishable freight stood rotting on our tracks while traffic officials harried the head office with wrangling charges and countercharges of poor facilities and inferior men. And the whole situation was steadily growing worse and worse, as the Chicago traffic for which we'd fought like wolves accumulated on the outskirts of the city, where this fool's log jam so calamitously slowed down its movement to its destination. Merchants were either cursing our incompetence or coming into our yards with a roll of bills and passing out bribes and greasing palms for the special privilege of getting some long-awaited car switched and unloaded. The office staff and the outdoor men were at loggerheads, each accusing the other of not holding up their end. But the thing had to be straightened out, and I knew that Big Sam had faith in me and would stand behind me in anything I did.

I'll never forget that slushy March morning when I took charge, arriving without a word to anybody. I walked down through those yards. It sickened me. It was like something living suddenly turned into offal. I saw ooze dripping from cars of potatoes that had rotted on our tracks. I saw carloads of milled lumber for which the builders had been waiting week by patient week. I broke a seal and looked into the gloom of a box car where a shipment of upstate cheese had grown moldy under its leaking roof and was now both an offense to the nostrils and a total loss to its owners. I broke another seal and found a carload of turnips turned into a foul pulp of decay, and I was just on the point of breaking another seal on a car of mixed freight when I felt something hard jabbed against my ribs and a heavy hand clutch me by the collar. I swung about to find myself confronted by a blue-jowled giant in a blue overcoat who merely tightened his grip on my collar as I tried to break away from him.

"You're the bird I've been lookin' for," he said as he lifted his ugly-looking revolver from my ribs and flaunted it in my face. I began to realize by this time that he was one of our yard detectives.

"And what are you going to do with me?" I demanded, remembering that trailing around those dirty cars hadn't added to my outward appearance; and I'd never been strong on personal decoration; I loved to remind Aggie, in fact, how Thackeray somewhere said the worst hats worn in Pall Mall probably belonged to dukes.

"I'm goin' to put you where you can learn what it costs to steal freight," that detective said with a jerk that knocked my hat off. "And if you don't come quiet and come quick,-I'm goin' to give you a crack on the bean with this gat."

I resented that threat; but I resented the way he was manhandling me even more.

"Wait a minute," I said with what coolness I could manage. "And get your hand off my collar or you'll lose your job so quick you won't know what struck you. I'm Rusk—John Rusk, in charge of this terminal."

"You're not even a clever liar," retorted the man with the revolver, giving my stooping body another jerk that kept me from picking up my hat, "and you're comin' with me if I have to knock you out and carry you."

I looked him over. He was a bullhead and he was armed with a gun, and something about his appearance persuaded me he wouldn't hesitate to use that gun, once I gave him the shadow of an excuse.

"Then take me to the yardmaster's office," I said to my captor.

"I'll take you where I damn please," he announced as he marched me along the heavy slush which the incompetents in that yard hadn't had the energy to shovel from their switch stands.

"Where are we going?" I asked, doing my best to keep cool.

"You're goin' where you can do a lot o' quiet thinkin'," was his malignant retort.

"Do you know what this is going to cost you?" I just as malignantly demanded.

"Shut up!" he said, jerking me across a track in front of a switching engine.

And I stopped short at that, feeling a flash of fire go through my outraged body. I stopped short, determined to end the farce then and there. But the bullhead had his revolver barrel against my breast bone before I could do anything. I could see his dull face darken with rage. I could also see the figure in oil-stained denim that swung down from the cab steps beside us. It was little Patsy Moran, who'd once worked with me on an engine up the line. His eyes popped for a moment. But his wizened little face grew serious as he saw the gun in my captor's hand.

"What in the name o' Gawd are you trying to do, McMun?" he said as he elbowed protectively in between us.

"I'm takin' in a car thief," retorted McMun, "and if he don't come quick he's ——"

That was as far as he got. Moran's bunt sent the big hulk who'd been holding me staggering back a step or two.

"That's the new superintendent, you fathead!" the little engine driver hissed at my oppressor.

The man called McMun let his arm go down, slowly, inch by inch. His jaw dropped with it. His face was the color of the old cheese back in the broken car.

"Go and get my hat," I told him, for I'd come there with something bigger than fatheads to fight against.

He went, meekly enough, wiping my wet hat crown off with his handkerchief before he handed it back to me. There was a shake in his hand, I noticed, as he did so.

"I s'pose I'm fired?" he inquired, with a bass quiver in his voice.

I didn't even answer him. It all seemed so futile and foolish and beside the mark. Yet it was significant of the conditions confronting me.

"What d' you want me to do, sir?" persisted McMun, still standing at attention in front of me. I shut my eyes for a minute or two, to get a grip on the bigger trend of things. I wanted to do the right thing.

"No, you're not fired," I finally told him. "Get back on your job and protect your yards. But if you've got a little power, don't let it go to your head."

He said "Thank you, sir," and turned away. I stood watching him as he walked off down the track. And McMun, I might add, stayed with the D. & B. and became one of our most reliable men during the labor trouble that was to come to us later on. And, odd as it may sound, he became and remained one of my staunchest friends.

But I had other things to worry about at the moment. I turned to the little engine driver beside me.

"Patsy," I said, "what's wrong with this yard, man to man?"

Patsy shrugged a shoulder, took a chew and squinted about at the tangle of traffic that looked more like worms in a bait tin than the organized lines of a system outlet.

"That's a hard nut to crack, Mr. Rusk," he said when he got ready. "But to me it looks like the old scrap between the inside and the outside forces. The yard boys are willing to work. Gawd knows, they're willing! They've been doing overtime until they're ready to drop, switching here in the sleet and snow and getting called down for what seemed the best moves to make."

"Are they following orders?" I demanded.

"That's just the trouble. There's conflict of authority around here and that means the orders are confusing; and because you can't follow two heads, it just slumps over into a case of passing the buck."

"But why should there be disputed authority?" I asked.

"That's not for me to say," contended Patsy. "But if you're asking me as an old pit friend and not as an official, I'd say most of the trouble starts with Mr. Page. He's the construction engineer they brought from Boston to manage the new work here. I understand the president wants him to have control here until his job is cleaned up, so he can show a low cost, within the appropriation. But, faith, an engineer isn't an operating official, and while he's building freight tracks he's interfering with the routine movement of the freight that goes

(Continued on Page 121)

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Openings now available for men meeting qualifications named below. In most towns and cities of 2,500 and up—and in certain metropolitan districts

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* * *

Now let us tell you what this business is—and how we happened to go into it.

Two young Chicagoans turned this idea into $5,000 to $7,000 a month—NET

One year ago two young men in Chicago started a "rent a car" business with one small station. They lacked experience, operated loosely. Yet they earned an average of $5,000 to $7,000, net, monthly. Six months ago the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago paid $125,000 for a one-fifth interest in the business. The Yellow Drive-It-Yourself Company of Chicago is now a licensed operator under the Hertz Drivurself System. Its young founders are associated with the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago. Today this enterprise operates 215 vehicles out of five branch stations, one on each side of the city. More are to be opened immediately. After depreciation had been cared for, and all other expenses paid, this company showed a net profit of 33⅓ per cent on investment. With proper organization and equipment, 1925 *will show an even greater profit.*

To establish validity of this advertisement, please note:

This advertisement—the giant of all "want ads"—is published by the men who founded the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co., developed it and who operate it today together with its vast subsidiaries throughout the world.

* * *

We have made Chicago a great, practical testing laboratory for ideas and methods in rental motor transportation. Here we have thoroughly tried out every element of Drivurself operation—just as here we have tried out and *proved* the principles upon which 1,300 "Yellow" Cab companies throughout the world today operate successfully.

We have applied to this new business the successful operating principles of other motor transportation businesses controlled by the same interests: the great Chicago, New York and St. Louis motor coach systems, and the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago.

DRIVURSELF
What it means

Drivurself (Drive-it-yourself) means a motor rental system which enables anyone who can drive a car to rent one and run it himself, paying so much on a mileage and service basis.

Statistics show that in America today, one woman in every three, and two men in every three, know how to drive a car.

Now under this system any person who can run a car can enjoy one—at remarkably small cost.

The car is not a taxicab, nor does it—in color, design or any detail of appearance—resemble one. It is a car specially engineered and constructed for this kind of duty. It has the great stamina of a commercial car, in operation and performance. So great is our confidence in this vehicle that it is given a guaranteed, predetermined trade-in value. The first time in automotive history that a responsible manufacturer has so guaranteed his cars after use!

* * *

During the off season, thousands of cars are "laid up." Daily scores are in for repairs. Many men don't use their own cars to business, leaving them at home for the family to use. Where they *do* use them, wives and children naturally gravitate to this system.

In a single month, about 33⅓ per cent of the Chicago company's business was with actual car owners.

We ask Bankers, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary, and other civic-spirited organizations to help us get in touch with the right men to handle this new motor transportation business locally. It is the kind of transportation which helps develop cities and towns—and their surrounding territory.

NEVER BEFORE!

For the first time in the history of motor transportation, an opportunity to establish yourself in a proved, profitable business—with a competent organization to start and handle it for you as long as you require; a business by which the public may rent standardized motor vehicles operated by a standardized service in every city in the country, at a new low rate never before approached in the automobile industry, ranging from 12 cents to 20 cents a mile. All with the full co-operation of an organization backed by the experience of billions of motor operation miles.

For the first time in the history of motor transportation, a guaranteed, predetermined trade-in value on your cars. We issue a bond guaranteeing the trade-in value of the Hertz Drivurself vehicle at the end of two, three and four years of service!

For the first time in the history of motor transportation, a nation-wide system of positive credential identification by which the traveling public can get instant transportation service in any city in America. No deposit. No delays. No red tape.

For the first time in the history of motor transportation, service certificates are issued to patrons, which include participation in public liability, both as to personal injury and property damage, to every patron at fixed rates of 30 cents for 24 hours, which may be optional for a trip, one day or any period of time, thus eliminating all risk to operator or customer.

For the first time in the history of motor transportation, a standardized service will be advertised for the benefit of every operator, nationally and locally, to reach every city in America, educating the public to that system and backing up the operator's individual business in his own territory.

Commercial the biggest

Still more important is the commercial field. Salesmen, collectors, store representatives, your municipalities will rent them—your public service corporations. Real estate men, traveling salesmen, solicitors: the potential business uses alone are tremendous.

To meet the requirements of travelers, we have developed a national credential system. Arrangements have already been completed, through the Hotel Credit Letter Company, to provide more than 50,000 traveling men with identification credentials.

By this plan, each salesman will be supplied with a card. This he takes to any Hertz Drivurself Station, presents his card, and immediately has a car.

For the local operator, under the Hertz Drivurself System, every safeguard has been provided and perfected. The problem of judging unknown applicants for service has been solved. The risk of putting a valuable car into the hands of an unknown person has been met—and overcome.

* * *

Necessarily, we touch on these subjects briefly—merely to give an idea of what this business is.

Note, though, that our tests show where a town supports one taxicab company, it can profitably support several Hertz Drivurself System stations.

* * *

This is the modern, motorized version of the old-time livery stable, based upon a fundamental and growing economic public need.

Thirty million men and women in the United States can drive automobiles. This vast multitude, who know the convenience of rapid transportation, are eagerly waiting for the chance to rent cars when rates are low enough to tempt them.

The traveling salesman who uses railroads will be able to get around in about one-fifth of the time and at one-half the cost in covering suburban and rural territory and scattered customers.

For the first time, no man or woman who can drive a car need be without one.

Enduring, because it is fair

Now we've given mostly a picture of *our* side of the business—that which relates to earnings. They are big, that's true. But, above all things, they are fair.

The user profits by enjoying fine transportation at inconsequential cost.

The owner profits because the only time his cars are in use *they are earning.*

That is not true of any chauffeur-driven car. Thirty-three per cent of the gross receipts goes for drivers' hire—an item entirely dispensed with in the Hertz Drivurself System.

In this system, the renter pays only for what he gets in actual service. The owner is *paid for every mile his car runs.*

Complete information gladly furnished

And we wish to point out that this is a business of great promise, not only for America, but for the whole civilized world—Australia, New Zealand, South America, Europe. We are ready and able *now* to install it in any city in the world.

We think so much of it that, for the first time, the name of John Hertz—head of all the "Yellow" systems—is used. Men who know John Hertz know what this means.

And we have backed this new idea to the limit. We have put $1,000,000 of capital into it. Further, our confidence is so great that we help to finance you in installing the system. *We invest two dollars to your one, in your equipment, starting you in the business.*

The fundamental principles of low-rate cab operation, developed exclusively by the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co., have brought success and financial independence to every person and firm accepting and following our methods and counsel. Net earnings of the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago, operating more than 2,700 vehicles, have been exceeding $2,000,000 a year. These success-principles are back of the Hertz Drivurself System.

Are you the man?

The opening is available *now* to any man with the qualifications named, and with a reasonable amount of working capital—or the ability and connections to interest local groups of men in joining with him in this business. It should be looked upon—it should *be* a local operation, because outside interests might meet with opposition.

The principal requirement is the standing of the man. The amount of actual capital invested is more or less unimportant—as little as $5,000 being sufficient in many instances.

The entire investment goes into actual operating equipment. There is no premium for the rights to the Hertz Drivurself System itself. ***There is no stock for sale, neither do we invest in any outside business.***

This opportunity is offered on a basis of active co-operation, which includes a plan whereby vehicles can be purchased on a small initial payment and paid for from earnings.

Write in strictest confidence, giving enough information about yourself to merit either an interview or the placing of our plan before you through correspondence. Use the coupon for your convenience. The Hertz Drivurself System, Inc., Chicago, Illinois. Subsidiary of **The Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co.**

★ *The name of "Hertz Drivurself System, Inc." and the trade-mark device may be used only by direct licensees. They are fully protected by copyright and patents applied for*

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Mail This (In Confidence) For Information

NOTE: Attach this to a brief outline of your qualifications, age, present business, etc., and mail to Hertz Drivurself System, 5801 West Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name .....

Address .....

Business .....

Lead is used by man in almost countless ways. But its most general use is in lead paints. Red-lead and white-lead are known and used the world over.

Red-lead helps man win the greatest war of all time

THIS war is between man and Nature. What man builds, the forces of Nature try to destroy. Nature is everlastingly striving to return all materials to their original and most stable form. So it has been since the beginning of time.

Man uses in his structures, among other materials, the strongest metal he has—steel. Opposed to it is one of Nature's strongest elements—moisture-laden air. The air attacks this metal which man has won from Nature and tries, by what is known as rusting, to draw it back to its original state. If the metal is left to face the attack alone, it soon weakens. It crumbles—is destroyed.

But few steel structures are permitted to rust rapidly away. Man thwarts Nature by protecting his steel with an armor of lead paint. With red-lead he makes a covering through which air and moisture do not penetrate. The life of steel is prolonged indefinitely with this armor of paint derived from the metal lead.

Special protection for hidden surfaces

So from the time steel comes from the mill it should have red-lead protection. Wherever you see a bridge or tank—or any other iron and steel structure—outlined in red against the sky, you know that man is winning another victory over air and moisture. He holds his own against air and moisture, however, only so long as a perfect protective coating protects the steel.

The red-lead armor must be not only on all exposed surfaces, but especially on surfaces that are hidden after construction. Where steel beams overlap, wherever there are rivets and wherever flooring or other construction makes it almost impossible to repaint regularly, special paint protection is necessary.

Dutch Boy stands all tests

In order to give complete protection to iron and steel, red-lead must be pure. That is why the United States Navy, and so many engineers, contractors and builders prefer Dutch Boy red-lead. Dutch Boy red-lead is pure and is highly oxidized. It is also ground exceedingly fine. It has stood all tests for durability. It makes a hard, tenacious film that virtually becomes part of the covered surface and is still elastic enough to expand and contract under heat and cold without cracking. It brushes out evenly and has unusual covering power. It gives full and economical protection to the metal surfaces it covers.

Dutch Boy paste red-lead ready for mixing with pure linseed oil comes in the natural red-lead color. It can be shaded to browns, greens, black and other dark colors as desired.

Send for free paint booklet

We shall be pleased to send you a booklet, "The Handy Book of Painting," a storehouse of general paint facts and formulas. A section is devoted to the protection of metal surfaces. It tells how to prepare the surface for painting, how to mix and apply the paint. We shall also be glad to give you any specific information on any particular painting problem you may have.

Other Dutch Boy Products

IN the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides red-lead, there are white-lead, flatting oil, solder, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company, in addition, makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry, and daily life. Among these products are litharge, sheet lead, lead bars, lead cames, lead pipe, and lead tubing.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to our nearest branch.

The figure of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here is reproduced on every keg of Dutch Boy red-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St

(Continued from Page 117)

over 'em. And you've got your answer, right around you."

The answer was there, all right.

"Then Page is the man I want to see," I said, and I started for his office while I was still hot under the collar.

But Javan Page, luckily for me, hadn't yet got down to his desk that morning. For I had no knowledge at the time that Page was a board pet who'd been imported from the East on the strength of a bond issue he and his family had been able to swing for Big Sam. I had no idea he had a double-knotted cinch on his new job—and it was just as well, all things considered, that I failed to get in touch with him that morning.

So, instead of having it out with the man in control of the new construction, I went down to the yard offices and looked them over. The building was nothing to be proud of. It contained a dark hallway and a ramshackle row of badly lighted pens, one shut off from the other, a heritage from our pioneer days when everything went to road-bed and rolling stock and blamed little to interior trimming. But the principle of the thing, I felt, was all wrong. Here was a group of men, supposed to be working in common, in complete harmony, shut off from one another like animals in a zoo, penned up like rabid dogs in a row of kennels.

I called Spaidel, my chief clerk, and had a heart-to-heart talk with that none-too-happy man.

"I want a change here," I told him, "and we're going to count off exactly six days to make it in. You've got a dirty hole here and you're doing dirty work in it. I want those partitions torn out and I want bigger windows cut in those walls. Instead of these pens, I want a well lighted, a well aired and an orderly room of workers, all directly under your eye, for I've found a shirker loves seclusion, while a real worker welcomes inspection. I want you to make this room look like a city bank, and I want it conducted in as orderly a way as a city bank is conducted. Is that clear?"

Spaidel acknowledged that it was clear. But the same epithet couldn't be applied to his own eye as he said it.

"And any instructions that come in," I continued, "or any orders that go out must be as carefully respected as though they were yellow-backs in the four-figure run. Is that also clear?"

I could see a dazed sort of opposition in Spaidel's face, but he said "Yes, sir" promptly enough.

"And now I want the yardmaster in here for a conference. I want to see why every car in this yard isn't in its proper place and in its proper place at the proper time. I want to see who's responsible for the rotten lack of system around here. And you may as well let it be known that if this carelessness isn't ended inside of a week there's going to be some vacant jobs around this yard."

I got the yardmaster inside and we went all over the mess once more. It was only too plain that the gears weren't meshing right, and the machine couldn't run without harmony, without systematic routine. There were excuses and complaints and explanations enough, but that sort of thing naturally wasn't getting results.

"I'm not here to take sides," I finally told the men. "I'm here to clean up this yard, and if I can't clean it up I'll clean it out. There seems to be a purely local dispute as to who's boss. Well, from now on, I'm boss! And if I can't get cars switched and trains out on time—if I can't get that service from this outfit, I'll put in a bunch of girls who'll at least do what they're told. I want every car label, every switch list and every other scrap of paper issued from these offices acted on and acted on promptly. I don't want any more second and third and fourth requests for movements. A second request, after today, goes down as a death warrant to the bird who gets it. Is that clear?"

The yardmaster inspected me with a morose eye.

"Can you make your construction engineer conform to our routine?" he inquired, and I didn't altogether like his tone.

"He'll understand," I said, with my jaw shut, as Spaidel went on to explain that the six-month-old shipments of white pine, on which the company had paid claims, had been mistakenly appropriated by Javan Page for his construction work, instead of going to the dealers who'd begged and bribed around for their deliveries.

"There'll be no more of that," was my prompt ultimatum.

But more and more, through it all, I felt that the king-pin of the trouble lay in the person of Mr. Javan Page.

I didn't look Page up that day. I wanted to be dead sure of my ground first. So I wired for three of my staff boys, and while I made an investigation of the inside office workings I had my three lads supervise the making of an inventory of that yard, every car and number and where it stood and where it came from and how long it had been there and what it held and where it was going, even though we had to break seals and examine markings and tags and manicure gunny sacks to find out what we wanted. Then I cross-examined the switchmen on the different leads and tried to feel out why they weren't able to carry out orders and keep their tracks clean, and when I'd got my results assorted I was ready for Page.

I went to his office the next morning and waited forty-five minutes for him to put in an appearance. It was a very nice office. It was filled with new cherry-wood furniture, and on his desk he had a small cut-glass vase holding three white carnations and a large silver frame holding a photograph of a very haughty-looking woman.

I was mighty interested in that man Page by the time he arrived, and when he stepped into the office I found him a narrow-faced and slender-bodied individual wearing spats on his ankles and a small red flower in his buttonhole. He had a thin, high forehead and a remarkably cool eye, to say nothing of an acid and one-sided smile that wasn't without a touch of half-careless mockery. He was a new type to me in the railway world; but from the moment I clapped eyes on him I disliked him.

When I told him who I was he produced a chased-gold cigarette case and blandly offered me a cigarette. A cigarette, in those days, was looked on as a trifle effeminate, so I may have snorted aloud when I declined his dude killer. He smiled his lemon-juice smile as he sat down and struck a match.

Then he rather indolently inquired what he could do for me.

"I guess we can get down to business quickest," I retorted, "when we find out what you can do for the D. & B."

"That's interesting," he quietly acknowledged. "And just what can I do for the D. & B.?"

I was younger at the game then or I wouldn't have been so ready to show my teeth. There are different ways of fighting in this world, and the bigger the problem the less likely you are to bite your way through it.

"You can either stop interfering with the running of these yards," I told him, "or give up the job." He took out another cigarette and lighted it.

"Just what's wrong with the yards?" he casually inquired.

I told him, in a few curt sentences, just what had happened to our service at that point. He stopped me with a wave of his girlish white hand.

"But, my dear chap, you're making the primary mistake of barking up the wrong tree. I'm not a railway operative. I'm an engineer—the chief engineer of this terminal work for the time being—and I'm not running your yards."

"You're interfering with their operation," I retorted.

"On the contrary, I'm doing difficult construction work under almost maddening conditions. I'm carrying out the plans Mr. Callard wants carried out, and when he has his new sidings and engine house and sheds he will probably be able to give better service."

"But he's got to start giving good service today," I shouted, "or all you're building here is a tombstone."

"Then why not talk to Mr. Callard about it?" was Javan Page's quiet suggestion; and his very quietness, I felt, was a reproof for my unseemly roughness.

"I prefer to talk to you," I said with a thump on the desk end that made his carnation vase dance.

"I'm sorry I can't participate in that desire," he said as he pushed a buzzer button with his white finger.

"Then you'll probably not participate long in your present job," I was foolish enough to fling back at him, and his fastidious thin face hardened a little at that open and unmistakable threat.

"My dear man, I anticipate being an official of this road much longer than you are," he said with a cool assurance which didn't do much to calm me down.

We stood there, studying each other for a full minute, our glances locked together like elk horns. And I knew I hated him. He made me think of a rattlesnake, suave and smooth and full of grace, but fortified with the knowledge that he had a venomous power behind him.

"I don't imagine this road's going to be big enough to hold both of us," I said as I started for the door.

He merely smiled, with a ghost of a shrug. But there was nothing ghostlike in the way I slammed that door after me.

Five hours later I had Big Sam down on the scene. I knew there had to be a clean-up in that neighborhood without any loss of time, and I imagined my chief was ready to stand behind any move I made to effect it.

But for once in his life Big Sam straddled. He worked a shaggy eyebrow up and down as I laid my ultimatum as to Javan Page in front of him and let a mask fall over his wrinkled old face and remarked that surgical operations had sometimes been known to kill the patient. I didn't realize it at the time, of course, but our chief was in a pretty delicate position just then. He was reaching out for his Eastern connection and was staking his last dollar on absorbing a second rundown system that had to be held up by his home road and wet-nursed back into a semblance of honest vigor. He was trying to swallow something three times his own size and he was gagging like a boa constrictor with a baby lamb in its gullet. But what he went after he got, and what he got he made his own. He had his worries, however, during the period of absorption, and his present one was having a college-made incompetent imposed on him by his new board. He didn't want to cramp my stroke. But he told me, in so many words, that he couldn't afford to fire Javan Page.

So, like the astute old diplomat he was, he struck a compromise. He reported satisfaction to Page at his progress and gave him a new man, ostensibly a subordinate, to look after the outside operations, relieving the chief engineer of the so-called trivial distractions of the actual work. These, it was pointed out, might hamper the more important preparations of plans in the inside office. Then he told me to get busy and clean up the mess in my own way. I could do what I wanted, but while doing it I had to keep Page's men supplied with material and assure him and the long-neglected public of prompt switching.

I made a job of it, all right. Both Page and the general public began to get service. I guess they still tell about it back on that section of the system. It gave the stove committee in every roundhouse something to hot-air about and even made a white-collar nabob or two on neighboring lines open their eyes. But in two weeks I had that yard as neat as a row of harp strings. I had those engines and cars working together like the wheels of a press. I had a new office system and a proper allotment of responsibility and no more squabbling delays and lost cars and claims from sorehead shippers.

I couldn't claim to be a college graduate, but I knew what could be done in the matter of fanning out and switching box cars, and I knew what you could get out of office men if you put them on their mettle, and what you could get out of a yard gang if you gave them a fighting chance to do their work in a way they'd been trained to do it. I'd been a worker myself and I'd already learned that labor wasn't a commodity to be traded in. I realized that the good will of the men who worked under you was the biggest asset you could take into a big job, and if there was a kicker on my pay roll I always asked him to come right to me with his kick.

♥

I HAD expected—and secretly hoped for—some open opposition from Javan Page before I got through with my Detroit job. But he fooled me there. He was cool and casual during our few accidental contacts, and had apparently decided to let bygones be bygones. I saw nothing of him until six months later, when I was delegated, because of my position, to take charge of the president's train while he was showing some Eastern money over our North Midland Division. This party was made up of a white-collar bunch, with their wives and daughters, prospective investors whom Big Sam was jollying along and showing the more presentable aspects of the D. & B. In addition to my official position as superintendent, I was supposed to

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Drink milk these cold days

Mother, give the children and all your family milk throughout winter's long, hard siege. Milk is nature's ideal food. It builds healthy nerve and body tissues.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk and other cold drinks. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Used in the best homes everywhere. Made and packed entirely by machinery, Stone's Straws are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package —several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON D C
FACTORIES
WASHINGTON D C BALTIMORE MD

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

The quietness of the refined home is not disturbed

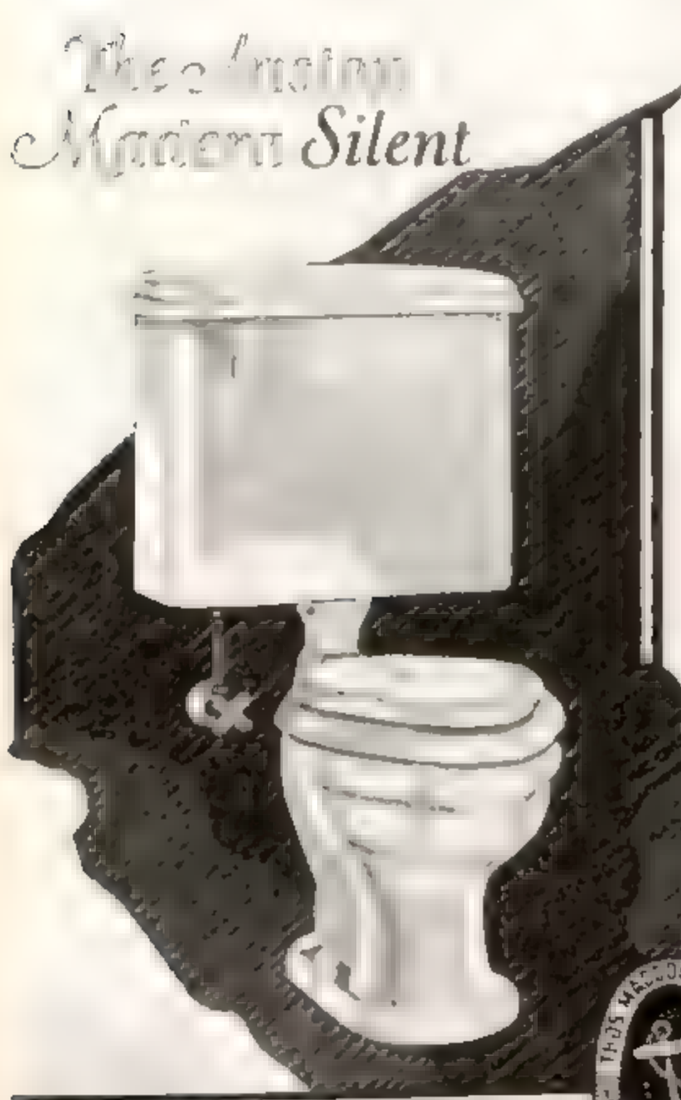
THE Ariston Madera Silent Toilet is the masterpiece of the originators of noiseless toilet construction. The sound of operation cannot be heard outside the bathroom.

The tank is fitted with an especially fine mechanism which acts with amazing ease and smoothness. This mechanism is so thoroughly well made that it is guaranteed against giving trouble or causing expense for repair or replacement. Each tank is factory-tested under water-connection.

Constructed of white vitreous china, with white celluloid seat and cover, it is the toilet de luxe, for the finest bathroom.

You are invited to write for our new booklet, "Maddock Bathrooms." This booklet gives suggestions for placing different combinations of fixtures in spaces of various sizes and shapes.

The Ariston Madera Silent



Why vitreous china

In Maddock toilets, the tanks as well as the bowls are made of vitreous china. These tanks can never corrode or leak, because vitreous china is practically everlasting. Its hard, glassy surface cannot be marred; even acids will not harm it.

THOMAS MADDOCKS SONS COMPANY. Trenton, N.J.

MADDOCK

Bathroom Equipment

Avoid doctor bills by more intelligent use of the plumber

answer all random questions, foolish or otherwise, and do what a native roughneck could to keep the ladies amused.

It wasn't work to my liking, but I had to go through with it; and it didn't add to my happiness to find the Javan Pages so well represented in that party. For Javan Page was there himself, always on a cordial enough basis with his Eastern friends, but always studying me, I felt, with a slightly commiserative eye which slightly cramped my style as an entertainer. And his wife was there, as the daughter of Marcus Delane, the doddering old Boston millionaire who'd been on our board since the days of the first reorganization. And with her she had her pert-faced and imperious-mannered little daughter Lavinia, whom I disliked so much that I secretly rejoiced when a bumblebee stung her. She was an insolent-minded little autocrat, was Miss Lavinia, but she came by it honestly. For I know of no one who could parade more good manners and bad taste than this same Mrs. Javan Page. She was—or, at least, she had been—a beautiful woman, with thin fine lips and thin fine nostrils and a thin fine figure; a hard and selfish woman armor-plated in a shell of shining self-absorption.

I'm afraid she rather disliked me from the first, in an indolent and insolent sort of way; but like all dislikes, I imagine it had its background of fear, even though she wouldn't admit it to her own mind. I was too open and rough for her. I belonged to the future and she belonged to the past. I was a comer and she was a has-been. But she had a branding iron of a tongue. She could plaster the hot metal against a man's ribs as casually as a cowboy burns a letter on a calf's hide. She announced, with her habitual smile of mockery, that I carried my "modesty about as conspicuously as a live oak carries its Spanish moss." At another time she puzzled me by inquiring if my vision, after all, wasn't about as geocentric as Ptolemaic astronomy—and I had to look up "geocentric" before I caught what she was driving at. She did her little best to make me feel like a man flying a box kite while a biplane is stunting along the sky line.

But I pretended not to notice those claw strokes of hers. It took considerable self-control, but I never let her really ruffle me. Even when I overheard her speak of me as "that funny man," I swallowed the insult that had a double edge because it had been deliberate, and came up smiling. But I carried the memory of it carefully along with me, as carefully as a boy carries a crow's egg down an elm tree in his mouth, not caring to bite on what had gone bad before he came into possession of it. To her, apparently, everything west of Tuxedo Park was wilderness, and I was the thorny cactus of the desert.

Yet I learned a lot from Aurelia Page. I learned that women wield a power of their own, a power you can't always fight and define. Without knowing it, she taught me to be less primitive, to control the purely animal-like instinct to strike back when struck. She taught me to wear a smile when I really wanted to plant a left-arm jab. She made me eat humble pie, too, in her own quiet way. And that diet, I suppose, is always good for a self-centered man. But with all her hardness and all her cruelty, an occasion arose when she puzzled me.

Three of the ladies had wanted to see Angel Spray Falls by moonlight one night when the men were deep in their poker game. Now I'd never played cards, always feeling that life was a little too short to do all the things we wanted to do without inventing elaborate games to shorten it still more. So I volunteered to take the three sight-seers through on a motor car, for the falls were up a rusty-railed mill spur that hadn't known an engine wheel for a year.

It was a glorious night, with a moon like a cart wheel. We had to ford the Angel Spray, below the cataract, to get a proper view of the falls. So I carried the ladies over, one by one, knee-deep in the rushing water. The first two went without comment. I was half expecting Aurelia Page to object to that overpersonal method of transportation; but she laughed a little as I took her up, and her thin arm circled a little tighter about my neck as I waded out into the tumbling stream. She was thin and bony and easy enough to carry, and I remember even being conscious of the winy smell of her breath—they'd drunk champagne that night as usual for dinner—together with the smell of a rather musky perfume with which she must have anointed herself. That sort of thing didn't make much impression on me, however. I was thinking, in fact, how easy it would be to toss that particular lady over my shoulder and let her go gasping and gurgling down those moonlit rapids. It even occurred to me that with a pretended slip I could give her a good dousing in the cold river water and wash away some of that dignity of hers. But I didn't do either. I simply carried her quietly across the ford and climbed up on the rocky shore, stopping and still holding her in my arms when I got there, wondering why she had never spoken a word.

"Wait a moment," she finally said, not looking at me, but at the moon that hung dull gold above the black fringe of the tree tops. I could feel her breast drink in the slightly balsamic air, for her arm was still closely linked about my neck.

Then she looked down at my face. I was thinking at the time that women no longer young could still look youthful in the right sort of light. But, on the whole, I felt anything but comfortable.

"We may die and rot, dear man, before we see such a moon again!" Aurelia Page said with a sigh that stirred my hair.

For her face was quite close to mine and I could feel her thin arm tighten about my neck. But something about that face, when I turned and looked at it, tended to perplex me. The moonlight shone full on it and her eyes were half closed. But what she did the next moment perplexed me still more. For she lifted her free hand and thrust her thin fingers deep into my hair and pushed my head back so that her staring eyes were not a half foot away from my face. I could even feel her breath on my skin.

"You wonderful brute!" she said in a sort of startled gasp.

I didn't quite understand at the time. The one word I heard and understood was the word "brute," and that blinded me to everything else. I plumped her down as though she had been a sack of oats and walked over to where the two other women were calling to me from the rocks.

But Aurelia Page did not speak to me again that night. She stood silent as we watched the falls, and she remained silent all the way back to the car. There were times, in fact, later on when I imagined the thing had never happened. It seemed absurd and incredible, like something remembered out of a dream, too unreal to be accepted by reason.

But the excursion went on again, about the same as before. Big Sam wanted the best side of his road shown up and it was my job to do it. As far as I could make out, however, that party seemed more interested in playing cards than inspecting roadbeds. They talked more about trout fishing than grade reduction. So when we stopped at Green Lake they were all for trying their luck there.

Now, as I've already said, fishing has been the one recreation of my long and busy career. I'd learned to fish before I was chin high to a hop toad, and I'd always loved to slip away for an hour or two, when the chance came, even though I was facing troubles enough to turn a man white-headed overnight. I've made it a fixed practice, in fact, to carry my fishing tackle along with me in my business car and to ease things off, when we were in the lake country, by a few hours where I could hear water ripple and feel the electric thrill of a good strike and land my beauty after a fight that was hard enough to threaten his loss. It's about the only sort of idling I've ever done, and I've always felt it was time well invested.

So I was a trifle worried when Big Sam told me he wanted that party to feel they were in a real fishing country, since he had seventeen hundred acres of wild land he hoped to dispose of to one of the old birds for a summer camp. I knew there was about as poor fishing in Green Lake as there was anywhere along the whole line. But I resented Javan Page saying so to his carful of friends that night after dinner. And when a young Mrs. Rumley, who'd become quite friendly and liked to talk to me about pioneer days in the Middle West, asked me if the two of us couldn't go out and bring in a string of fish from Green Lake the next morning, I solemnly asserted that we could. It was a sort of challenge and I couldn't afford to let it go by.

But I knew my country and my company well enough not to take foolish chances. A crate of about a dozen fair-sized Lake Superior whitefish had been shipped down for

(Continued on Page 124)

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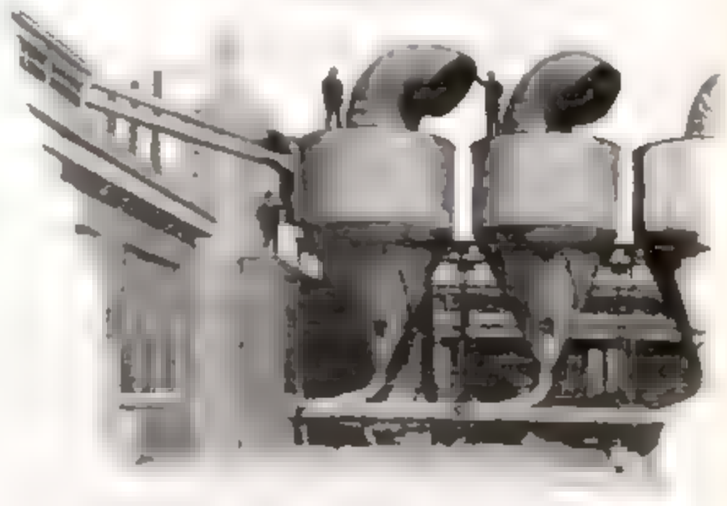

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Sargent Locks and Hardware of wear-resisting brass or bronze on all your doors and windows will prevent the slightest cause for worry on these vital points as long as your home stands. For into the fine harmonious patterns of Sargent Hardware and into the protecting sinews of Sargent Locks is built the quality of permanence.

Hardware is too important a factor in the comfort and security of the home, too small an item of the total cost to allow of any but the best. Write for the Colonial Book and with your architect select Sargent Hardware.

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SARGENT CYLINDER PADLOCK
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(Continued from Page 122)

the dining car that day and were still in ice. So under cover of darkness that night I had Larson, the chef, string those whitefish together and cache them in a little cove down on the lake.

The next morning Mrs. Rumley and I started out at sunup for our fishing. She caused me considerable worry by wanting to stay right with me, for the wilder the country, I've noticed, the more companionable a woman's apt to get. But I finally posted her on a deep-water rock, where I told her she'd have her best chance for black bass.

I left her there and worked my way up into the cove. As luck would have it, the lady actually hooked a three-pounder—probably the last in the lake—and promptly screamed for help. She screamed again when I walked out on her rock with my eleven shiny big whitefish trailing from my side. I landed her bass for her and we called it a day.

We got a rousing cheer when we scrambled back to the car, and Mrs. Rumley insisted on passing her three-pounder around for inspection. But I made it a point to get my whitefish back to the chef's hand before they were looked over at short range. We had a fish feast that noon, and there was a good deal of banter about my taking a young married woman out in the woods so early in the morning. But the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and they all ate heartily enough, with the mendacious Larson pointing out which was lake trout and which was rock bass and which was yellow pickerel.

And Big Sam, I might point out in passing, eventually sold his wild land to the enthusiastic gentleman from the East.

When we got farther up into the bush the thoughts and hopes of that party naturally turned toward big game. As some of them were sitting out on the observation end, going through one of our wilder valleys, they actually got a glimpse of a bear cub scampering off up the hills. That worked them up to a fever heat, especially the womenfolks. Mrs. Rumley asked me in her clinging-vine way if I couldn't get a real moose for them, or at least a deer. And remembering certain things, I told her she'd have her moose before the day was over.

For I recalled Syd Orkin, a settler in a clearing beyond the second station, who'd caught and tamed a moose calf. He'd brought it up on cow's milk, along with his regular calves, had made a harness for it, and had once made a hit at one of the county fairs by exhibiting it as a trotting moose. It was enough of a pet to follow its owner around for titbits as placid as an army mule, and Syd used to tease it by holding half an apple just beyond reach of its thick-lipped snout.

So I wired ahead to the agent and gave him our time and told him to have Syd and his moose somewhere close along our right of way as we rolled past. I instructed Silver, on the front end, to slow up when he spotted Syd, but not to tarry long enough to give those Easterners a chance to ask questions. I made it a point to be good and busy going through a file of reports from the home office when we rounded the curve at the Orkin clearing.

And then, sure enough, I heard a sudden chorus of screams from the ladies and a scramble through the car by the men. For there was Syd's moose, as large as life, looking like something that had stepped out of the Pliocene Age, standing close beside the track, with his head held high, as we rolled past. But Javan Page's pompous old uncle happened to be eating a Baldwin apple on the back platform at the moment. And when Orkin's moose sniffed that apple he just naturally turned and trotted after our train until he was able to reach up and grab that Baldwin out of the old gentleman's hand, about the same as a dog will grab a bone from your fingers.

I guess that gave them something to talk about for the next day or two. And when Mrs. Rumley cornered me and fixed me with her soulful young eyes, and inquired as to the eating habits of the American moose, I was compelled to tell her that scarcity of food often made them quite docile and that they'd been known to snatch oranges from the train children as they went by. Mrs. Rumley solemnly admitted that this must be true, as she'd seen the razorbacks down in Florida fighting around the Fernandina train wheels for the banana skins thrown out of the car windows. And I might also explain that Syd Orkin later claimed that one of our fool party shot a gun off from a car window and came within an ace of putting a bullet through his pet.

I'd neither seen nor heard anything of that, in the excitement, and each member of the party, when interrogated, indignantly denied any such murderous intent against so noble an animal. But a nice old lady from Brookline, who'd been a pioneer woman in the New Brunswick bush before her husband made two or three million dollars out of timber limits, had a twinkle in her eye when she told me the following night at dinner that she'd often heard of belling the cat, but never knew that the wild moose grew a dinner bell behind its dewlap. The old lady enjoyed my embarrassment, but was generous enough not to pass the secret on. For Syd Orkin, sure enough, had the habit of strapping a cow bell around that moose's neck, to help him locate his pet when it went browsing off among the slash, and in the excitement he'd forgotten to unbuckle that darn fool bell strap.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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As a remembrance token, a group of loyal and efficient officers in my department presented me with an Elgin watch —one of the earliest manufactured—inscribed with their names and good wishes.

With this gift, came their whole hearts—and there were tears at the parting of our long association.

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ALMOST A GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"Miss Kittridge, really ——"

"Please don't call me Miss Kittridge and please don't say really to me in that particular way again. You're the most unpardonable sort of man. I don't see how you ever persuaded Trudy to think of marrying you. I give up. Let's go back."

She stood up and started up the path toward the house.

"But, Miss Kittridge—er—Barbara—er ——"

"Kitt."

"Kitt."

"You were going to say?"

She had turned. She stood in the moonlight facing him, slim and tall, shimmering in a white evening dress. Her dark hair contrasted with the moonlit whiteness of her neck and shoulders. A little cold shiver made its way up George Banks' back.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "Let's go back."

And they went back to the house. He left her and walked alone among the shrubs. It had been a stupid conversation. It had been an embarrassing conversation. But—this Barbara Kittridge—Kitt—thrilling—exciting—to look at, to talk to, to keep from involving oneself with. Lively girl. Snappy dark eyes. Nice hands. Well built. Slim ankles. Quick, elusive, jumping around behind a conversation, with a funny mouth that did queer little things with its corners.

Face that laughed at you, without laughing at all so you could trace it. And always one jump ahead of what you were thinking. Footwork with her head. Now that kind of girl ——

He danced with his betrothed.

"What do you think of Kitt?" she asked from his shoulder.

He executed an intricate step and stalled for time.

"What did you say, dear?"

"What do you think of Kitt?"

"Oh, very nice. Clever, I should think. Talks well."

"Do you think so?"

"Well, we didn't talk much. She seemed quick."

"She says whatever comes into her head. I've heard her say the worst things—to men—trying to be original."

The music stopped and George and Mildred Trudeau seated themselves side by side. His eyes followed Barbara Kittridge as she went, laughing, through the French windows with a man.

"Her reputation," said Trudy guardedly into his ear, "is not too good lately. She went to Europe all alone last summer. Katherine Milton met her in Brussels and she was traveling all over with two Oxford students. Perfectly respectable, of course. But a girl can't tell what people are going to think and say. It isn't a very nice thing to do."

"But if she was all alone in Europe ——"

"There were plenty of girls she knew, without her picking out perfectly strange young Englishmen and traveling all over with them. I'll bet she had a fine gay time. A couple of weeks ago I heard about a party at a bachelor apartment in town that Kitt went to. I don't believe that was too nice. She drinks a little too much anyway."

The music started and they danced again.

Just before three the party broke up for the evening. George Banks took Trudy to the top of the stairs and kissed her good night. Then he remembered that he had no cigarettes and went down again to find some.

So far as is known, it was entirely by accident that he found Barbara Kittridge alone in the library. She was curled up at the end of the big leather sofa.

George Banks sighted her and jumped like a startled criminal. He took a step backward and smiled foolishly. Kitt laughed.

"Why, Phooey! I thought I'd packed you off to bed. What are you doing prowling around downstairs again? You don't go in for nocturnal melancholia, do you? I hope it isn't so bad as that."

He fidgeted.

"No. Cigarettes. Found I didn't have any in my pocket. None upstairs. Thought I'd come down and find some."

"Lots in that box on the table beside you. Help yourself."

He did, and dropped six or eight into his pocket.

"Well ——" he said, fidgeting toward the door.

"Breakfast at 11:30," said his hostess; and just then something strange happened in George Banks.

"What the dickens are you going to do for the rest of the night?" he asked. "Are you given to communing with Nature yourself?" Again she laughed.

"Brave boy!" she said. "Sit down."

This time they were not on a cold stone bench in the darkness. This time her feet were not so placed as to keep him at a distance.

He seated himself a couple of inches from her, his arm on the back of the sofa behind her head. He took one of the cigarettes from his pocket and placed it between his lips. For the first time his manner of looking at her was leisurely. He filled his lungs with smoke before he opened the conversation.

"And now," he said, "tell me what this is all about. Where do you get the privilege of laughing at me? Who told you that I was a funny old man to be kidded unmercifully at every opportunity? What have you done to deserve the right to embarrass me?"

She laughed.

"Why, Phooey! I haven't done anything to embarrass you. If you've felt uncomfortable it's been your own fault. I have laughed at you, but that was because you were funny. I reserve the right to laugh at anything that's funny."

"That isn't entirely wise. You'll find there are a lot of things that are funny that you aren't supposed to laugh at. You'll get in trouble laughing indiscriminately."

"In trouble with you?"

"Among others—yes."

"Ah, then it bites?"

"Not necessarily. But a healthy man can't stand being laughed at. You'll find that out."

"Are you a healthy man? You don't seem healthy. You goof too much. You stare into corners and study rug patterns and look as though you were going to scream with some secret sorrow gnawing at your entrails. Do you really think you're healthy?"

"I really know I'm healthy."

She made an incredulous noise and the corners of her mouth did things. He leaned closer to her.

"Further," he said, picking up one of her hands, "I can prove I'm healthy. I have a healthy normal desire to kiss you."

"To kiss me?" Her mouth was still insulting him. "You look more as though you wanted to choke me."

She executed some sort of distracting movement of her knees. Her eyes were larger than he had thought. Her hand was cool and smooth in his. His arm slipped slowly down from the back of the sofa behind her. His fingers touched her bare shoulder on the side away from him. He thought profane things about himself and removed her hand from a position where it might interfere with possible progress. Slowly, eye to eye with her, he drew her close to him and placed his lips on hers—left them there for throbbing seconds. The end of her nose was cool against his cheek. Her lips were soft. Her body in the crook of his arm was pliant and small. His mind traveled out of the library, upstairs to Mildred Trudeau.

He took his mouth away, replaced his arm on the back of the sofa. He still looked into her eyes.

"Was that what you wanted me to do?" he asked.

"No; though you do do it rather well. I am quite glad you did. It was very pleasant. Thank you."

"I'm afraid you're not welcome. That one kiss is going to make me feel like a burglar for weeks. You have no idea the mental anguish I'll go through."

"And end up by telling Trudy I made you do it?"

"No, I don't think that. But I'm not proud of myself. I might have a little more self-control." He stood up before her, feet slightly apart, right hand gripping left elbow. "Well ——" he said. Then, after a pause, "I hope you'll understand this whole performance. I hope you won't think I go around kissing other girls while I'm engaged to Trudy."

He saw a flicker at the corners of her mouth. He fled. Over his shoulder he heard her words:

"It must be funny to have a conscience." Then a laugh. "Breakfast at 11:30."

III

IT WASN'T funny to have a conscience. It was bad for George Banks' trousers, which he tossed over the back of a chair and left there to wrinkle. It was bad for his disposition, especially as he found that the cigarettes he had put in his pocket were crushed beyond the possibility of use. It was bad for his sleep, for he lay flat on his back for a long time thinking things over, and all he could think of was the way Barbara Kittridge's lips felt and the way her mouth laughed at him.

The next day he avoided his hostess. In the evening particularly he made sure not to be left alone with her. And on Sunday, when he said his good-by and drove off with Trudy at his side, he vowed he would never see Barbara Kittridge again.

If he was going to marry Trudy—and that seemed entirely probable, for she seemed perfectly willing and he certainly couldn't do anything about it—well, the thing to do was to keep out of the way of temptation. After all, Kitt was the first girl who had interested him since he had asked Mildred to marry him. If he should strike only one exciting girl every six or eight months, it ought to be fairly easy to keep out of their way.

I record his line of reasoning. It becomes my painful duty to record his actions during the three months that followed. But I will do it quickly for you, so that you will not feel so badly about it as I do.

A week after the Kittridge house party Mrs. Trudeau decided to take Mildred abroad. Two weeks after that they sailed. Both of them were properly kissed good-by by George Banks. They found their stateroom filled to the point of discomfort with flowers and baskets of fruit and cakes and books, and cards from George Banks saying *bon voyage* and other stimulating sentiments.

From the pier George made his way to a certain club and partook of certain stimulants in tall cold glasses. He stayed in the club for dinner, which consisted of several repetitions of the same stimulants; and for the night, which was interspersed with more of the same. By Monday he was ready to return to his regular round of duties in his father's bond house and to look at things calmly.

Thereafter for two weeks he lived a life of quiet and sobriety, at home for dinner every night and in bed early. He wrote to Mildred, care of this and that in Paris and London and Berne and elsewhere, and told her that life was dull without her, as it was. He did not mention that this particular sort of dullness was relief from the other kind of dullness that had been his lot before she left.

Then he got a note from Barbara Kittridge, which said that she was having a lot of people out for a week-end and that she would be delighted to have him among them. This he carried in his pocket for two days and finally answered by a letter which alleged a business trip out of town. The next day he called Kitt on the phone and told her that he found he didn't have to go away after all.

For a great part of Friday evening he talked with Kitt. Saturday morning they swam together—with several other people, which was just as well. Sunday they played tennis and talked about books. Monday he came home again with a heavy heart. He had not kissed Kitt, nor had he come close to it. But he had recognized in her a person worthy of himself—more than worthy of himself—far above him.

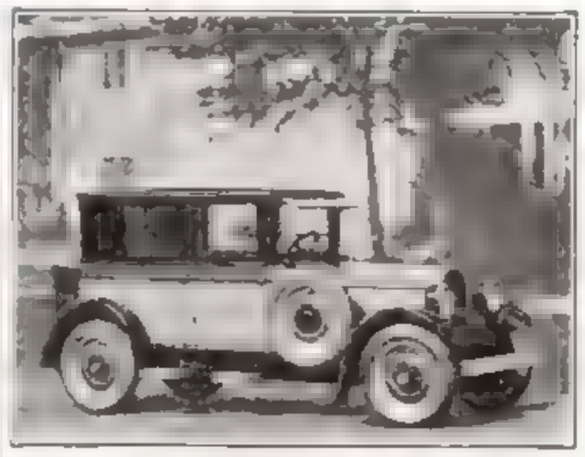
She worried him. She made him wish he were less than a gentleman and could drop his fiancée quietly off a pier in a burlap bag. She caused him to spend another afternoon and evening with the tall cool glasses.

For the rest of the summer, let us say merely that George Banks was seen more or less frequently at the Kittridge summer home and that he dined with Kitt in town on several occasions. Let us say that he remembered throughout that he was engaged to be married and that he maintained a high standard of personal behavior.

Let us skip to the not particularly joyous day on which he received a letter from Mildred Trudeau, saying that she would land

(Continued on Page 129)

DAVIS
MOTOR CARS



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"MY telegram from Nashville was purposely ambiguous," said the President, as cigars were lighted. "I wanted all you men on the Board of Directors to dine with me the day I got back, but I decided to keep you guessing."

"He's found some way to evade the income tax, that's my guess," laughed one of the members.

"Not at all. But from now on I am going to comply with one law which most people are ingenious at evading. And I am prepared to prove that the penalty of evasion is enormous."

"Sounds like an argument against Tennessee moonshine," laughed another.

"I'm against an old moonshine idea in business—the idea that a buyer can get the best of it by pitting his trading ability against low bidders. With our new building expansion program a decision is called for. When we're in the market for any highly technical product, buying it at the lowest possible price is expensive. Is this Company to stand the expense?"

"But we can't complain about our new Tennessee plant," cut in one of the senior members.

"No, and I'll explain why. You know how I went down there expecting to see a half finished plant; how I found it practically ready to start—three months ahead of the date our own Company engineers had estimated as possible. Instead of our $1,000,000 being tied up in non-productive building operations, that three months meant $50,000 profit we didn't expect this year.

"I got right hold of the Consulting Engineer and asked him how long he had been a miracle worker.

"'I'm not the miracle worker—you did it,' said he. 'You let me select the contractors, supposing, of course, I would accept the low bids. But I didn't. I took one of the higher bids—$5,000 higher.'"

A ripple of laughter went round the table.

"You needn't laugh. The $5,000 saved the $50,000! Usually the piping systems, sprinklers, heating, power and process piping are bought more strictly on price than anything else. Generally they are the last things to get done, although they are the most important from an operating standpoint. In this case one contractor got them all. Within two days after the contract was let he had two men on the job checking the plans against actual conditions.

"He had to make certain things in his own plants. He had the facilities for making them quickly and right. Certain items he had to buy outside. His price to us allowed him to buy good stuff quickly at fair market prices. He didn't have to hold up our work and tie up our money while he went shopping to beat down prices so as to pick up inferior material to square with a low bid.

"Within three weeks a capable construction crew under an experienced foreman arrived just one day behind the first carloads of material. The stuff was largely shop-assembled. Perfect fittings, adjustable hangers and straight pipe-threads allowed those men to get the pipe up without a hitch. Things fitted. It was a tailor-made job."

"One engineer in a hundred, I'd say," remarked a shrewd-looking man at the end of the table.

"You don't understand yet. In our new plant the higher bids provided for a service and for a freedom in purchasing materials that is out of the question for the average low bidder.

"Our Consulting Engineer made me see that competent contractors are to him what fine tools are to the artisan. Failure to recognize that fact before has cost our company a lot of money. Let us understand and agree now that the old horse trading, sharp-practice, low-bidder idea will not waste any part of the large sums to be spent under our expansion program in the next three years. Because of the Consulting Engineer's large experience we unhesitatingly accept his plans and specifications. By the same token he is the only logical man to choose the contractor to execute them."

* * * * *

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(Continued from Page 127)

in New York from the Majestic on September fifth, barring icebergs and other acts of God. At which time, she said, they would announce that their wedding would take place in October.

With the aid of another evening at the club, George bore up. After all, Mildred was a very fine type of young woman. High social endowments. Mighty respectable and dependable. He wouldn't jilt her. Hell, let her marry him!

Still, when his father called him in next morning and asked him to go to Chicago on business that would keep him away from New York on the day of his fiancée's arrival, he welcomed the opportunity. He wired to Bill Lincoln, who had been his roommate for two years, and told him to have the Field Museum and the stockyards ready. With some abandon he packed two bottles of Scotch in his suitcase for the trip.

IV

ON THE evening of September third George Banks was told by the door man of the Sportsmen's Club in Chicago that Mr. Lincoln was awaiting him in the bar. Going through the main lounge and taking the first turn to the left, he found that the door man had spoken at least part of the truth.

Mr. Lincoln was awaiting him. So was the bartender of the Sportsmen's Club. So were a great many Sportsmen's Specials, which were made of gin and lime juice and dashes of things from several bottles, the whole being shaken until it became greenish and frothy. The mixture was efficacious. After the fifth, or possibly the sixth, Mr. Lincoln and his guest, Mr. Banks, might fairly have been said to have reached the ole-fella state. After the eighth, or possibly the twelfth, they felt themselves sufficiently fortified for dinner, and left the bar with promises of a speedy return.

In the dining room, when the waiter, wrinkling his brow over his orders, was fairly started toward the kitchen, Bill Lincoln came to the point.

"Phooey," he said, "whus this I hear 'bout you being engaged?"

He leaned across the table slightly, looking out of the tops of his eyes. His guest drank water.

"Yes," said George Banks.

"Yes, what? Yes, you're engaged? I shu' say you pro'bly are engaged. Seems 'sthough I haven't read anything else in months but George Banks engaged. What I mean's, who's the girl? Whus she like? Is she down-hearted or does she keep the spirit of conviv'al'ty in the home? Tell me about her."

"Oh, she's all right."

"Well, tha's a big send-off you give her. 'She's all right,' he says. I didn't ask you if she's sick. I ask you whus she like? Is she a good egg? Tha's what I mean. Is she a good egg?" He stared across the table at George. "Phooey," he said after a moment, "y'understand I didn't mean any harm. I hope I didn't offend you or anything. 'S jus' friendlies' kin' of interes'. 'F course a fella gets a drink or two, he doesn't talk so nice as he might. But Lord, I didn't mean any harm!" His voice trailed off and he stared.

"It isn't that, Bill. You didn't say anything wrong. 'S jus' th' I wan'ed to keep on pleasant topics. I don't want to talk about whus she like. Le's talk about you."

George Banks reached for the water again.

"Wait!" said Bill Lincoln. "Wait! Don' touch that stuff. Good Scotch in my pocket."

He called a captain and ordered sparkling water, glasses and ice. When these necessities arrived he made two drinks and pushed one across the table.

"Now," he said, "what's all this talk about pleasant topics?" The oysters arrived and interrupted him, but he waited. "Tell me," he said as a father commands his erring son.

And so it was that George Banks divulged, for the first time, his inmost thoughts about marriage and women and Mildred Trudeau. With eloquence that waned and waxed as food sobered him and Scotch buoyed him up, he told the whole story of nearly a year of engagement. He told of the enthusiasm that had robbed him of discretion, of the dreadful months of engagement to beauty unmarred by brains. He explained the conventions that the fact of being a gentleman forces upon one engaged by mistake, and how he was just gentleman enough to go through with the thing. He omitted entirely any reference to Barbara Kittridge, and, at that, his story was not finished until they were ready to return to the bar—which they did.

At eleven, when the bar closed, they went, supplied with water and ice, to a corner of the lounge and talked further. All I can say of their conversation is that it was earnest. To reproduce it would be to endanger the world's supply of apostrophes and possibly to make this story unfit for publication.

Eliminating nonessentials, the thing simmered down to an argument as to whether a gentleman must necessarily be a damn fool. Mr. Lincoln saw no sense in Mr. Banks' theories of social ethics, and Mr. Banks had no defense except a series of dogmas about what a gentleman might not do. Therefore Mr. Lincoln won the debate and Mr. Banks agreed that, gentleman or no gentleman, it was up to him, for the good of all concerned, especially old Bill Lincoln, to break his engagement into a thousand pieces.

So firm was his conviction that it held him after he had safely attained his room. He found writing materials in the desk and proceeded not to put off till tomorrow what he had the nerve to do tonight. For nearly an hour he sat and wrote and tore up paper and chewed the penholder and smoked cigarettes. And finally he was satisfied.

He folded the paper and put it into an envelope. He picked his way carefully down the hall and rang for the elevator. When it came he handed his letter and fifty cents to the astonished elevator boy, with strict orders that this letter must be posted at once. The boy bowed and agreed that it should be so. George Banks found his room and went to bed. Let us read the letter into the evidence:

"*My dear Mildred:* I sent a letter to you at the Ritz yesterday to explain how I happened to be in Chicago when you got home. In that letter I said a lot of things I did not honestly mean. The things I mean I did not mean were the things I said about"—erasure—"loving you. I know that a gentleman does not ever jilt a lady and I hope you will accept my apologies and I hope you will forgive me and I hope that you will understand that I am not jilting you exactly, but only telling you the truth for your good and my good both. You see, it would be a hell of a mess if we got married and we would both be unhappy and so I do not see any sense in being a gentleman about it. It would be pretty hard to be a gentleman and be married to you, anyway, as a friend of mine was saying to me only this evening.

"You see, when I asked you to marry me I did not know you very well and I thought you were different from the way you are. I do not mean to say that you are not great the way you are, and everybody seems to think you are great, and my family likes you; but what I mean is I think you would probably be a wonderful wife for somebody that thinks woman's place is in the home, or probably almost anybody but me. But, you see, I cannot talk to you, because I never think you understand what I say and I do not believe you do now. Anyway, I do not think that would be a very good way to commence being married, not understanding each other when we talk and not talking very much.

"So what I want to suggest if you do not mind too much is that we do not announce that we will get married in October or any time at all, but just quietly forget it and let bygones be bygones and you speak to me when you see me around even if you know I am not a gentleman, because this is the only time I have not been a gentleman with you or anybody else. And you will know that I am sorry, because I have been thinking of what a mess we would make of it for months; and I have not said anything about it before, because I did not want to be not a gentleman. And I want to impress on you that I am perfectly stone cold sober when I am writing this and that I would never write it at all if it wasn't for the best of both of us.

"Hoping to see you soon.

"Sincerely yours,

"GEORGE BANKS."

AT ELEVEN next morning George Banks awoke in his room in the Sportsmen's Club. He found his eyes burning and his vision blurred. He found his head throbbing with an ache which radiated from one particular spot inside his forehead. He found his lips and tongue parched as

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Whenever you eat, food particles collect in those tiny crevices along The Danger Line. Then they ferment and acids form which attack the teeth and gums. Pyorrhea may result. Serious illness—rheumatism, heart and kidney trouble—these are among the physical disorders resulting from infection due to Acid Decay at The Danger Line.

You can prevent Acid Decay and reduce the peril of Pyorrhea by using Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. For Milk of Magnesia is approved by all dentists as a safe, thorough means of counteracting the acids which attack the teeth and gums. Squibb's Dental Cream, besides preventing Acid Decay, soothes and strengthens tender gums, relieves sensitive teeth, cleans thoroughly and promotes the hygiene of the entire mouth. No dental cream can do more.

Buy Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, *today*. It is absolutely safe for all the family. It cannot harm even the baby's teeth and tender gums. To get children to brush their teeth regularly give them Squibb's Dental Cream. It is so pleasant to use. Squibb's Dental Cream makes The Danger Line *safe* and aids in the preservation of your most priceless asset—health. At druggists.

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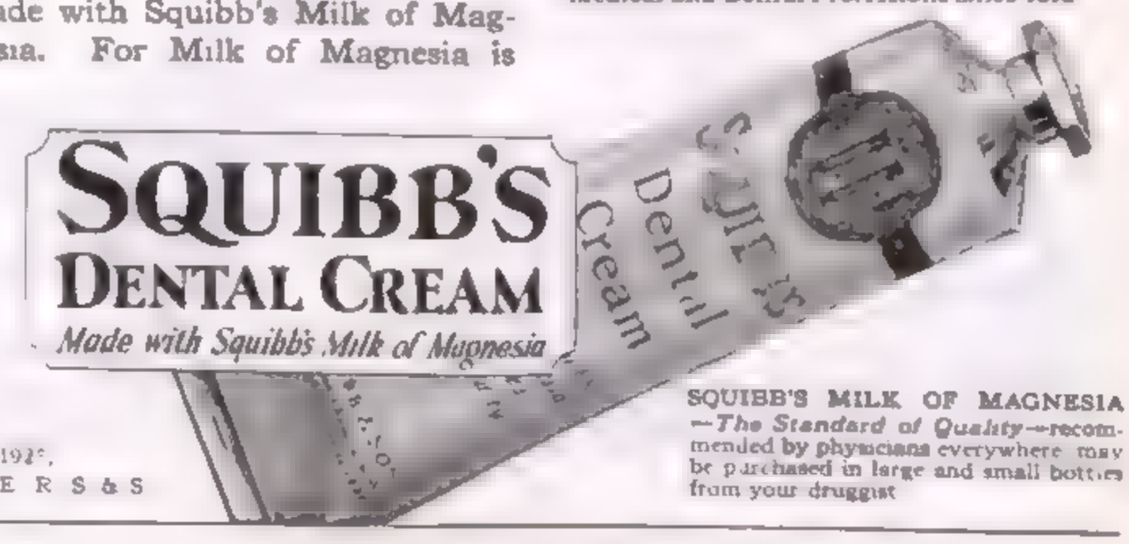

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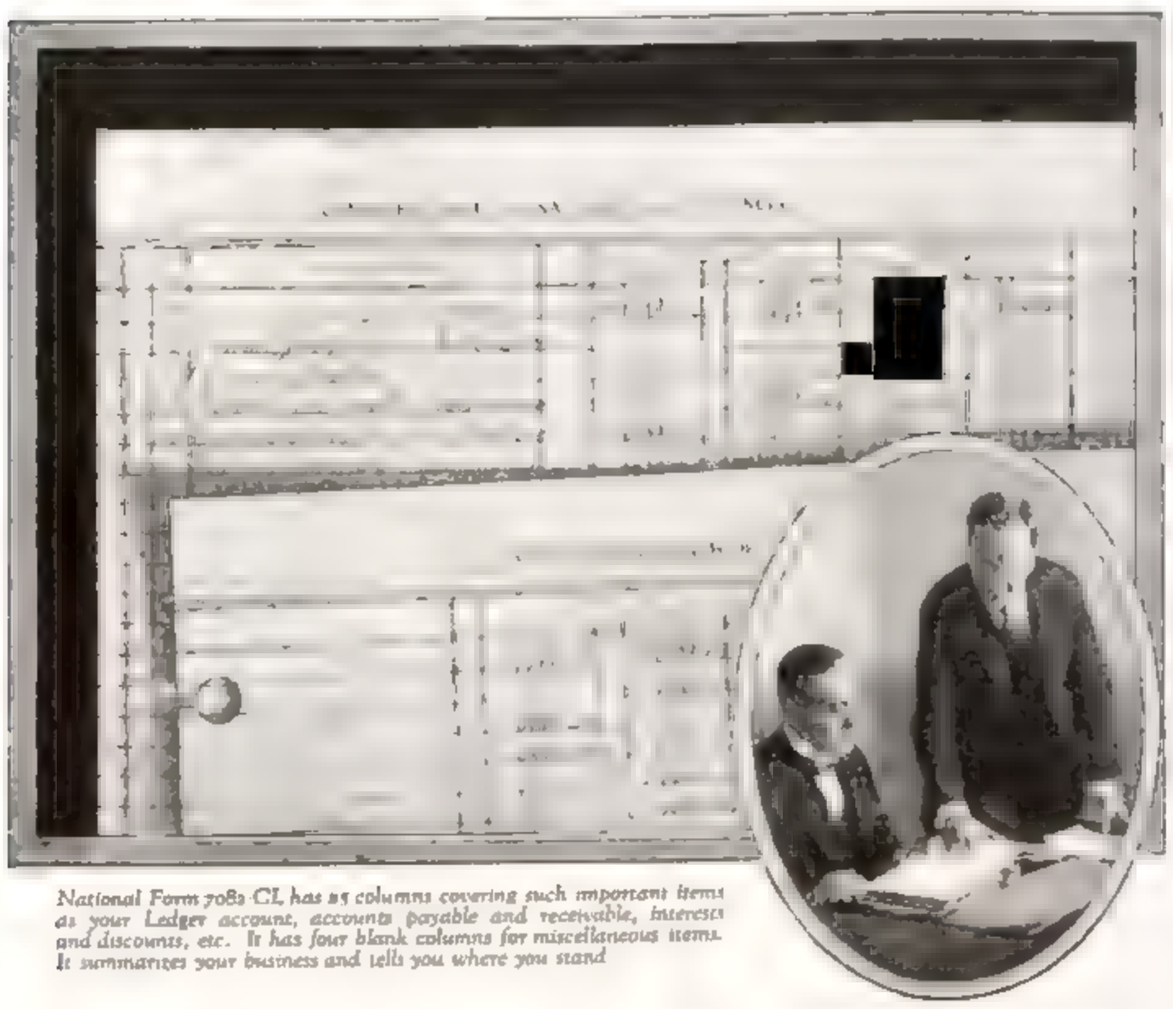

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though he had slept all day in the middle of a desert with his mouth wide open to the blistering sun. An experiment in rising showed conclusively that his knees were weak and that his equilibrial nerves were functioning badly, if at all.

But worse than all this physical disability was a sickening sense of unpleasantness to be faced, which was firmly fixed in the back of his mind. He tried to think, but memories slipped away from him and disappeared like so many slippery pieces of soap under a bathtub. Presently he gave up and lay face downward on the bed, partly conscious, knowing only that his head was throbbing, throbbing, throbbing.

Half an hour later he mustered his courage again and sat up. The room whirled dangerously and he grasped the side of the bed. The edges of his vision were a little clearer. He looked about him. On the desk he saw salvation—a half-full bottle of Scotch. Shakily, supporting himself by whatever came to hand, he made his way to the desk. He carried the bottle to the bathroom and poured a drink of heroic proportions. He drank.

For a minute he sputtered. His eyes blurred again worse than before. He was not entirely sure that he had not wasted the whisky. Then he became stronger, blinked a few times, placed one foot timidly before the other and walked.

Just as he got back to the bed and sat down, he remembered. He had written a letter to Mildred. He had told her what he thought—of her and of his engagement to her and everything. He had asked her to call it all off. Of that much he was sure. And past that his memory would not carry him. Had he told her she was the world's dumbest woman? Had he told her that he had much rather marry a book of etiquette because that, at least, could be left home? Probably. He didn't know, and it didn't make much difference. The import of the letter, however he had worded it, was enough.

He rolled across the bed to the telephone and got Bill Lincoln on the wire.

What George Banks said to Bill Lincoln is neither printable nor essential. It is enough that Bill rushed to the Sportsmen's Club to confer with his ex-roommate, and that the result of the hasty conference was that George Banks found himself, in almost no time, on a train which was due at Grand Central Station at nine A. M., September fifth.

For it had been decided that he must beat his fiancée to his letter or be forever damned, socially and as a gentleman, and this was the only way the thing could be done. His father's business was unfinished, but that could be explained somehow. The point now was to save Mildred Trudeau's feelings and George Banks' soul. To that end all else must be sacrificed.

George Banks slept soundly in the club car while the train bore him many miles from Chicago. It was close to dinnertime when he snorted, gulped five times in rapid succession, and awoke feeling clearer in the head, but clearer, too, in the realization of what he had to face. It was then that he remembered a bottle which had never been taken from his suitcase, and bethought himself, in this connection, of an old proverb having to do with the hair of the dog that bites one. A few minutes later the club-car porter was pouring bubbly water into a glass the lower half of which was filled with ice and an amber-colored fluid.

After the first, George Banks felt stronger. As the treatment progressed he began to become friendlier toward his fellow wanderers through this vale of tears. When it was time for the fourth, he felt moved to alleviate the sufferings of a young man who sat at his left, separated from him by only one vacant chair. The young man accepted. On investigation he proved to be none other than Harry Powers, who had graduated from Princeton only three years before George. So there they were. They found reminiscences enough to last nearly through dinner; and by the time these began to pall on them they were ready to philosophize on whatever subjects presented themselves, which offered a wide range indeed.

The upshot was that they spent the evening together over George's bottle. Nor did they consider the evening at an end until the bottle had been emptied beyond the possibility of miscalculation. Even then the club-car porter had to plead with them to let him close up for the night.

By showing his Pullman check to the various porters he encountered, George found his way to his own berth. He flung himself in headlong. He undressed lying on his stomach, and wriggling out of his clothes, after what must be the manner of Houdini in a strait-jacket at the bottom of a river. By a miracle he found his pajamas and got himself into them.

For some time he had not thought of what awaited him in the morning. Suddenly the realization came back to him with a vividness that shook him. He would have to kiss the bearded cheek of Mrs. Trudeau. He would have to stare hungrily for hours and hours at her inane daughter—his fiancée. And—good Lord! first he would have to dash to the Ritz and get that letter before she did. Suppose the ship should dock at daybreak. He had heard they did sometimes. He would have to be early all right.

His reasoning led him to the conclusion that the porter must be admonished to call him early—if the porter was waking. If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear. Oh, yes, by all means. The porter must be waking, and if he was waking, he must call George early.

With the refrain of Tennyson's worst poem running through his head, George Banks, neatly clad in blue silk pajamas, rolled from his berth into the dimly lighted aisle. If you're waking, call me early, call me early, porter dear. He stumbled over the prominently displayed shoes of the snoring gentleman in the next section. If you're waking, call me early. . . . He arrived at the men's wash room and pushed the curtain aside. The porter was not there.

George Banks rang a bell and waited a moment, but no one appeared. Porter probably gone to sleep in the caboose or whatever arrangement they have for porters to sleep in. Better find the conductor anyway. More dependable fellows, these conductors. . . . If you're waking, call me early, call me early, conductor dear. Not so good. Meter all wrong. But a wise hunch to tell the conductor.

If you're waking, call me early. . . . George Banks found his way through the next car to the confusion of the shoes parked neatly along the aisle. No porter there either. He went on. Another car yielded neither porter nor conductor, and George was sick of this business. Chances were someone would call him too early anyway. They always did.

He gave up the expedition and started back. Through one car—two, three. And then he began to have misgivings. What was the name of his car? Santa Clara? Middleditch? Marianola? Spencersfield? None of them sounded familiar. For that matter, what was the number of his berth? Lower—Lower Five? Seven? Twelve? Ten? That bit of information, too, escaped him. He went through another car to see if any of the green curtains looked familiar. Then he went back through three or four cars. The cars were all alike. The curtains were all alike. The numbers meant nothing.

The train threw itself round a curve just as George Banks came opposite the curtained entrance to the men's room of the good car Gwendoline. George's feet forsook him. He was catapulted through the curtain and saved himself from destruction only by a lucky grab at a passing washbasin. He pulled himself upright. The shock was great. He eased himself to a position of comfort on the long leather seat. It had been a long walk through all those cars, back and forth.

In fact he was remarkably sleepy. A tiring journey it had been. . . . Oh, well, the train was going to New York. Some porter could be persuaded to find him his berth in the morning. He drew his feet up and stretched out as far as possible on the seat. Presently he slept.

VI

THE porter who came upon George Banks in the morning was a fat jolly person who had made many a friend and many a tip by his big-hearted way. He placed hand on the shoulder of the Banks blue silk pajamas. He shook ever so gently. He knew that you never know what will happen when you wake the gentlemen up.

"Cap'n, sir," he said in his easiest voice, "better wake up, sir. We in." There was a faint, almost indefinable sign of life from the gentleman in the blue pajamas. The porter allowed his pudgy hand to shake again. "Time you was up, sir," he said more than civilly. "Gettin'-up time."

(Continued on Page 133)

Rugs that are beautiful— Rugs that wear

Rugs that are reasonable in price as well ~ ~ ~ ~

IT is a difficult thing to claim superlative rug-value for any rug —and be believed. Yet if you entered a store and a salesman were to say about a certain rug: "Madam, here is the most widely sold rug in the world. It is the greatest rug value at its price in the world," it would cause you to think.

And this is exactly what salesmen almost everywhere tell you about the Sanford Beauvais. And it is precisely true.

Sanford's Beauvais Rug has an immediately observable beauty and a proved record of wear—which is often twenty years, and in many instances longer—and the price is surprisingly low.

What makes the beauty of the Beauvais Rug? The harmonizing of clear, rich colorings in designs of wider choice than is provided by any other rug anywhere.

What is the foundation for this Beauvais wear, of which salesmen will give you instances if you ask them?

Pure wool, in the first place. A closely woven wool texture in the second. A closely woven back in the third—which gives a sense of solidity and freedom from wrinkling, for all the luxury sensation of its deep, soft pile.

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Sanford's Beauvais Rugs come in matching designs from 12 ft. x 15 ft. down to scatter rugs and hall runners (the 9 ft. x 12 ft. size being the most popular). Every one is seamless. All have the name Beauvais stamped on the back. Look for it.

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In a beautiful dining-room a well-chosen Chinese design rug like Beauvais Rug No. 4015 gives both warmth and color.

A close all-over pattern, such as that of Beauvais Rug No. 4017, provides a splendid background for heavy and sumptuous furniture.

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"HOW to Choose Rugs that Beautify Your Home." A booklet filled from cover to cover with suggestions—how to choose rugs in harmony with your home, how to get the longest wear from rugs, how to determine quality when buying—all helpful information. It is richly illustrated in full colors, and gives you color-harmony suggestions for various rooms. We will mail you a copy free, upon request. Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Dept. J. Mills at Amsterdam, N. Y.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

IN fair weather or foul Collins & Aikman plush is the preferred upholstery for most closed cars. Its velvet smoothness and harmonious beauty soften the rigors of a winter evening—in addition it is long wearing and easily kept spotless.
COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
NEW YORK
COLLINS & AIKMAN
MAKERS OF PLUSH

(Continued from Page 130)

He was rewarded with greater activity. The blue pajamaed body uncurled itself in the manner of a boa constrictor.

"Wump!" said George Banks.

The hand on his shoulder continued to move gently back and forth.

"Yes, sir. Gettin'-up time. We in a station right this minute."

George Banks turned his head slightly, opened one eye and fixed it on the porter. He thought deeply for an instant.

"Wump?" he inquired.

"We right at a platform right this minute," the porter repeated. "This y'ere's Boston." George Banks sat up straight with both eyes wide.

"This y'ere's what?"

"Boston."

"Boston?"

"Boston, I says, cap'n. Boston's right."

"Boston?"

"You said it."

George Banks sprang to his feet, disregarding the state of his equilibrial nerves. He took the porter by both shoulders and held him firmly.

"Now," he said sternly, "you think very carefully and tell me where we are. One false move may cost you your life. Tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Where are we?"

"Boston, Mass-a-chusitts, cap'n, sir. I said it and I sticks to it. Boston, like a little brown bulldog."

The porter of the car Gwendoline was wondering what sort of case he had to deal with. He saw insanity in the reddish eyes of his man in blue pajamas.

"Look here," said George Banks, "I got on a train in Chicago yesterday and that train was going to New York. How can you tell me I'm waking up in Boston?"

"I ain't told you no lie, cap'n, sir. I tell you we in Boston be-cause in Boston we is. 'Is y'ere car, she come from Chicago last night and you come with her. 'At's all I know."

"But I had a New York ticket and the conductor took it. I couldn't have been on the wrong train."

"Wrong train—no, sir. This car, she switch offn that train at Albany. This y'ere's the Boston car."

The truth poured into George Banks' tired brain. His clothes, his money—everything he had had with him was in New York. He released the porter. His limp arms flopped to his sides. He looked out the window at the wooden platform.

Suddenly he was galvanized into action. He sprang, knocking the porter to one side, swished through the curtained door and out to the station platform. Far away he saw the station. Pausing not, he took that direction as fast as his slippered feet would carry him, which was pretty fast, all things considered.

Through the glass swing doors he went, across No Man's Land between station and trains, into the station, down the marble steps. Civilians and railroad employes stared at him. Women probably screamed. Children pointed. George Banks rushed on.

Before him was the street. In the street was an empty taxi. That was all the sprinting young man saw. Beyond that taxi he had no plans. All he knew was that there might be nameless delays in the station and in the taxi he was free. He splashed through the muddy street and jumped on the running board of the taxicab. The driver turned to him.

"Harvard Square, Cambridge!" shouted George Banks.

He opened the door and got inside. The taxi moved onward with a jerk that threw him into the seat.

"Them college boys!" sighed the driver to himself. "It's a wonder to me the things they do. Runnin' through the streets in pejammers!"

Within, George Banks huddled into a corner of the cab and thought hard. Whom did he know in Boston? There was his father's branch office, of course; but that would never do. There was old Miss Cable, his mother's second cousin; but she would serve even worse. . . . Wait! Jimmy Sayre! Jimmy Sayre, of course! Somewhere in Cambridge—James M. Sayre, 79—75 ——

He opened the door and yelled an address into the driver's ear.

The taxi man had to go up to the house and explain things a bit. He cleared the way and at a signal George Banks ran up the walk at top speed, causing, even so, considerable amazement among the breakfasting residents of Cambridge. Jimmy paid the taxi driver and gave George a bathrobe to cover his blueness.

"Better have a wash and some breakfast," said Jimmy. "Lil'll be down in a minute. Let me take you upstairs."

But the distracted look was still in George's eyes.

"Telephone," he said briefly.

"Sure, right in here." Jimmy led the way.

"I want to get the manager of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York," George Banks told the operator. There was fuss and waiting; interminable waiting, during which George Banks paced the rug and smoked Jimmy Sayre's cigarettes, Egyptian though they were. His host asked questions, but George was unable to give coherent answers. After a while the connection with New York was ready.

"Is this the manager? . . . Well, I want to speak to somebody who has charge of the guests' mail. . . . Yeah. . . . All right, listen! I mailed a letter from Chicago night before last. Addressed to Miss Mildred Trudeau and marked Hold for Arrival. . . . Miss Mildred Trudeau. Mildred. . . . Yeah, Trudeau. That's right. . . . Now, I want that letter destroyed—destroyed, torn up, thrown away. . . . Yeah. . . .

"What? Oh, don't be dumb. I wrote the letter, I tell you! It isn't the guests' mail unless the guests get it. . . . Yeah, but I wrote it; can't I have you destroy it if I want to? . . . How do you know? How do you know anything? *Do* you know anything? Of course I wrote it. How'd I know you had it if I didn't write it? . . . Don't be dumb. Why can't you ——"

The conversation continued a minute or two and came to a snappy conclusion when George Banks gave the Ritz gentleman certain specific directions as to where to go.

George jiggled the receiver hook and got the long-distance operator on the line again. He told her to get him the office of the White Star Line. Again there was a pause of minutes and again the telephone was ready with New York.

"Hello! White Star Line? Is the Majestic docking this morning? . . . She has, you say? What time? . . . What time is it now? . . . Do you suppose most of the passengers are still on the pier? . . . Don't be fresh! I'm asking you for information. Is there any possibility of reaching one of the passengers by telephone? . . . By telephone. . . . Yeah, I might better run down to the pier myself—in pajamas, from Boston. Sure, that's a good idea, too! I'm asking you if there's any chance of reaching one of the passengers by telephone. Is there? . . . You're sure? . . . No way at all, ay? All right. Thanks."

With a gesture of finality, George Banks put the receiver on the hook.

"Well, Jimmy, I've done all I could, haven't I?"

Jimmy Sayre, who had not the faintest idea of what it was all about, thought it was best to agree.

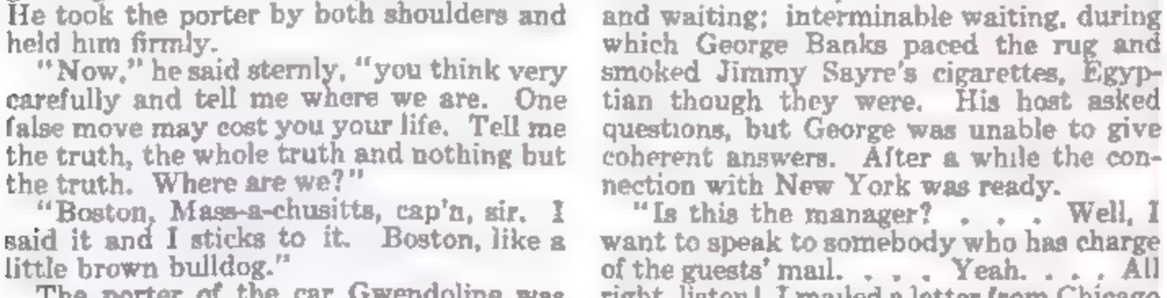
"It looks as though you had, Phooey."

"Thank you," said George Banks.

Again he placed the receiver at his ear and asked for long-distance. There was the shadow of a smile on his face.

"Long-distance, old dear. I'm awfully sorry to break in on your morning like this," he said. "I hope it isn't too much trouble. . . .

"Will you please get me Great Neck, Long Island, one-one-six-one?. . . . Yep. . . . And ask for Miss Barbara Kittridge."



New York Central Lines employ 11,000,000 locomotive horsepower, an amount equal to a third of that employed by all the manufacturing industries of the United States.

A Business Asset

Dependable railroad service is vital to the success of industrial operations.

Delays in the delivery of fuel, raw materials, or finished products—particularly in times of heavy traffic—often mean the wiping out of profits or the actual loss of business.

New industries prefer a location on the New York Central lines because of the assurance such a location gives of dependable railroad service.

New York Central Lines, because they are always building for the greater traffic of the future, have a transportation reserve to meet the demands of peak traffic, just as they had in 1918 when called upon to serve the Nation in the war emergency.

A location on the New York Central Lines is a business asset.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

What Mrs. Root, Jr. *wrote to* Jane Curran

"I have found all your preparations excellent. The tonics and oil are most satisfactory. I am sure the fountain of youth is made of such water."

MRS. ELIHU ROOT, JR.

YOU do not often see a letter like this from a woman as prominent as Mrs. Root. And this is even more remarkable when you learn its indorsement was wholly unsolicited. Yet Mrs. Root's letter is but one of hundreds received by Jane Curran in keen appreciation of what her methods and preparations do for hair.

If your hair is coming out, or getting prematurely grey—if it is dull and lifeless or the ends are split—if you have dandruff or other scalp irritation—if your scalp is too oily, or too dry—or, if your hair is, in any way, unnatural, then this will surely interest you. For it leads to renewal of health and beauty for your hair.

Who is Jane Curran?

For more than forty years, Jane Curran has cared for the hair of New York's most prominent men and women. And so successfully—so thick, gleaming, and attractive does hair become under Miss Curran's methods—that her patrons are asked constantly for her address.

Now, so insistent is the demand, Miss Curran has put into a little book, "The Secret of Beautiful Hair" a full description of her preparations, and methods for their use. Therefore, if you would have beautiful hair—hair in abundance—a rich and gleaming mass—write for Miss Curran's book today. Send no postage. Just your name and address in the coupon (below) or write on your regular stationery.

But—please do not write for Miss Curran's book unless you realize fully that, to have a fine head of hair, you must give it attention—regular, steady, continuous. Your scalp is part of your skin. And must be so treated. Your scalp and hair must have as much attention as you give to face and hands—to preserving your complexion, your nails, or your teeth.

Modern Methods of Hair-dressing

The increasingly popular "bob", and all the attractive wave effects, put upon hair and scalp unusual requirements. And effects of heat and irons cannot be successfully withstood without unusual care. It is now more than ever necessary to give your hair and scalp careful attention—regular, steady, habitual. Only in this way, may you expect perfect health for your scalp and lasting beauty for your hair.

If scalps were exactly alike, it might be easy to prescribe treatments for hair difficulties. But—as scalps and hair differ widely, it is needful to have, for different ailments, different remedies to restore natural conditions.

And this is exactly what Jane Curran does.

If your hair is in any way unnatural, therefore, write for Miss Curran's book today. *It is yours for the asking.* Use the coupon.

FREE

Jane Curran, 1024 Curran Laboratories
130 William Street, New York

Please send your book,
"The Secret of Beautiful Hair", to

Name

No. _____ Street

City _____ State _____

THE DIRT FARMER COMPLEX

(Continued from Page 27)

All these different divisions of the Department of Agriculture, and many others, have greatly improved the lot of the farmer, and greatly increased the size and the quality of his crops.

So greatly have the crops of the American farmer been increased and improved beneath the guiding hand of the Department of Agriculture that farming, in America, has become the greatest business in a country of great businesses.

The amount of capital invested in manufactures in the United States in 1921, for example—a year when the relationship between agriculture and other industries, so far as magnitude is concerned, was fairly normal—was, in round numbers, $44,000,000,000. The property investment of all American railroads was $19,000,000,000. Yet the value of all farm property was $78,000,000,000.

Again, the value of the output of all American blast furnaces, steel works and rolling mills was, in round figures, $2,000,000,000, whereas the value of the cereals produced by the farmers of America was $2,500,000,000.

The gross receipts of all American railroads was $5,632,000,000; whereas the value of the animals and animal products produced or sold by the farmers of America in the same year was $5,468,000,000.

In spite, however, of the tremendous size of the American farming business—a business that has grown and is still growing with inconceivable rapidity—the component parts of that business have developed a marked aversion to the type of person that is invariably sought by all other big businesses that wish to improve their general condition.

The great executive, of the type that is demanded to head the General Electric Company or the Bethlehem Steel Company or the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is viewed with the most intense suspicion by the individual farmer if his spokesmen in Congress and in various farm organizations are to be trusted.

With the beginning of the four-year term of office to which President Coolidge was elected in November, 1924, the office of Secretary of Agriculture becomes vacant—and for weeks and months prior to the day when this vacancy must be filled, delegations from almost every state in the Union and from farm organizations have steamed busily into Washington to entreat Mr. Coolidge to appoint to that post not a great executive nor yet a man with wide experience in the problems of an enormous business, but only a dirt farmer fresh from the farm.

It should be remarked in passing that the words "dirt farmer" have no exact meaning to the farmer or to the advocates of dirt farmers, any more than the words "all modern improvements" have an exact meaning to a real-estate dealer.

Qualifications for the Job

Not long ago a group of men to whom the Department of Agriculture is the most important of all Government departments were gathered together in Washington to discuss their needs. One of the men was a dairyman, one was a wheat grower, one was a wool grower, one was a stock raiser and one was a sugar-cane grower.

"Well," said the dairyman, "when all is said and done, we can only be sure of getting what we want and what we need if a dirt farmer is put at the head of the Department of Agriculture."

His words were echoed by the wheat grower, the wool grower and the stock raiser, each one of whom declared emphatically in favor of a dirt farmer. The sugar-cane grower looked at them in disgust.

"Why don't you tell yourselves the truth?" he demanded. "You men not only don't know what you mean when you talk about a dirt farmer but what each one of you hopes to see at the head of the Department of Agriculture is a man who will favor your particular branch of activity.

"Dairymen say they want a dirt farmer at the head of the department, but what they really want is a dairyman. The wool growers want a wool grower; the wheat growers want a wheat grower. Each one of you is looking for special favors, and not one of you is giving any consideration whatever to the future of agriculture in this country."

Bitter cries of protest arose at once from the dirt-farmer advocates; and when they had calmed down somewhat, one of them remarked sarcastically to the sugar-cane grower, "And of course you wouldn't want a sugar-cane man at the head of the department, would you?"

"I would not," said he bluntly. "I want the biggest business man in sight—a man like Judge Gary, the head of the United States Steel Corporation. It makes no difference that most of the professional friends and representatives of farmers are either offended or enraged at the mere suggestion of any connection between such a representative of big business and the Department of Agriculture; the fact remains that a man of that sort is needed to coördinate the different branches of the Department of Agriculture and make them work together, and to lay out and push through to completion the sort of agrarian policy that a country like the United States of America must have in order to protect her farmers and herself."

"But Judge Gary!" protested the others "The farmers wouldn't stand for a man like that! How about a big scientist?"

The sugar man shrugged his shoulders.

"Never!" said he. "The Department of Agriculture is full of them already. What you need down here is business sense and wide experience."

Growth of the Department

It might be inserted at this juncture that during the winter of 1923–1924, when the Florida citrus crop was bringing next to nothing a crate and rotting in heaps on the ground because of lack of markets, a committee of Florida fruit growers and bankers came to one of the greatest executives in the United States and offered him the obese and overwhelming sum of $200,000 to come down and show the fruit growers what to do.

They didn't turn to a scientist or to a dirt farmer or to the editor of a farm paper, but to a man with the ability and the perspective that would enable him to solve the many involved problems that accompany the successful handling of such an enormous business as the Florida citrus business.

In order that the agricultural situation may be made moderately clear, one must go back to the beginnings of the Department of Agriculture, when, as a part of the Bureau of Patents, its only function was the collection and distribution of new plants and seeds. That was back in 1840; and agricultural matters fell under the supervision of the Bureau of Patents because the Bureau of Patents, in 1839, took an agricultural census.

The demand for new plants and seeds grew with gratifying rapidity—as will the demand for anything that costs nothing—and clerks gradually had to be added to this new agricultural venture. Then the fertilizer business came into existence and agricultural statistics had to be collected; so agricultural matters were taken away from the Bureau of Patents and made a separate department of the Government. This was in 1862.

Shortly after that, science began to be applied to agriculture. Soil tests were made and the chemistry of the soil exposed to public view; plant and animal diseases were studied, as well as plant and animal insect pests. An enormous scientific staff was established in the Department of Agriculture, and this staff of scientists was at its height between 1890 and 1900.

The researches of this staff, which was composed of some of the ablest men in the country, have been of inestimable value to agriculture and the country in general. Through its investigation and study, practically all plant diseases have been controlled or eradicated, and the farmer has been rescued from the ravages of such ruinous matters as hog cholera and the Texas cattle tick.

For a long time the farmer was concerned only with production. All that he asked was to be shown how to raise more and better stock and crops. But as science was applied to agriculture, and more and more diseases were brought under control, there began—about twenty years ago—to be a demand for information as to the solution of economic problems.

If the department scientists, for example, took up the cause of lemon rotting, they found that it was a disease. Could the disease be controlled by disinfection or by cutting so that no scar would be left? Or could it be controlled by refrigeration in transit?

These matters forced the Department of Agriculture to delve into the question of handling things in transit. Different standards in grains and cotton in different parts of the country forced it into the question of standardization of products. The demand for pure foods forced it into meat inspection. The growth of coöperative marketing finally resulted in the department collecting market reports each day at all big markets in order to establish official quotations on farm products.

The growth of the Department of Agriculture has been tremendous, but it has been largely accidental and not due in any way to a definite agrarian policy. The department's growth, moreover, has been of a sort that has given it a strong hold on the rural population of the United States. It now has the spending of $124,000,000 a year; and in the spending of it, it wins the affectionate esteem and admiration of persons who have great influence on the thoughts of the nation's farmers. In each state there is an agricultural college that draws funds from the Federal Government for research and educational work. Agriculturally, it is the most important influence in the state; and the Federal funds that it draws are administered by the Department of Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture also administers the extension fund for establishing demonstration agents in each county. There are 2800 men demonstration agents and 1000 women demonstration agents, and these agents meet monthly with the Farm Bureau Boards in their respective counties. These county boards are composed of five or six public-spirited farmers in each county; and all agricultural problems in their counties are placed before them. Thus the department is in close contact with the agricultural leaders in each county.

The department has still another intimate contact in the 45,000 crop reporters who report the condition of crops to it each month from every section of the country; and through all these different contacts the Department of Agriculture has tied itself firmly into every American farming community.

Better Coördination Needed

In a great many sections of the United States there is a large amount of doubt as to the identity of the Secretary of State and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but no doubt whatever concerning the identity of the Secretary of Agriculture. And if any word is passed down the line from the persons who control the policy of the Department of Agriculture it goes without saying that the word which comes back up the line will be exactly the same word that was passed down.

Nor is it at all unreasonable that the farmers and the Farm Bureau people should take the word of the great, sacred, benevolent, paternal Department of Agriculture as opposed to that of some perfectly ordinary sugar growers or citrus-fruit folk.

The rapid and somewhat accidental growth of the Department of Agriculture, coupled with the concentration in that department of the great number of scientists who have contributed so largely to the protection and improvement of American agricultural products, has resulted in the development of what might be called a university atmosphere in the department and in little development of the idea of administration.

Instead of being a united department, working together as a great organization under a capable and farseeing business head to advance the enormous business of American agriculture, it has been and still is an aggregation of bureaus, composed of large staffs of scientists, too large a portion of whose energies are devoted to making individual contributions to science. At the heads of the different bureaus are bureau chiefs, each one of whom is the ruler over a little kingdom of his own; and nearly every one of them is extremely jealous of any encroachment on his little kingdom.

Let the apple crop of the Northwest be attacked and damaged by a strange new

(Continued on Page 137)

The careful householder keeps the chimney clean

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
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Wherever he traveled, the old-fashioned chimney sweep was sure of a job. Wherever there were houses there were chimneys—and chimneys had to be kept clean.

With all the new methods of building and of heating, is the average householder less careful in this respect today? Sooty chimneys and defective flues cause many fires every year—are, in fact, second on the list of classified causes of the preventable fires that keep America's annual fire loss above the $500,000,000 mark.

Careful inspection of chimneys, flues and heating systems is a necessary part of effective fire prevention, especially during the winter months.

The North America Agent can give you sound advice on eliminating every avoidable hazard. He can also give you dependable property protection. Consult him about your fire risks.

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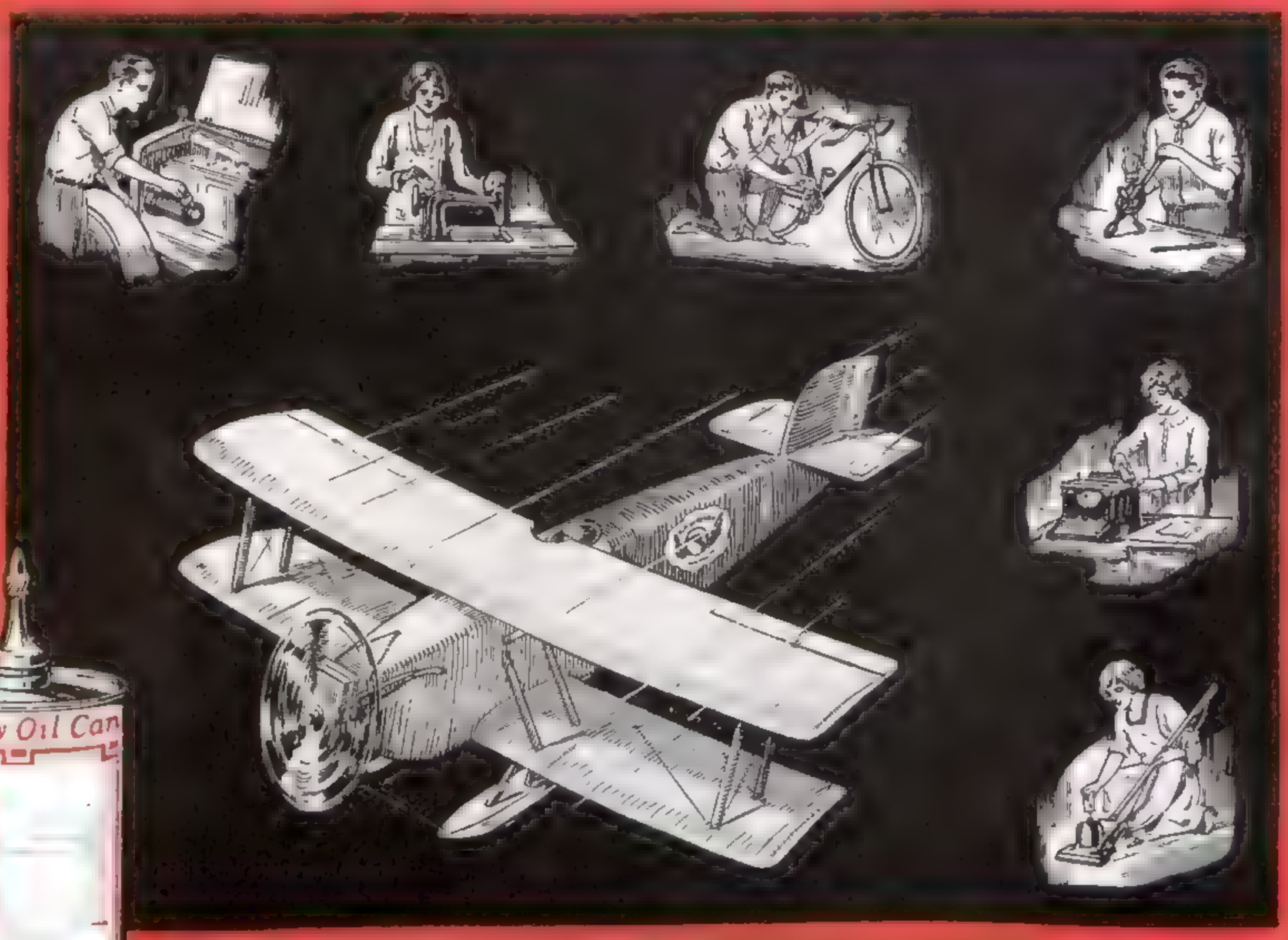

You—And The World Flyers

Throughout their memorable flight, the World Flyers used 3-in-One Oil on the delicate mechanisms of their Army Planes—on generators, rocker arms, valves, tappets—everywhere that a high grade, non-gumming light oil should be used.

They couldn't carry enough 3-in-One with them, so fresh supplies were sent ahead and taken on at various points.

There is a supply of 3-in-One for *you* at almost every good store in your locality—the very same 3-in-One that Government Officials think so well of that they supplied it for the greatest flight in history. The same good 3-in-One that the Army and Navy use so much of for oiling guns and pistols.

3-in-One *The High Quality Oil*

will keep every light mechanism in home, office and factory working right, with the least possible wear. Prominent Fire Arms Manufacturers pack a sample with every gun and pistol and strongly recommend oiling with 3 in-One. Technical laboratories use it on delicate instruments. Watch and clock makers say it is "exactly right."

3-in-One is the purest of oil compounds—highly refined—penetrating—with sufficient "body" to stay put and oil perfectly at high speeds. Won't gum or dry out.

When buying, always ask for 3-in-One. Then look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

All good stores carry 3-in-One in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The 8-oz. bottle is most economical because it contains most for the money.

FREE— Sample and Dictionary of Uses. Mail the coupon or make your request on a postal.

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Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 134)

insect, and the scientists of the Department of Agriculture will concentrate their attention on it with such success that eventually they will make the Northwest as safe for apples as it was before the insect ever stuck his unprotected head into an apple core.

But if the Northwest is having difficulty in marketing its apple crop, and the apple growers need to be told where their apples are going, and how many of them are going there, and what sections of the country are competing with them, and how their competitors' apples are being put on the market, and how they're being distributed; and if a close study and analysis of all basic data connected with the apple industry should be placed before all apple growers at once, together with a few well-chosen words of suggestion and direction—all of which things the members of a big business organization receive as a matter of course—then the Department of Agriculture would face a problem that it has never been able to meet.

The McNary-Haugen Bill

Under an autocratic bureau organization it is almost impossible to get coördinated effort in the attack on major problems. Yet any big industrial organization that has a major problem to meet attacks it with all the agencies at its command.

Tama Jim Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under three Presidents at the time when the department was accomplishing a tremendous amount of good in increasing production, was a farmer-politician who allowed his bureau chiefs to handle department matters as they thought they should—a program that was entirely justified under the conditions that then existed.

Secretary Houston, who took office under President Wilson, was an educator.

Secretary Meredith, who followed Houston, was an editor and a publicity expert. He was a popular man, who met people easily, but he laid down no agricultural policies to interfere with the plans of the bureau chiefs of the Department of Agriculture.

Secretary Wallace, who followed Meredith, was an editor and a livestock man, and from the moment that he entered the department he was swamped by routine work.

All these men were able men, and filled the position of Secretary of Agriculture as they were expected to fill it before there had been an awakening to the immensity of the agricultural problems and the enormous administrative functions of the Department of Agriculture. During their terms of office, however, the Department of Agriculture had remained largely in control of its bureau chiefs, and no strong executive had ever attempted to place the department on the business basis where it belongs.

For years the farmer has been led to think and encouraged to believe that the farming class is a class apart from the economic fabric of the nation. Since self-pity is one of the easiest human failings to which one succumbs when one is encouraged to do so, the American farmer has been only too willing to believe that he, as a member of a class apart, has long been bearing the brunt of an economic situation that has really been world-wide.

And the Department of Agriculture, instead of devoting its time to remedying the remediable troubles of agriculture by correcting causes that were never even suspected of existing by gentlemen who are enthusiastically hailed as dirt farmers, offered its very best thought in the shape of the McNary-Haugen Bill, which as a help to farmers and agriculture in general is of such a nature that if it had ever been enacted into law it would probably have thrown American agriculture into a morass.

The farmer, for example, complains constantly—and with reason—that he pays too much for what he buys. The answer to that does not lie in a generous gift of money from the nonfarmer population to the farmers so that they can buy more. It lies in better marketing organization, improved transportation, better terminal facilities, constructive action with regard to the packing and preservation of farm products, and the elimination of waste. The importance of the latter detail may be gauged from the fact that there are some cities in the United States where the waste in getting farm products from the freight cars to the grocery stores is as great as in getting the same products from the farm to the city.

But lacking the guiding hand of a great business executive, the reply of the Department of Agriculture to the complaints of the farmer was, as has been said, the McNary-Haugen Bill for the relief of agriculture.

Briefly, the McNary-Haugen Bill was as follows:

Owing to the fact that a bushel of wheat, some years before the war, would purchase a certain amount of shoes, underwear, tools and other commodities, whereas after the war the same amount of wheat would purchase only 70 per cent of what it would purchase before the war, the lawmakers of the nation proposed to do away with this postwar inequality and equalize the prices of the things the farmer buys with the prices of the things he sells—an equalization to which he is entitled. They proposed to do it by removing from the United States as much of any commodity as they needed to remove in order to create a shortage and keep up the price.

Let us suppose, for purposes of easy demonstration, that the normal consumption of wheat in America is some 6,000,000 bushels, and that the proper price for wheat is $1.50 a bushel. Then let us suppose that the wheat growers of America happen to raise 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in a year, so that 1,000,000 bushels of wheat go begging.

Naturally, in order to get rid of the extra wheat, somebody would either have to sell it at less than $1.50 a bushel or be left with a large amount of wheat on his hands.

Here was where the Government was going to be allowed to step in. The bill proposed to set up a board to decide whether a commodity was on an equality basis with other commodities, to declare emergencies when any commodity fell below par, to determine the domestic requirements in that particular commodity, and to determine how much of that commodity should be dumped abroad.

A Premium on Overproduction

If the board decided that wheat was not on an equality basis and that there were 1,000,000 surplus bushels of wheat in America, the Government of the United States would promptly go into the open market, buy 1,000,000 bushels of wheat at $1.50 a bushel, ship the 1,000,000 bushels to Europe and sell them for what they would bring—which would probably be between one dollar and $1.25 a bushel. Thus only 6,000,000 bushels of wheat would be left in America, and the farmer would receive his accustomed $1.50 a bushel for it.

A tremendous and extremely expensive machinery would have had to be set up to take care of an increase in the price of wheat. If the same thing had to be done for pork, the whole packing industry would have had to be placed in the hands of the board, and the matter would have been so complicated that all the lightning calculators and fourth-dimension experts in the world would have had nervous breakdowns if they had tried to figure it out.

Another bad feature was the fact that the Government would only act in buying and marketing the crop while the emergency lasted. During the period of government action, the organized grain trade of the country would be greatly disorganized and partly put out of business. At the end of the emergency the Government would hand back the business to a disorganized trade. Since the building up of an organized trade is a matter of many years' time, the business could not possibly function efficiently for many months. To add to its joys, the specter of future government interference would always be hanging over its head, preventing the investment of capital and the development of facilities to handle the business.

By far the worst feature of this bogus cure for farmers' ills lay in the fact that it would stimulate overproduction. Naturally, if the country could consume only 6,000,000 bushels of wheat, and if the farmers produced 7,000,000 bushels, they produced 1,000,000 too many. Moreover, it is an axiom that farmers always overplay a good crop. If a few farmers have unusual success with potatoes in a given year, all the farmers for miles around will plant potatoes the following year. Consequently, if the Government guaranteed to keep the price of wheat up to $1.50 a bushel, every farmer that wasn't handcuffed would plant wheat the following year and the overproduction would be greater than ever.

Business Brains Needed

The age of stimulated production has drawn to a close and American agriculture must pass into a new era of controlled production, of distribution and of business management.

Because of overproduction the American farmer constantly finds himself in trouble. Great industries, such as the Florida citrus-fruit industry, are being run at a loss.

The potato industry is running in hard luck, with Maine potatoes selling around thirty cents a bushel. A year ago the potato industry in America also suffered from overproduction, as did the potato-producing countries of Europe. As a result the spring of 1924 saw the early potatoes of North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland rotting in the fields and selling as low as twenty cents a bushel. Potatoes should sell for a dollar a bushel in order to show a profit.

In 1923–24 the world was glutted with wheat; last fall the Canadian and the Argentine wheat crops were short, so that American wheat growers are escaping the penalties of overproduction.

Great American businesses, headed by broad-minded and farseeing executives, lead all the businesses in the world in magnitude, efficiency and earning power. But the greatest of all American businesses, agriculture, has not seen fit to avail itself of the great executives that lie ready to its hand; and the experience and training of American dirt farmers have not been such as to make it probable that any of them will be able to produce the ruthless energy and the executive ability that are needed to raise American agriculture to its proper position.

Agriculture, since the beginning, has formed the base of our pyramid of national wealth; and it is a prime essential to the prosperity of the nation that it should have a sound agrarian policy. Yet it is a question whether the United States has ever formulated any hard-and-fast agrarian policy as to whether the country should raise all the foodstuffs that it uses. One might naturally suppose that such a matter would be as interesting from a standpoint of national defense as is the size of our Army, Navy or coast-defense guns.

Historically, we don't know whether we are coming or going when it comes to turning the protective tariff to the account of the American farmer.

The United States has no consecutive policy concerning the development of vacant lands, in spite of the fact that half the land in the United States is undeveloped. It hasn't decided what it proposes to do about getting cheap fertilizers for farmers. It has no policy as to the development of electric power and the manner in which it should be distributed.

The farmers of America are entitled to the most capable direction, leadership and vision that they can get. The farming business of this country should be administered by the best business brains of the country.

"We pay him $100 a week"

"AND he's worth every cent of it. Came here several years ago asking for a job. He got just that—a small job at a small salary.

"Then I forgot about him—hardly knew he was on the payroll until one day I got a letter from the International Correspondence Schools telling me that he had enrolled for a course of home study. It was remarkable the way he went ahead.

"We pay him $100 a week now and he's going to be earning even a larger salary some day. I wish we had more men like him."

HOW do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Does he think of you? Is there any reason why you should be selected? Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money.

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost or obligation, just mark the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6024, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management — Salesmanship
Personnel Organization — Better Letters
Show Card Lettering
Stenography and Typing
Banking and Banking Law — Business English
Accountancy (including C. P. A.)
Nicholson Cost Accounting — Railway Mail Clerk
Bookkeeping — Common School Subjects
Private Secretary — High School Subjects
Spanish — French — Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineering — Architect
Electric Lighting — Architects' Blue Prints
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice
Railroad Positions
Gas Engine Operating
Surveying and Mapping — Airplane Engines
Metallurgy — Mining — Agriculture and Poultry
Steam Engineering — Radio — Mathematics

Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....
Occupation .....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEW VEST POCKET
Adding Machine
$2.95

Adds as rapidly and accurately as a $500 machine, yet fits in the vest pocket. Mechanically perfect. Easy to operate—nothing to get out of order. Has many unique features about it.

Counts Up to 999,999,999

Lists figures in dollars and cents or in any other unit you wish. Total visible at all times. A pull of the finger clears it for new work. Takes the place of pencil and scratch paper to do your figuring. Just slip a VE-PO-AD in your pocket.

TEN DAY TRIAL FREE

Send no money. Just name and address and we will send machine, postpaid. Pay postman on delivery, $2.95. Use it for ten days to prove it does all we claim. If you are not perfectly satisfied we will refund your money immediately. WRITE TODAY.

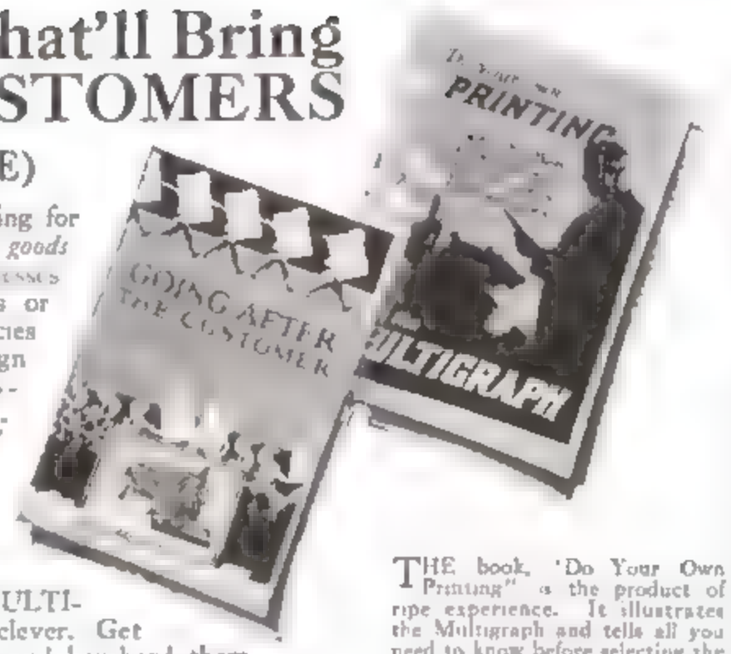
RELIABLE ADDING MACHINE CORP., Dept. S1
170 WEST WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

BE OUR AGENT!

BIG MONEY MADE quickly by our agents. VE-PO-AD is a fast selling, profit maker for everybody. Everybody needs VE-PO-AD. You make big money every day. Profit paid on each sale. Write at once for special offer.

Two Books That'll Bring You More CUSTOMERS

(THEY ARE FREE)



There are *customers* merely waiting for an invitation from *you* to buy the *goods you sell. And that goes* for businesses large and small, selling toothpicks or mowing machines, insurance policies or prunes. A well-directed campaign to those who ought *now* to be buying from you *will bring them in.* Then *down* comes your "overhead" and *up* jumps your bank balance.

It's Easy When You Know How

Just use the mails and the MULTIGRAPH! You needn't try to be clever. Get together a logical list of prospects and bombard them with folders, form letters, bulletins, price lists, announcements, etc. You will *sell more goods* because you will be asking *more people to buy.* Others are doing it. They are using the Multigraph to print these features right in their own establishments. The cost is low, the returns high. It's easy work and pleasant. It's a sure-fire proposition because it *works.* AND WE CAN PROVE IT.

What Others are Doing

What do you think of a general store building a million-dollar business *in a town of 902 persons?*

—or of a Ford dealer *increasing his sales* of new cars 23% and of used cars 42%?

or of a clothing store in a small town increasing its business 42% in six months?

or of one Multigraphed letter producing sales of $197,685.56 in ten days—at a cost of about one-tenth of one percent?

—or of another letter selling $100,000 worth of bonds at a cost of $150?

—or of a manufacturer getting 28% replies from one letter and 36% from another?

These are some of the remarkable stories told in these books. They were all the result of Multigraphed advertising.

You can get similar results—the books will tell you how.

It Costs Less and Pays More

If you're not already doing so, set aside a small amount of money for this kind of sales promotion and watch the profit it earns. You'll get double-barreled returns, because *the Multigraph* both SELLS and REDUCES the cost of PRINTING. Savings on printing alone will quickly pay for necessary equipment. Multigraph USERS pay for their machines *over and over again.* The harder it is made to *work* the *better it pays.*

The Above Books Tell You a SURE Method

Be sure to send for them. They're free. They're full of facts and valuable information. They contain more ideas of value to you than any two similar books ever printed. Real inspiration from cover to cover—the practical kind that counts.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1800 East 40th St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE book, "Do Your Own Printing" is the product of ripe experience. It illustrates the Multigraph and tells all you need to know before selecting the equipment suited to your needs—the type to use, how to Multigraph letters, how to print it, etc.

The book, "Going After the Customer", was written by *actual users of the Multigraph* who increased their businesses by asking more people to buy.

Men in Many Lines of Business Wrote This Book

Many kinds of business men tell how "Going After the Customer" how they *brought back* [illegible] some jobbers and retailers, others engaged in specialty businesses of many kinds. There are stories from bankers, brokers and insurance [illegible] from distributors, department [illegible], [illegible] Most of [illegible] known [illegible]

No Need to Worry About the "Know How"

Many are kept from profit-producing advertising because they think it requires expert knowledge or experience. It doesn't. The men who wrote these books made the sales—saved the money were *business men,* not advertising experts.

The book, "Do Your Own Printing" is so complete, so clear and simple that it tells everything you need to know about what to do and how to do it. Just follow instructions—that's all there is to it.

Reduce Your Printing Bills 25% to 75% as THEY Did

With increased sales and larger profits they also have *reduced printing costs.* From 25% to 75% saved. Savings apply to Multigraphed circular letters, [illegible] bulletins, statements, [illegible] and business forms of all kinds. *Look in your ledger.* See what you are now spending for these items, and you can determine HOW MUCH THE MULTIGRAPH WILL SAVE YOU.

Get the Coupon Into the Mails Today

Do yourself and your business a good turn by starting this coupon on its way NOW.

THE MULTIGRAPH

You Have Only Yourself to Blame if You Fail to Send the Coupon Opposite

Don't let the price of a postage stamp stand between you and these two books. Show them you are on the job, and ready to suggest means and ways to help your business *increase sales* and *reduce printing costs.* Remember there's no standing still in business. FORGE AHEAD.

MAIL THE *COUPON* NOW

Check Uses You Are Interested In and Mail Coupon Today

My Business Is:

NO OBLIGATION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Printing

- ☐ Billheads, Statements
- ☐ Booklets and Folders
- ☐ Direct-Mail Advertising
- ☐ House Organs
- ☐ Imprinting
- ☐ Office-Forms
- ☐ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ☐ Shop-Forms
- ☐ Stationery
- ☐ Sales-Papers

Typewriting

- ☐ Bulletins
- ☐ Form Letters
- ☐ Envelope-Stuffers
- ☐ Inside System-Forms
- ☐ Notices
- ☐ Price Lists
- ☐ Reports

GERMANY SAVING HERSELF

(Continued from Page 5)

Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden. New buildings are going up as if the deflation era had no effect on the flow of ready money necessary to finance them.

During Christmas season the toy shops were among the great attractions of the city. Such wonders for children have never been seen outside of Germany, or at higher prices. The toy makers of Nuremberg, a city entirely given over to the making of playthings for children, are reported to be enjoying as great prosperity as before the war. I noticed with some depression that in all the shops the most popular toys were miniature cannon and mechanical Zeppelins—real Zeppelins, with motors, which would actually fly. At one place the entrance to the toy department was overshadowed by the body of a Zeppelin fully twelve feet long—to be sold as a Christmas toy for children.

In Berlin, and more particularly in the smaller cities, the sidewalks, public squares and parks seem literally spilling over with new little Germans of less than five years—less than the age of the peace. The Berlin Tiergarten, even during the short winter days, exhibits rows and rows of baby carriages, with scores of active toddlers darting in and out between the wheels. German women may wear Parisian gowns, but they seldom attain the Parisian chic. To Anglo-Saxons, German men are grotesque with the little feathers or shaving brushes sticking from their hat ribbons. But the German kiddies, dressed in German woolly winter clothes, are certainly as attractive as any children anywhere.

Signs of Prosperity

Provincial cities show the same prosperity, although naturally on a smaller scale. Some cities are even more flourishing than the capital. Hamburg boasts that it is enjoying a boom. Express trains running from Berlin in a few hours are always packed, and it is necessary to make hotel reservations days ahead. Shipping, the industry of the place, has given work to everyone, and the city hums with prewar-time activity. A new night express service has been installed between Hamburg and Cologne, with luxurious sleeping accommodations of the first, second and third classes. It is impossible to get a berth under two days' notice, and there is now talk of doubling the service. Other German cities, Bremen, for example, which also benefits from shipping; Düsseldorf and Essen, even though still occupied by the French; far-off Breslau, which depended largely upon the now-deceased Silesian industries; Leipsic, Dresden and Frankfort—all, externally at least, appear to be carrying on in the full tide of prosperity—to the honk-honk of beautifully appointed private automobiles by day and the popping of champagne by night.

Streets are cleaned bright and early every morning, and those paved with asphalt are actually polished. A large truck with polishing rollers goes over them until they actually shine. All Germany, in fact, even to the tiny villages, is spick-and-span, like the orderly, well-run Germany of the Kaiser period.

Leipsic is preparing for her annual spring fair, which she promises this year will make the French fair at Lyons look like a side show. Frankfort also is planning a fair, to be opened early in the year. Cologne, with its geographical advantage—and even if the British remain in occupation—is arranging a spring fair which for the first time is being backed as a severe competitor to Leipsic.

Traveling is now more comfortable in Germany than anywhere else in Europe. During my recent visit I went from one frontier to another. Not once was a train late at my destination—not even a few minutes late. When traveling at night, first-class, you have a sleeping compartment alone. This means a full-sized bed, adequate toilet arrangements and complete privacy. In the morning you push a button and steaming hot coffee that has not been carried the length of the train, but has been made in the same car, is served in the compartment. Even the third-class carriages of the local trains are entirely comfortable, and are filled with cheery, well-fed and prosperous-looking persons.

Wages and Prices

In any German city a room in a first-class hotel costs from four to eight dollars a day, taxes included. Breakfast costs one dollar and luncheon five dollars, for quite ordinary fare. For evening dinner in a high-grade restaurant, two persons will pay from twenty to twenty-five dollars for an excellent but not an elongated menu. New York could serve better, but would charge no more.

As an observer in Germany for the purpose of writing upon present conditions, I took up the question of prices whenever I talked with officials or visited the great industrial organizations. The invariable answer was that I could only have rubbed elbows with the 10 per cent that had profited by the extraordinary conditions existing in Germany during the past ten years. Stress was always laid on the statement that the remaining 90 per cent of the population are miserable.

In Berlin I hunted for slums, but could find none. In Leipsic, Hamburg and Cologne I hunted for slums and could find none. Before the war there were no slums in any German city, and there are none today. There are poor quarters certainly. There are poor people who are undoubtedly miserable.

I confess, also, after comparing German prices and German salary lists with those of other nations, that the problem of how the German poor manage even to exist remains an insoluble mystery. But one gets the impression that before the worst happens, something is done about it.

The German Government and private interests are now convinced that the extreme point of trade depression has passed; that from now on the situation will gradually get better and better. In Berlin I called at the offices of the Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie, or National Association of German Industry, which, next to the government itself, is the strongest

(Continued on Page 140)

COPYRIGHT BY HARRY STALEY, HARRISONBURG, VA.

A Frosty Morning on Stony-Man Peak, Skyland, Va.

From a Painting by Chesley Bonestell

Vitralite
The Long-Life Enamel

Copyright 1925 Pratt & Lambert-Inc

In historic Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, N. Y., the lustrous glow of Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, on rare panelling and woodwork, reflects the romance of the days when Vredryk Flypse came from Holland and built in 1650 what is known today as Castle Phipse. This picturesque old house was once the headquarters of Washington and is the oldest colonial manor hall in America. It is now owned and occupied by Miss Essie Jans.

In old houses or new, on woodwork or furniture, Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, produces a surface beautiful as porcelain and more durable than paint. It is guaranteed for three years outdoors; indoors it lasts indefinitely. Made in white and five delightful tints.

Color Card and Sample Panel, with names of P & L dealers, will gladly be sent on request.

"Save the surface and you save all"

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, prescribed by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 138)

organization within the Reich. Here the government informs itself of the actual day-to-day and even hour-to-hour internal trade conditions; here also, through its agents, now scattered all over the world, it receives exact and minute details of both foreign industrial and political affairs. The Reichsverband can almost be considered a super-Foreign Office and super-Ministry of the Interior at the same time. Its offices, magnificently appointed, are in a quiet part of the Königin Augusta Strasse. Entrance and stairways are marble, and walls paneled mahogany.

In the private office of the director, beautiful tapestries cover the walls. There is only one painting—a more-than-life-size portrait of Bismarck. The director is frankly guide and counselor to his government, and to the properly credentialed stranger he is quite willing to act in the same capacity. A seeming friendship thrown in would only be suspected to disguise propaganda by a cynic.

This worthy official placed me quickly and intelligently in touch with the militant heads of all great groups of German industry—the textile, electrical, chemical, steel and machinery groups. He gave me no letters of introduction. He telephoned to the person in question, often at long distance, in my presence, while I stared at the portrait of Bismarck. The person called was always the particular representative of each group that the National Association of German Industry desired should receive me. He was not perfunctorily invited to talk with me upon actual working conditions under the Dawes Plan. He was instructed, and informed of the rendezvous to the day and the hour.

From these sources I obtained details of the far-flung campaign for increasing German sales abroad, a campaign already well under way. The official government aid is enormous. The Marx cabinet increased credits, cut freight rates and communication charges, reduced onerous taxation, lowered the discount rate on foreign bills, negotiated new commercial treaties, began reorganizing the consular and diplomatic service and establishing close relations with German chambers of commerce in all foreign countries. Quite clearly, the republican regime is as resolved as the old imperial government to assist export trade in every way and to improve the national foreign trade balance. The Gold Discount Bank has reduced its rate, the Ruhr coal syndicate has reduced its prices, the nitrogen syndicate has reduced prices to 20 per cent below prewar; while the potash syndicate, after reaching an agreement with French producers, announces a more liberal policy to small customers in all foreign countries. All this is due to government influence and government desire that exports shall keep pace with imports and finally exceed them.

Reaching Out for Foreign Business

Bankruptcies reached their peak as long ago as last July. In that month 1716 firms reported themselves in difficulty. The next month showed a decrease of 25 per cent, or only a little above the average prewar figures. Present conditions are undoubtedly bad enough in many ways, but the optimism and resiliency in business circles is striking. In the past two months more than 1000 Germans visited New York in the hope of procuring credits, and about 200 journey to London each month for the same purpose. You do not know whether to smile at the naïveté of this procedure or to admire the perseverance and courage of the firms in question. These same firms amazingly exhibit at fairs all over Europe, though they realize in advance that sales will not yet equal display costs. But the national idea is that no one can afford not to go forward.

Remarkable also the number of new firms now willing to go anywhere in the world, undertake any kind of new business. Every outgoing ship from Hamburg and Bremen to North African ports is crowded with German traveling salesmen and concession hunters en route to Morocco, where they are quite willing to talk business with the Riffs, even before it is decided whether Riff or Spaniard will keep possession of the country. In no country of the world is competition for new business so keen as in Germany.

Enlargement of German chambers of commerce abroad is one of the government's pet schemes for stimulating German sales. A convention of these chambers was held in Berlin last autumn at one of the largest hotels. Delegates came from all over the world; the Reich president, Chancellor Marx and Foreign Minister Stresemann welcomed them. Some of the reports that followed are of striking interest.

It was learned, for example, that German business in the Far East today is almost up to the prewar standard. A year before the war 3000 German firms were represented in China and 1000 in Japan; 200 German business men were located in Siberia. The latest figures are 2500 for China and 700 for Japan. The government has promised to establish a new consulate at Hong-Kong, and it is understood that in the near future a new commercial treaty will be negotiated with China.

In South America, where Germany hopes to rival the trade of the United States, a heavy campaign is now under way to neutralize the bad reputation gained during the inflation period. German chambers of commerce in Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Mexico City and Havana are all reported as especially active.

German goods are again in favor in Cuba, and 400 German business men are already located on the island. Last year Germany sold to Cuba more than $8,000,000 worth of goods and bought back Cuban manufactures for only $600,000.

Chambers of commerce in Vienna, Budapest and Helsingfors still report difficulties because of high prices; Barcelona reports that the increasing difficulties of the Spanish Government make that market temporarily uncertain. Russian trade relations are still insignificant; the commercial annex to the Rapallo treaty that caused so much excitement when announced, in practice has proved harmless.

The Russian market is not a factor in present German calculations. It is reserved for the future.

In response to the pleas of overseas business representatives, the Foreign Office promises a complete reorganization of the service of commercial attachés to consulates, replacing routine officials by men with business experience and bringing this branch of the service completely back to its prewar state.

The government is now in the thick of negotiations for commercial treaties with almost every important nation. At the present time conversations are taking place with Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Poland and many other nations, not to speak of the treaty with Spain already in effect. Negotiations with Great Britain and with France are difficult because of the reparations-recovery acts initiated by those countries, which seem entirely inconsistent with the Dawes Plan, besides having an unfavorable effect on trade. German-British commercial relations have already been damaged. If the recovery act remains in force, and the transfer committee under the Dawes Plan declines to credit these payments to the German Government, German exports to nations collecting such recoveries will promptly cease.

All these treaty negotiations hinge on the fact that on January 10, 1925, the provisions of the Versailles Treaty which grant most-favored-nation treatment to Allied exporters in the German market came to an end. Since that date all foreign nations, Allies or neutrals, must rely upon whatever favorable terms their governments can procure.

The German Government now holds out the bait of special favors in the exploitation of the large German market to extract similar concessions from other countries. Commercial arbitration tribunals for settling disputes out of court have been established for trade with Czecho-Slovakia and Switzerland. The government is doing everything possible to favor the speedy shipment of German goods abroad, while on the other hand maintaining a high wall of import restrictions against foreign goods. No large breaches will be made in it until a high protective tariff has been put into effect.

As a matter of fact, the present favorable balance of German trade is due to most drastic cuts in imports rather than to any striking increase of sales. The present per capita purchases of foreign-manufactured goods are now only about four dollars a year.

So, even assuming that United States sales to Germany increase, the prospects are none too bright for increased sales there of American finished products. The present prohibitive import duties, however, are possibly for bargaining purposes and need not be taken too seriously. In no pending commercial treaties is there anything inimical to American interests. Germany will probably decide not to receive or grant any general most-favored-nation tariff agreements. The government position is, "No special concessions to any country." But America cannot bargain so readily as nations with flexible tariff systems

The world has long ceased to be amazed at German business ingenuity. When her fortunes were at the lowest ebb, she even sold the Allies copies of their own peace treaty, printed in their own languages. The Peace Conference after presenting the treaty to the German delegates at Versailles, and pointing out the dotted line for signature, proclaimed it a sacred secret until the Germans had time to think it over.

The American Senate, the British Parliament and the French Chamber of Deputies clamored in vain. But a few days later authentic copies, bearing the German printers' union label, printed in correct English, French and Italian, were on sale at every bookstall in Berlin and the frontier cities—price twenty-five cents.

COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC. N. Y. C.

The Hohenzollern Castle in Berlin, Once the Home of the Kaiser, Has Been Opened as a Museum for the Public

The Rentenmark Budget

Several enterprising correspondents of Allied newspapers helped out their parliaments and got scoops for their papers by carrying copies across the frontier. Today, in Cologne, the center of British occupation, every store and even the street venders have their wares described both in German and in English—not misspelled, catch-as-catch-can English, but in up-to-the-minute idioms that any strolling Tommy can understand.

Germans who have traveled much during the last year in countries cheaper and more cheerful than their own during its deflation pangs, have discovered that Germany is practically fogless and has a cleaner, brighter climate than many other nations. So they have inaugurated a new and tuneful color scale. They have brought back color from the Lido, their favorite seaside resort. They have brought London lavender and powder blue from England. As a result of the visit of the Prince of Wales, they have brought the British regimental neckwear back from New York.

The present German budget is the first after the introduction of the rentenmark; accordingly it presents the first opportunity to forecast German expenditures and revenues.

These figures represent not only Germany's ability to get back to normal conditions on a gold basis, but shed great light on the possibility of her carrying out the future provisions of the Dawes Plan Official figures, in round numbers, show revenue amounting to 3,500,000,000 gold marks, ordinary expenditures slightly under 3,000,000,000, repurchase of outstanding government securities 230,000,000, paid on reparations account slightly more than 200,000,000, making a total of expenditures of 3,345,000,000. Since these figures were compiled a new payment of slightly more than 38,000,000 has been made on reparations, making a total payment on reparations of 239,314,616 gold marks during the year 1924.

The tax receipts for six months of the fiscal year amount to 3,299,000,000 gold marks, and thus it is estimated that the yield for the year will be about 6,600,000,000. These taxes have been collected almost entirely from the inhabitants of unoccupied Germany and represent a per capita tax of 139 gold marks. If the occupied area is included, the per capita tax works out at 105 gold marks per annum. German authorities declare that the per capita income before the war was 640 gold marks and is about 400 gold marks at the present time.

According to official figures, taxes of all kinds, including municipal taxes, absorb quite half the national income, whether the occupied territory is included or omitted Federal taxes alone take one-quarter of the per capita income.

(Continued on Page 144)

The things that buried treasure never buys....

CHESTS of gold and silver, hidden away by long-dead freebooters, may make excellent material for romantic stories. But in real life there is nothing gained by keeping a treasure buried—no advantage in concealing unusual qualities under a careless exterior. The man who has brains uses them to take thought about his appearance. The man of ability is able to look the part, for he is seeking success in business—standing in his community. And these are things that buried treasure never buys.

You, of course, realize the value of good appearance. You are more interested in making good appearance even better. And for thousands of men like yourself, Valeteria has made the difference between appearance that is good and appearance that is outstandingly excellent. Valeteria is a pressing service that restores to your suit its original fit and hang. For Valeteria shapes as it presses.

Why is Valeteria superior to ordinary flat-iron pressing? Because by this method the suit is pressed and *shaped* progressively on a battery of specialized presses—① collar on a Hoff-Man collar press; ② ③ left and right coat fronts on Hoff-Man forming presses; ④ trousers on a Hoff-Man trousers press; ⑤ shoulders on a Hoff-Man shoulder press; ⑥ overcoats and women's skirts on still another specialized shaping press. Also, hot, dry steam is driven through the cloth, raising the nap, removing the gloss and freshening the fabric; and finally, the garment is vacuum-cleaned by the exclusive Hoff-Man vacuum process. Famous clothing makers use this multiple-press method in giving to their suits that "store-window look." Now this pressing and shaping service is, for the first time, available to you.

Telephone for a Valeteria pressing today. Or if there is as yet no Valeteria shop near you, ask your dry-cleaner for Valeteria service. A tag —"pressed by the Valeteria Method" —assures you of genuine Valeteria service. The United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A rest-cure for your clothing—

Sending your suit to the dry-cleaner benefits it as a good tonic benefits you. The suit is thoroughly cleaned—particles of grit which wear out the fabric are removed. It comes back to you re-shaped and re-freshened, ready to give you more weeks of steady service. Dry-cleaning is an investment not only in better appearance but also in longer wear. Phone your dry-cleaner today and let him put new youth and life into your suit.

Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You will find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.

Valeteria
This garment has been pressed and shaped by the Valeteria Method

Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES
. . . GIVEN BY HOFF-MAN PRESSES

Copyright, 1925, United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation

This painting shows the entrance hall in the home of George Washington at Mount Vernon on the occasion of the twenty fifth anniversary of his marriage to Martha Custis. Painted for Curtis Companies Incorporated, by Fred Mizen.

TWO WEEKS after General Washington and his lady had returned to Mount Vernon, following the close of the Revolutionary War, he celebrated his Silver Wedding amid these delightful surroundings. That was 140 years ago.

The architecture of those Colonial days was so chaste—so perfect in symmetry, in simplicity and dignity that it has never been improved upon. This is especially so of interiors. You see this beautiful type of Colonial used today in homes all over America. You will take pleasure in the charm of this Colonial staircase. Study the details, then read on the next page how you may possess a staircase like this, using Curtis Woodwork (whether you intend to build or remodel) for its lasting beauty that neither time nor convention can change.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

The Mount Vernon Staircase as constructed by Curtis

The beautiful proportions of this staircase are protected against the ravages of time and use by Curtis construction. It is made the way they built staircases in the Colonial days. This and all staircases made by Curtis have that special construction which makes them a permanent fixture. The woods used are sound in every way and even match in color and grain. The various parts are tongued and grooved, or mortised and tenoned or wedged and cleated so that there is never any "give." They will never creak. When once erected any Curtis stairway is absolutely solid construction.

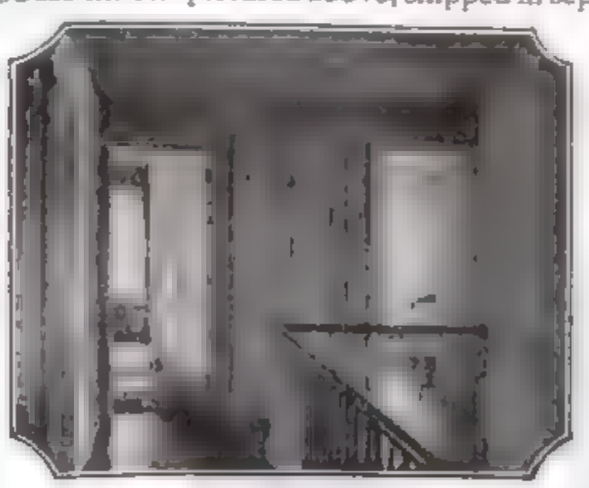
From a photograph taken in a home at Huntington, Long Island

THAT DESIRE YOU HAVE FOR A BEAUTIFUL, LIVABLE HOME!

Let us show you the surprising things you can have built in your home without extra cost

WHEN you build a house or remodel one, for that matter, you must have some kind of doors and windows and entrances and woodwork. By putting a little extra thought (not necessarily more money) into the specification, you will be able to satisfy your sense of beauty and comfort. It is really amazing what you can do if you will take advantage of all we have done in the manufacture of woodwork during the past sixty years.

We make all the woodwork that goes into a home. We do it in a way that is out of the ordinary. We build staircases, for instance, just as you see the one pictured above, shipped in separate parts all ready to put together. You can actually SEE all the parts of this staircase before you buy it. Somewhere near you there is a Curtis dealer who can actually show you Curtis Woodwork just as it is.



A look of high grade Workmanship in doors like these

Walking through a home built with Curtis Woodwork you are aware of a certain richness and quality that makes everything seem so. To open a door and get it open and close one of the doors is to know that master hand work made it. You see the difference between ordinary and Curtis doors—at the Curtis dealer in your city. Refer to C 500 in correspondence. Price less than $6.00 each.

In these lovely things that make up the shell of your home, you will find entrancing interest.

Wait until you see the charming entrances, some of the quaintest Colonial types, true in every detail to the period. So true that the closest scrutiny of a connoisseur cannot find a flaw.

Then there are the most compact and practically designed linen closets with convemently arranged shelves and deep easy-sliding drawers, well made so that they will not stick. And clever little things like built-in ironing boards, medicine cases and kitchen dressers.

You'd never dream there could be so much cleverness and ingenuity put into a door. Curtis makes them so that they may be fitted perfectly. Then, they will open and close without sticking. Perhaps front doors, with one temperature on the outside and another on the inside, have given Curtis the greatest amount of study. It is the same way with windows and frames and exterior molding and trim.

If you plan fireplaces—(and what home isn't more cozy and more livable with all the romance that a fireplace will give a room) you will be absorbingly interested in the Curtis mantels.

How can Curtis use such fine materials? And provide such tasteful designs—and build with such strong construction—all without making the cost mount? Just the right thing for you to ask! And here is the answer—You've probably guessed it.

Where a small local mill would turn out one special job and take a long time the Curtis Companies are turning out many. It is done in a big plant where electrically driven machinery has lessened time and expense.

If you do not know your local Curtis dealer or if there is no dealer nearby write us, stating what interests you particularly, whether it is an entire house, or the woodwork for a house or some special built-in feature.

The Curtis dealer will show plan books which will be helpful to you in building or remodeling; or send us 50c stating the number of rooms desired and book will be mailed to you.

Stately beauty added to your dining room

This Curtis China Closet was photographed in a Sterling, Illinois home. It is complete in every detail. The splendid construction makes it as permanent as a wall. The beauty of design enriches the appearance of a dining room. Study the symmetry of the construction. Notice the charm of the wood. It is pure [illegible]. Let the Curtis dealer in your country show you this cabinet. Price about $90.00. Refer to C 700 in correspondence.

1866 CURTIS

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law however does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy bears the CURTIS trademark.

CURTIS WOODWORK

THE CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU

328 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis & Yale Co. . . . Wausau, Wisconsin
Curtis Bros. & Co. . . . . Clinton, Iowa
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co. . Topeka, Kansas
Curtis-Yale-Holland Co. Minneapolis, Minn.
Curtis Door & Sash Co. . . Chicago, Illinois
Curtis Sash & Door Co. . . Sioux City, Iowa
Curtis Detroit Co. . . . Detroit, Michigan

Curtis Companies Incorporated Sales Offices: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

(Continued from Page 140

Significant of Germany's return to stability is the fact that her tax receipts for these six months considerably exceed those for the entire preceding year, which included the acute inflation period and four months of the rentenmark. The remarkable achievement of the government in multiplying its revenue from taxation more than three times in a single year promises well for the economic future and shows the already immense improvement in German business.

A striking proof of the present complacent German state of mind is the fact that one hears no more rumors of the organization of an international steel syndicate. Germany has now decided that France would be the chief beneficiary of such a combination. She calmly announces that for the moment practically all German-made steel can be used by domestic finishing industries and that anyhow the output of the French furnaces and rolling mills in Lorraine must be exported to Germany or elsewhere. It is claimed that an international steel cartel would be ineffective unless there is a strong world demand, and the German heavy industries apparently now feel confidently superior to the French, and even to the British. On the other hand, it is admitted casually that an interchange of a small but definite quantity of German coke and French iron is desirable from both a political and a commercial standpoint and that doubtless something will eventually be arranged. This question is, of course, one of the most vitally important to the French, who are now wondering whether Germany is trying to be heavily humorous at their expense.

The present chief concern of the German Government is, however, limiting and controlling applications for foreign—chiefly American—cash. It has been recently decreed that the Ministry of Finance must pass upon all future requests in order that foreign capital shall be limited to strictly productive enterprises, and not, for example, like the loan demanded by the Duchy of Anhalt, which admittedly desired only to consolidate her floating debt and lighten the burdens of her small landlords. The government also now fears that the recent $3,000,000,000 loan made to the city of Berlin will be for economically unproductive purposes.

America has undoubtedly been somewhat superficially optimistic about German investments. As a result of this rosy outlook, numbers of fly-by-night brokerage houses have simultaneously opened offices in New York and Berlin. Sensible American bankers who visited Germany and studied the situation really prevented the American public from being bamboozled a second time by the legend of German superefficiency and unlimited economic possibilities. The German Republican Government, viewing our recent presidential campaign, at first favored La Follette. It now claims to be completely reconciled to President Coolidge, and expresses the belief, according to one of its members, that "the present American Administration is based on common sense and stable business conditions." Germany appears not to want America in the League of Nations, for according to this same authority, "Europe is never in more danger than when America storms her way into European affairs in a crusading spirit and, with the impetuousness characteristic of the American temperament, endeavors to solve questions that do not exist in the United States."

The stabilization of the mark, followed by the natural business slump, and the consequent large number of unemployed, which reached nearly 1,500,000 at the beginning of 1924, stopped strikes almost overnight. Workers were glad enough to get real money without endangering their jobs. But now the labor situation has so improved that there were only 468,000 unemployed in the entire country at the end of last November. With this situation, signs are not lacking that labor disturbances will shortly begin again.

Since autumn, prices have gone steadily up. The cost of living estimated by the government on a prewar figure of 100 is now at 123. This is probably too low. Recent reductions in wholesale prices of food have not been reflected in retail prices. Clothing has maintained a steady rise. Rents are being automatically increased from time to time and now stand at 62 per cent of the prewar figure. The situation of the workingman is constantly getting more difficult. Wages now average not more than seventy pfennigs an hour throughout Germany, and are inadequate at present prices to obtain even a minimum of comfort.

Puzzling Inconsistencies

But though his economic situation is bad, the new competition for the laborer's services has steadily increased his ability to bargain successfully with his boss. Serious labor disputes are already heard and will become bitter unless the government campaign to reduce prices is more successful than it has been up to the present. The government calculates the existence minimum at sixteen marks a week for a single man, twenty-two marks for a married couple and twenty-nine marks for a couple with two children. For a year the corresponding figures are 832 marks for a single man, 1144 marks for a married couple and 1508 marks for a couple with two children.

Many German firms now make an allowance of ten marks a month for wives and a like sum for children under sixteen years, also a sliding pension scale that amounts to 65 per cent after twenty-five years' service. But in Berlin retail prices, per kilogram, are thirty-four pfennigs for rye bread, sixty-three pfennigs for wheat rolls, thirty pfennigs for rye flour, thirty-nine pfennigs for white flour, ten pfennigs for potatoes and four marks twenty-six pfennigs for butter.

The German working classes are wearing their old clothes and are eating fewer daily meals than in the prosperous prewar days. For the 10 per cent of the population that has profited both from war and peace, the day still begins with the Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, with the second breakfast on the American plan—bacon and eggs, cereals, and so on served about ten o'clock. Luncheon is the big meal of the day and is served about two o'clock in the afternoon. Tea served at five o'clock and supper at seven completes the round of daily eating.

German present-day commerce reveals several puzzling inconsistencies. When the rise in cost of living and the general shifting of world gold prices are taken into account, German labor is earning a wage considerably below prewar. In contrast with this, German cost of production is claimed to be in excess of prewar; so much so that many declare—to foreigners, anyhow—that they cannot compete in export markets with their former effectiveness.

How is it that the German manufacturer, paying the lowest wages in industrial Europe, is still unable to bring his goods down to a reasonable figure? The usual answer is that the high cost is due to increased taxes. There is a measure of truth in this claim. The additional taxation has certainly been hard for the weaker industries to carry. This is particularly true of the turnover tax of 2.5 per cent, which becomes obnoxious in the case of any commodity resold many times. For example, traveling salesmen buying goods outright from their firms and reselling on a commission basis must pay this tax twice. It is impossible to calculate its final price effect on an article produced by complicated manufacturing processes. But after all, taxes are no higher in Germany than in some other European countries, and are notably lower than in Great Britain.

Other factors enter into the problem. One of these is the seeming overorganization of German business since the war. In 1913 there were in all Germany 5486 joint-stock companies and 26,790 limited-liability companies. Today there are 15,035 joint-stock companies and 72,741 limited-liability companies. In Berlin alone the number of firms has increased from 31,622 in 1913 to 60,363 in 1924. All this means a tremendous boost in overhead charges, with total business less than before the war.

It is also characteristic of postwar German business that more attention should be paid to outward appearance. The traditional countinghouse in a back street, with poorly dressed clerks mounted on high stools, copying figures in ledgers with rusty pens, has given way to modern offices, often done in futurist style, luxurious visitors' and directors' rooms, and a prodigal waste of space. The smallest concerns go in for pretentious letterheads and absurdly elaborate business cards.

The whole psychology of buying public and retail dealer is still based upon war years, when each shopkeeper was a little dictator. The average housewife still approaches the butcher humbly, hoping to be allowed to spend a little money in his establishment. The history of the past ten years has had its effect upon retail trade. The shopkeeper does not feel that it is necessary to please the public. At the same time he continues to charge a margin of profit that can only be justified by extraordinary service.

The fault lies with the public. Long experience with fluctuating paper money has killed all sense of values. When the rentenmark was first put into circulation, people did not know what it was really worth. The average man had forgotten what normal prices had been in normal times. The German public was only dimly aware of the change in the general level of world prices measured in gold. The average person in Germany today is spending more than he can afford and cannot understand just where he is extravagant. Workmen take their entire families to the beer gardens on Sundays, paying prices fantastically out of proportion to those in other countries and to the real cost of the beer. A people takes a long time to convalesce from such a delirium as the inflation period. It will be some time before the German learns again to buy intelligently. Until then high prices are bound to be the outstanding feature of German economic life and a hindrance to the resumption of normal activities.

Dawes Plan Executors

The greatest optimists now in Germany are those powerful agents, named by the Allies and accepted by the Germans, for the execution of the Dawes Plan—the agent general for reparations payments, the commissioner of controlled revenue, the mighty transfer committee and an enormous general staff. The Dawes Plan executors undoubtedly have their work cut out for them, which may be sufficient reason for the multitude of fat jobs. In Berlin, a grim stone structure, formerly the Imperial Patent Office, has been remodeled and handed over, completely equipped with mahogany desks and shiny typewriters. Here are all the commissions, subcommissions, managing boards, trustees, special committees and just ordinary committees. Blue prints cover the walls, showing an elaborate diagram of the organization. They reminded me of the famous blue prints drawn up for the Peace Conference, resembling spider webs, which were supposed to make everything clear, especially who was who.

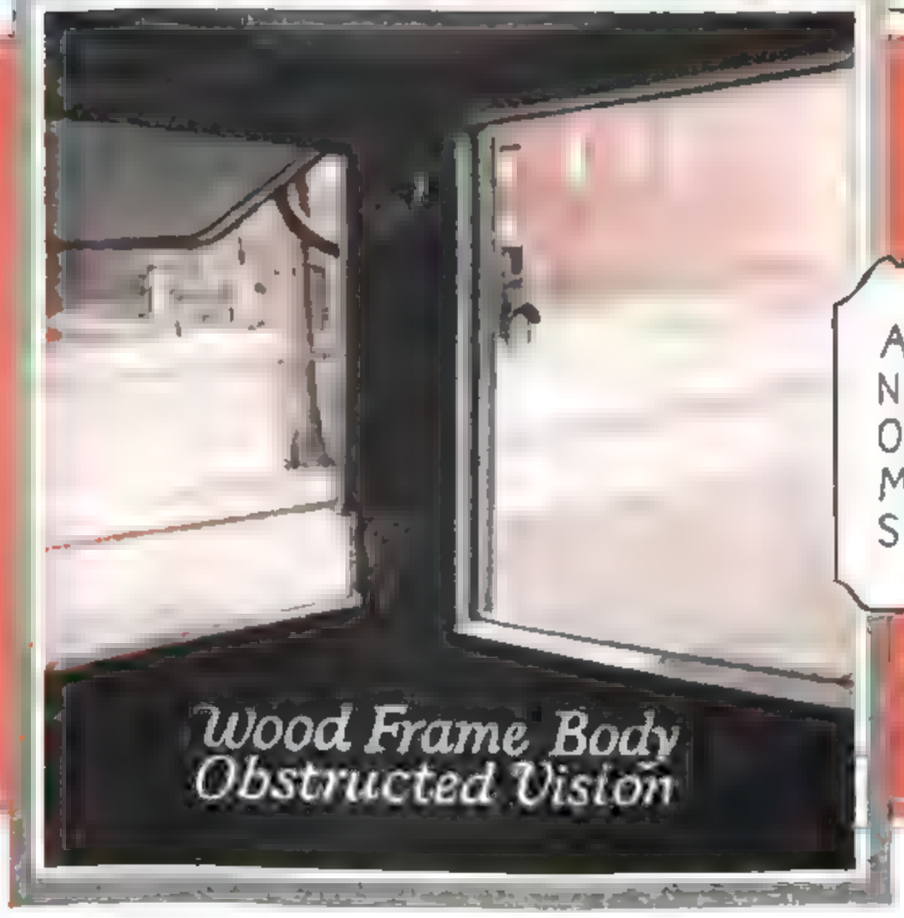
In the center of the new blue print is a square representing the big chief, Seymour Parker Gilbert, Jr., agent general. Fifty lines radiate from this square in all directions, where they meet little squares that serve to indicate the smaller officials and suborganizations. The visitor enters the office door and presents his card. He is received with cordiality and is immediately told all about it. Germany is fulfilling her obligations to the letter. The obnoxious reparations-recovery acts inaugurated by Great Britain are only one of the little difficulties that are bound to come up in an undertaking of magnitude. But there can be no real trouble

Berlin is really a delightful place, when salaries, on the pound and dollar basis, are proportionate to the high prices. So you are heartily assured that the Dawes Plan is bound to win. It may cost a lot to put it over—this is admitted with heartiness also—but it cannot be so expensive as the occupation of the Ruhr.

A Novel Shoe Polish Advertisement at the Opening of the World-Famous Autumn Fair in Leipzig

Full Vision
is essential to safety in the Air

AIR TRAFFIC IS NOT CONGESTED LIKE TRAFFIC ON CITY STREETS BUT THE PILOT OF THE SHENANDOAH IS PROVIDED WITH FULLVISION



A WOODEN CORNER POST BLOCKS OUT A COMPLETE MOTOR CAR TWO SECONDS AWAY

Motor Car Bodies *Entirely* of Steel

EVERY motorist knows that safety depends on full vision. Every motorist has had narrow escapes from collisions because of the dangerous blind spot of wooden corner posts.

Yet the slender steel post of the Budd All-Steel Body which provides full unobstructed vision is but one of its many important advantages.

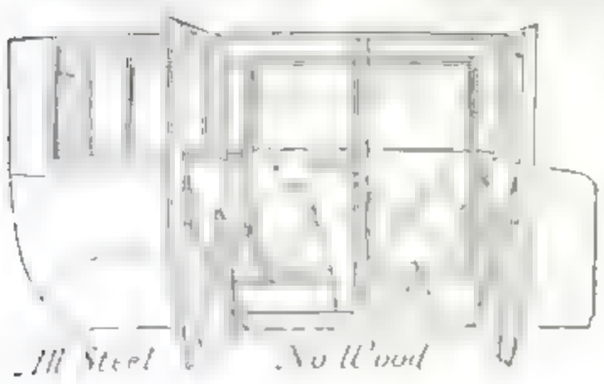
Not a stick of wood is used anywhere in Budd All-Steel Bodies. The wood frame work which supports the thin steel shell in other motor car bodies is missing. A Steel frame, lighter, less bulky and many times more rigid, takes its place.

As a result, Budd All-Steel Bodies are fire-proof. An Enamel finish baked hard under high heat gives them a lasting lustre which greatly increases their resale value.

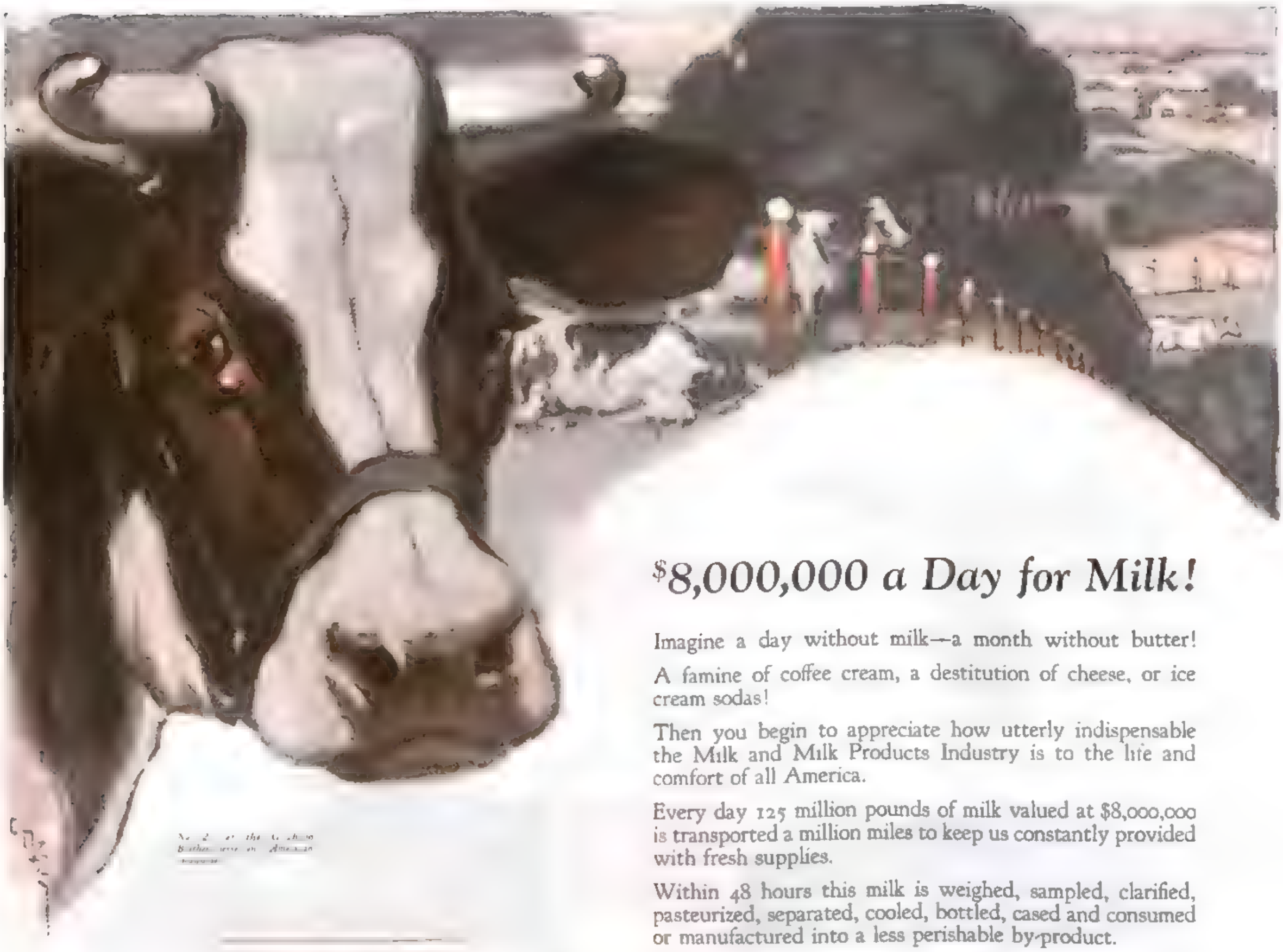
Their beauty is a lasting beauty. Their safety is enduring safety such as you and every motorist want your families to enjoy.

You, too, will own a Motor Car with a body all of Steel, when you realize all of their great advantages.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



BUDD
ALL-STEEL
MOTOR CAR BODIES



1 TON CHASSIS
$1175
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F. O. B. Detroit
CABS AND BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

$8,000,000 a Day for Milk!

Imagine a day without milk—a month without butter!

A famine of coffee cream, a destitution of cheese, or ice cream sodas!

Then you begin to appreciate how utterly indispensable the Milk and Milk Products Industry is to the life and comfort of all America.

Every day 125 million pounds of milk valued at $8,000,000 is transported a million miles to keep us constantly provided with fresh supplies.

Within 48 hours this milk is weighed, sampled, clarified, pasteurized, separated, cooled, bottled, cased and consumed or manufactured into a less perishable by-product.

In no industry, therefore, is there a more urgent need for prompt, *dependable* transportation.

It is significant, in view of this, that the Milk and Milk Products Industry is one of the five largest buyers of Graham Brothers Trucks, having absorbed 5.5 per cent of the entire production for 1924. Nor is the reason far to seek. Long life and dependable performance are the most conspicuous of the many attributes that commend these sturdy trucks to judicious buyers in 343 different lines of business.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit & Evansville
A Division of Dodge Brothers

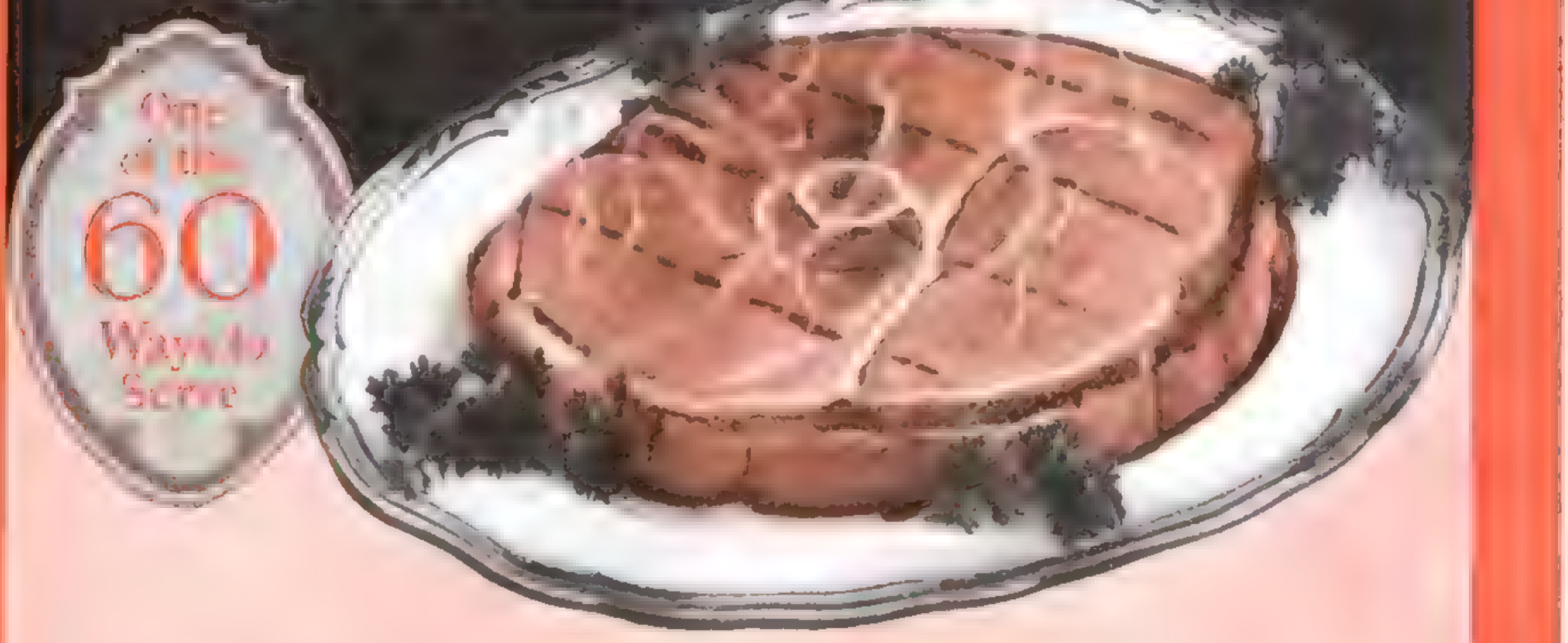
GRAHAM

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

BROTHERS TRUCKS

Armour's

STAR HAM



When you have but twenty minutes *serve "Star Ham" broiled – delicious!*

And it's always welcome! Have your market-man cut a slice of Star Ham ¾ to 1 inch thick, weighing about 1½ pounds. Gash the fat on the edge of the ham in several places; put in a hot broiler or skillet and sear quickly on both sides. Then lower heat and cook slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes. See page 8 of our booklet, *"Sixty Ways to Serve."*

This method brings out the delicious flavor for which "The Ham What Am" is famous. Star Ham is young, tender, fine-grained, and delicately cured. In whichever of the sixty ways you serve it—*you'll like the flavor!*

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Write for this Free Book

*For Shortening
For Frying—
In Pails
and Cartons*

Dept. of Domestic Science
Armour and Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me "Sixty Ways to Serve Star Ham."

Name

Address

36

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

There was, I began to realize, no necessary connection between my writing and the making of a living. I was as free to write as others were to refrain from buying and reading the results. Yet I went on, seated at a small table by a window looking down over my rough lawn to the road and fairway of the golf course beyond. And we managed, on very small sums indeed, to get along. Aside from that we had the two published novels, the notices in papers and The Forum as a moral support. I was an acknowledged writer. It was possible for Dorothy, keeping her pride alive, to explain that the house must be very quiet—I was writing.

So I was, unless I had a hoe in the garden. That was hardly better than cutting up the walk. It was my idea that not a weed must be allowed to survive, that a piece of earth larger than a walnut was fatal; and I worked the ground until it might have been put through a sieve, not an informal blade of green showed. Naturally unfitted for stooping, with the habit of laziness, I stooped and slaved; and had a splendid garden—better, it is my unmistakable conviction, than any since. I borrowed a crowbar from the farmer who was my neighbor and set in hard earth at least thirty poles for climbing Lima beans. It was a heavy crowbar, the poles were cedar and indifferently trimmed, and ten were as many as I could manage in an afternoon. My hands were raw, every subsequent motion was accompanied by an acute pain, and I was filled with a bitter and weary exasperation. I cursed the monumental wabbling bar, the poles, the necessity for beans. And then, suddenly, they were up, they stood in a row against an apple tree and the sky, and I brought Dorothy out to look at them. I had her lift the crowbar.

Then, late in August, there was the nuisance of picking the Lima beans; the vines were eight feet high at least, they made a close double wall of greenery in which it was as hot as hell, and the kitchen chair on which I stood was always at a sharp angle in the soft mold. But they got picked, and cooked—young, deliciously tender, and a brighter green than beans have now. The frost, as always, killed the vines, and the only garden I ever entirely planted and attended came to its end. And not, I thought, too soon; for it wasn't until it had receded into the past that the labor, the accomplishment, became idealized. I did it because I had to, and when that need was removed I put it all very willingly into the hands of a gardener. I turned, at the first opportunity, uninterruptedly to the writing not of books but of stories.

In answer I got letters instead of the printed slips of rejection from magazines; I could come, it began to seem, nearer to selling a story without actually bringing it about than anyone else alive. There was invariably something the editors liked, faithfully accompanied by something—usually the treatment—which they didn't. I grew to be at once hopeful and resigned—by turn, that was. The process of my attitude was always identical: I would begin a story certain of its public success, and then, when it came back, recognize that back it must have come. However, the disappointment was immediately drowned in the energy gathered—in what strange misapplication of the primary creative impulse?—for what was to follow. I never, it seemed, was to learn from experience that threat balanced over our heads by the experienced—the experienced but not necessarily the wise.

I often wonder now—not a scrap, a line of them, remains—what those stories were like, how bad or perhaps good my writing was. Pretty bad, I am afraid, with pretentious sentences and phrases made common by common repetition. The papers—there were three of them—in The Forum survive, different from the attempted stories. And when I last read them they made me uncomfortable. Their intention, their form, were so obtrusively literary. But I had no impulse to apologize for the spirit; that, it may be, was better than it had been once or twice afterward. I was so, well—so untroubled by the extraneous. There was, for instance, an impression of a man of the Salvation Army shouting his creed against the loud murmur of the sea. I was not ashamed of that. Yet mostly I had no difficulty in seeing what was wrong; and the planks that I chopped up, keeping us warm in the wide fireplaces of our old house, took into their fiery transfiguration hundreds of pages of writing created in love and hope and destroyed in an angry impatience. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds. They were, apparently, of no more gravity than the cigarettes I smoked, and they came as evidently to the same end—to ashes.

However, for me, at least, the legend of the phœnix was unimpeachable, for out of the ashes rose a glittering incredible reality: Suddenly, with no apparent sensible preliminary, I could sell the stories I wrote. Perhaps they were better than what had gone before, they may ultimately have been worse. I couldn't discover. First a story of professional golf; and in it—this was its principal characteristic—an individual triumphed over unfavorable circumstance. There, in a sentence, lay, where any large public was concerned, my difficulty—I didn't much believe in the triumph or importance of the individual. In what I wrote there wasn't apt to be a Joshua successfully commanding the sun to stop; no, the sun usually moved through its course, indifferent to any possible inconvenience, a positive danger to this or the other human atom.

That was inconsistent, too, for one of the few certainties of what philosophy I had was the conviction that practically every accomplishment was the result of some individual superiority; superior, that was, not so much in mind or actual physical weight, but in a far greater vitality than was owned by most men. Yet the inconsistency was more apparent than real, for I was equally sure that the books, the stories, I wanted to write should avoid the exceptional and be confined to the rule. I wanted, in Balisand, to write about Richard Bale, who was characteristic of his class and time, and not of General Washington.

The reason was clear—I required a material that was, as nearly as possible, universal, the shared experience of living, not subjects beyond the understanding of the widest and most valuable sympathy. I didn't do this, perhaps; it may well be that the material, the ability, at my command were unamenable to such an ambition; but that was my effort. And so, writing about men not exceptional in luck or capabilities, my characters very often came on disaster; and that disaster the public, most magazines, I found, more often than not wished to blink. I had to survive the reputation of a merchant in unhappy end.

The great body of readers, exactly contrary to my announced purpose, insisted on viewing themselves, in the persons of the heroes and heroines of the fictions they preferred, as triumphing over everything. This was their right; but what began to disturb me was the realization that I couldn't agree with them about which were the triumphs of existence. If Richard Bale—to return to him as briefly as possible—kept to whatever fatality might overtake him, his courage, then, for me, his end was happy. In the effort to disentangle the reality, to mark it off from mere show I found that, more often than not, it was the show which was regarded as important; reality was nothing against appearance.

Yet, in the problem of my writing, how was such courage to be best established? Why, in the face of an inescapable calamity. A quiet demeanor on the deck of a sinking ship. After that the anticlimax of a rescue seemed simply too ridiculous. I had, but to a far smaller degree, the same difficulty with the girls, the women, I chose to write about. The truth was that—and here the inconsistency was undeniable—I preferred them to be charming, lovely. But not, necessarily, in the manner of a musical comedy. Charming: A word more often hurried over than defined. For myself I found charm in women to be a property comparable to bravery in men—a warm rich vitality of being. The presence of other qualities was necessary, of course—there were courageous men I wouldn't dip a pen in ink to trace—but the old, the primary, lovely flame was the heart of the feminine affair.

This, very strangely, today annoyed as many women as it pleased; they didn't, they proclaimed, want to be beautiful, but useful, and useful in such odd ways—in banks and political bodies and in the designing of houses. For others and for what? A woman now didn't want to lose her identity by merging it with that of a man. She insisted in keeping it separate, intact; exactly as though life had again become unicellular.

Still, in spite of all this I sold my stories one after the other; and I couldn't decide whether I had compromised with my beliefs, betrayed what intrinsically I was; or if a sufficient proportion of the public, discovered to agree with me, had at last been gained to make me worth a certain and certainly very generous price. I didn't, however, much worry about it; I wrote, but naturally, even more than before; and a smaller and smaller proportion of paper was burned with the wood in my fireplace.

The plank walk, finally, was consumed; in its place were far more ornamental logs of hickory; hickory at fourteen dollars a cord. The logs burned a very long while—three would last through an evening—they disintegrated slowly into glowing cherry-red blocks and crumbled with soothing minor sounds. They were wheeled in from the stable by a gardener, Charlie.

He was a dilapidated and alcoholic figure, perfect in protective coloring, with a frayed tobacco-brown mustache, very uncertain knees, and a pennant of pipe smoke. There was a second Airedale terrier, Marlowe, in addition to Hob; and the instant Charlie arrived they deserted us for him; their muzzles were scarcely ever removed from his flapping trousers. His aroma was absolutely satisfactory to a dog's demands of a full-bodied reminiscent smell.

Charlie divided his time impartially between working and drink, but in neither condition did his state with me please him. He left us once at least every week: That was, he'd appear after breakfast and tell Dorothy he was going. He was very mysterious about the cook—we had a cook—and said that his food had been fiddled with. The potatoes—no man could eat the potatoes put before him! Dorothy would reply, "Yes, Charlie," inattentively; he'd linger, gazing somberly at her; and then he would leave with a mutter, soon to be back in the garden with the dogs close against his legs.

When he was drunk he was mildly combative: Once he flourished his fists in my face and begged me, but without rancor, to come on. I declined and he staggered out, from the sharp corner of the desk to the door frame and the porch.

I often got, I'm ashamed to say, impatient with him; more than once I accepted his proposed departure; but Dorothy would keep him around the stable until both of us, Charlie and I, had forgotten our annoyance. He was very thin, wasted, but somehow he managed to wear my clothes; and I have a clear memory of him going up the road into West Chester in very baggy homespun, his battered hat at a smart angle, trailing a hummed snatch of song and his invariable plume of smoke. I recall, too, that one night assisted by a friend, uninvited, he drank the better part of a gallon of my gin. Soon after that he did, by general agreement, leave us, and died almost at once of pneumonia.

Charlie vanished, and William, who was colored, took his place, successfully hiding from us for nearly two years the fact that he wasn't a gardener at all, but a cook. We wanted a man for the lawn and vegetable garden and flowers, and William, who needed employment, announced himself as expert in the encouragement and care of the land. At the dramatically right moment he uncovered his proper art; he cooked with easy skill the dinner, and was moved—at what must have been his enormous relief—to the kitchen. Although he had a genius for seasoning and broiling we kept discovering places of widely different utility that he had filled. At one time he had been, it developed, attached to the National Guard;

The Terrace

The facilities of our

CLUB ROOM

are at your disposal when in

Indianapolis

IF you spend a day in Indianapolis, enjoy this service without charge at the

HOTEL LINCOLN

Most central location. 400 outside rooms; with shower bath, $2.50 for one, $4.00 and up for two; with tub, $3.50 for one, $5.50 and up for two. Large sample rooms, $5.00 per day

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Write or Wire for Reservations

Saves Fenders and Stops Rattle

Every Ford needs an ARG Fender Brace. Fastening to the steel plates under the fenders, it braces the whole body and improves the appearance of the car. Stops rattles and vibrations. Keeps the fenders from sinking and from cutting the tires.

Easy To Put On It never breaks or wears out. Thousands of Ford owners everywhere like it, as evidenced by many testimonials. If your dealer can't supply you, send $2.50 and brace will be sent direct from factory. Money back if you don't like it

Dealers, Write For Our Liberal Sales Plan

Don't Have This ARG Auxiliary Spring Company Have this

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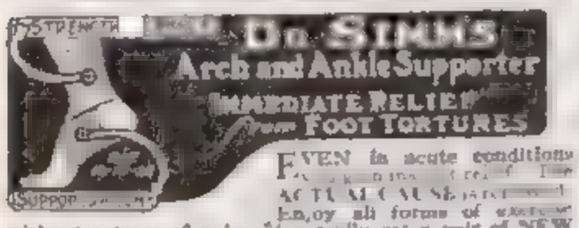

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more remotely William was a watchman, a coachman; unexpected abilities and connections he continually revealed. He had, he assured me, driven an automobile, and once I asked him to take me to the rooms where I wrote in West Chester.

There was an astounding uproar from the stable and then William appeared like a meteor in my small closed car. He flashed by me—I had a momentary view of a set ashen face—and miraculously accomplished the abrupt steep turn of the drive down to the public road. He vanished behind the stable, managed the narrow twist into the court, and brought the car up to me with a grinding crash of all the brakes.

I got in, the uproar recommenced—he liked, he said, to race her before getting into gear—but at the bottom of the hill he was so tangled in the reverse that I left him and walked.

It occurred to him once that writing offered a very easy and highly rewarded existence, and there used to come for him, in the mail, letters from doubtful literary agents and short definitive courses in the construction of short stories. He might, we thought, be selling some surprising details of my own life and conversations, and so I asked him what he was engaged upon; but his subjects were eminently impersonal and pretentious. I often tried to surprise him in the act of writing—William in the difficulties of composition I had a longing to see—but I was never successful. The best I could manage was to find him playing cards—poker—with Martha on a kitchen table; and that, with their cigarettes, was invariably interrupted by a confusion of giggling when I appeared.

Two servants smoking in the kitchen, and a gardener, an authentic gardener, outside! That, when I stopped to consider it, was amazing—spun, like a magician's trick, out of ink and paper. Every morning I went into West Chester; and, in a room that looked out on a quiet inclosure of grass and old brick walls, a widespread apple tree and a martin box on a tall pole, I wrote until midday; then, returning in the afternoon, I wrote again until three thousand words were added to the total of the day. Week and week, month and month, year into year. The time, the years, sped by like that passage of William in the car. The windows would be open and the apple tree in blossom, the air sweet with scent and the notes of birds; and then, in an instant apparently, the brick walls, the tree's bare limbs and the deserted martin box, bound in ice.

I went home, no longer walking, yet how I got there had ceased to matter—I was too occupied, too dizzy with words, to know. Everything, almost, that I had wished for surrounded me, but I hardly noticed it. When I went to New York I stopped comfortably at Scribner's; Mr. Hatch usually had some choice book, some scarce first edition or pretty piece of printing, kept for me. My own books, no less reputable than many others, were on the tables. I did this without any excitement, without any sense of the incredible change in the young man who—could it have been ten years before? stood on the opposite side of the avenue not daring to cross and go in.

That was, I got no feeling of pleasure, of victory, from what had been accomplished; what I had done could never overcome the knowledge of the difficulty of what I had to do; it seemed that I must always be like that—engaged in a struggle for an end that was forever beyond reach. What I wrote continued to drop from my consciousness, it became instantly unimportant, as though my books were people dead and only imperfectly remembered. People not by any means wholly admirable; invariably, upon further knowledge, disappointing.

And the actual writing wasn't the whole of it; through the afternoon and evening, at night, I was turning over and over what I had just written, what I was about to write. Give me a moment's pause, a second between events or voices, and I was changing, shifting, testing words; discarding and finding names, recalling places, hours of the day, passages of sunlight; still another possible description of the moon. I saw people, the deepest pleasures and regrets, through a texture of sentences; I arranged all that I said and all that was said to me in fresh patterns. And so my house, which became more beautiful, very beautiful indeed, receded from me. I could touch its surfaces, the surfaces of time; but they had less reality than imaginary things; I heard the voices in it, voices I loved, the syllables of gayety and wisdom; but they were not so real to me as the still song that I made up for Lavinia Roderick.

Yes, I heard her singing. I saw her in the summerhouse by the Ware River in the Tidewater of Virginia; and in my own summerhouse I was a little vague, a little uncertain; I saw it, the latticed sides, the circle of grass and flagged walk beyond, and I didn't see it. That, for me, was the unsatisfactory property of material things—they were, except for the briefest of moments, immaterial; let me once get accustomed to them and they vanished; they were, of the most substantial wood and silver and glass and stone, insubstantial. And yet I turned almost all that I made, all that incongruous industry, into silver and glass and wood. I'd hear of a sapphire-blue bottle or an amethyst flask in Ohio, and be distracted until I had it in my hands, on the overmantel—already crowded with bottles—in my dining room. I had what might easily be the best open walnut dresser that had survived from an early and honest and simple Dutch Pennsylvania; yet there was another, smaller, with a different cornice but almost equally good rat-tail hinges, in New York which was keeping me awake at night.

That I couldn't afford it, that I oughtn't to get it and didn't need it, that I actually had no place to put it, were frivolous considerations.

I was condemned, it seemed, to be illogical, to make money in a surprising way and to spend it in a manner equally amazing. Writing and buying early Americana kept me in desperate supplementary activities. A paper on the clothes of Tuo Yuen became a set of chairs in my dining room. One day I was writing furiously, the next the chairs stood at my table and then I proceeded to forget them for another paper and a Chippendale sofa.

It was sometime midway of William's career as gardener that we first began seriously to consider rebuilding our house; we discussed it with Mr. Okie, who was to be the architect; but, yet, the planning had no reality to me. I didn't believe it. There was no possibility, I thought, of the extensive changes he proposed happening. Nothing was to be immediate, of course; he made it clear that all this was preliminary; and it was my secret conviction that preliminary it would remain. Miss Okie, who was attached to her brother's office, appeared and measured the rooms; and I watched her with the feeling that her efforts were wasted. She went away with the dimensions of the interior; and later plans must have come, but I have no memory of them. I paid Mr. Okie for what he had done, and supposed a pleasant fiction to be closed. More than a year went by, nearly

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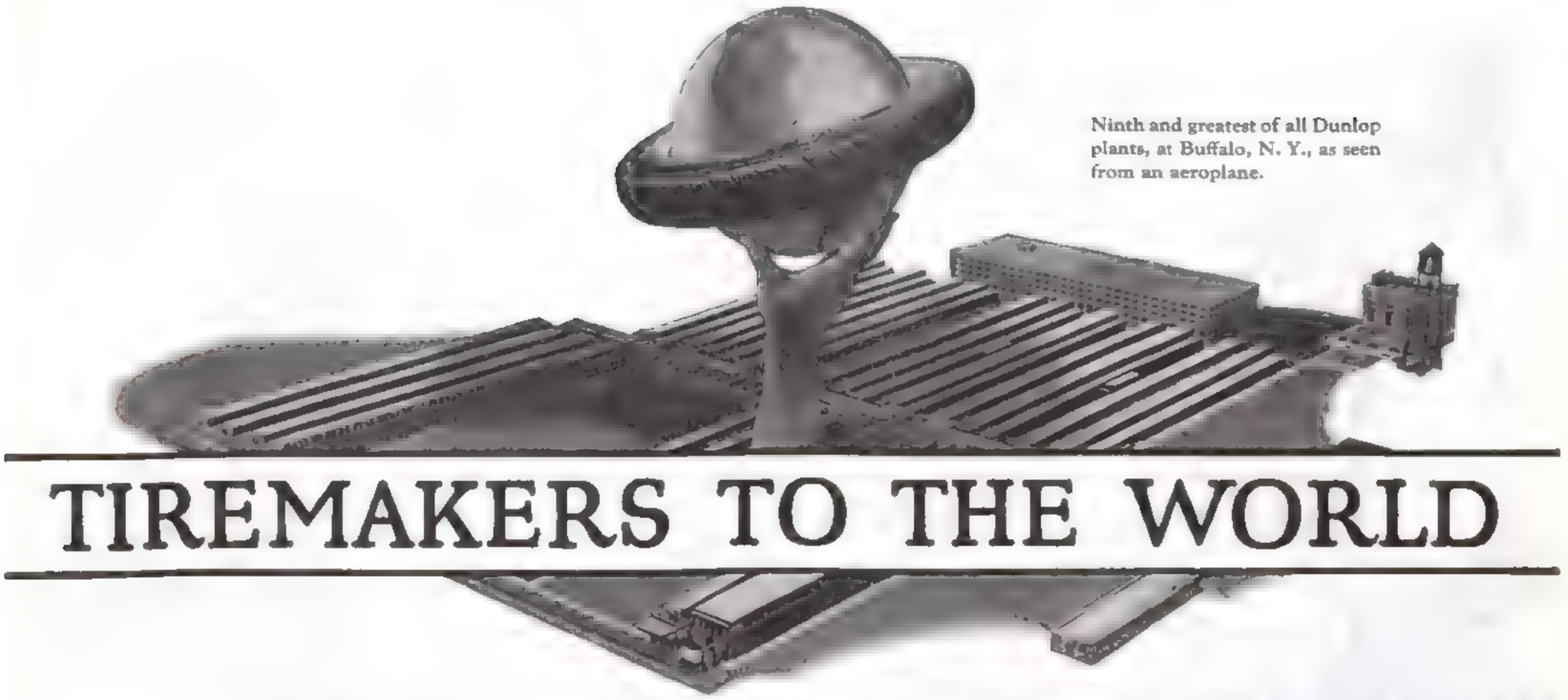
PHOTO BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

The Dining Room



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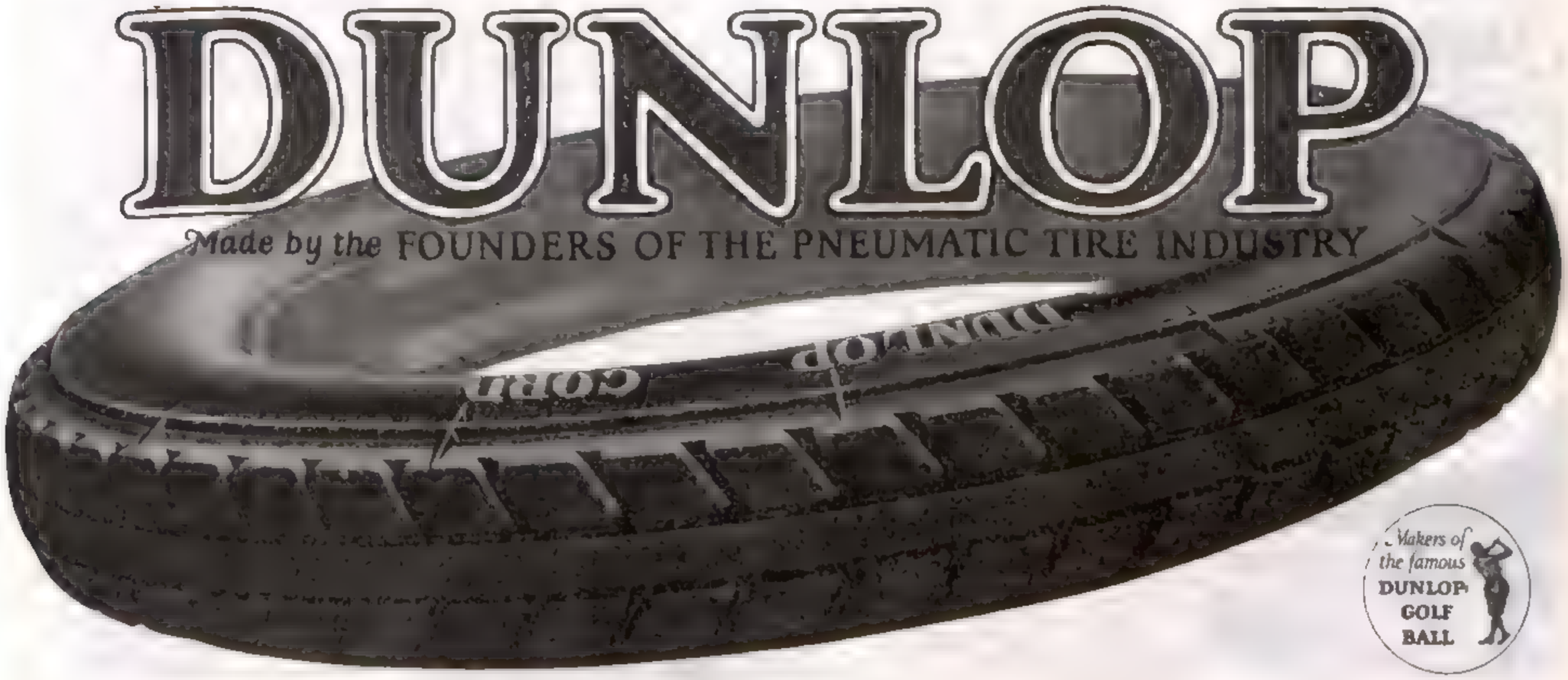

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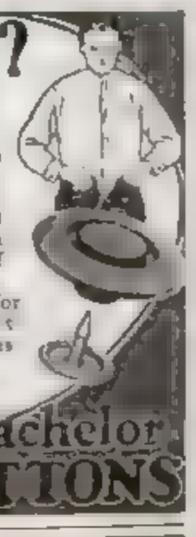

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(Continued from Page 150)

if not quite two; and I found myself actually, actively, involved in restoring the Dower House to its first state. Even then I was skeptical; as usual I couldn't grasp the reality of what was about to occur. It was too fantastic!

We had one set of plans, not nearly simple enough: The straight façade of field stone was broken into angles and porches; a second was simpler and better, and that we discussed and changed until it was accepted. The drawing of how the Dower House would look finished was very graphic; it had been made with color; it was solid and charming; but suddenly it wasn't the house we knew, where so much that was important to us, happy and miserable, had happened; and we were appalled. Dorothy said that we were ruining it; and then, if we could have conquered our pride, escaped from our public commitments, we would have stopped all the preparations for change.

We forgot, we regarded with positive affection, all the incidental discomforts that had so exasperated us. At the very first there had been no lighting but lamps, and every morning Dorothy had filled and polished a glass row of them in the kitchen. The water was propelled to a tank in the garret by a windmill; and, throughout the summer, when violent thunderstorms approached, it was my duty to lock the sails against turning. And often at night we would hear the fast-rising wind, the thunder, and perhaps the prodigious straining and rattle and clatter that pumped up the water. That would mean I had forgotten to turn the windmill, which was old and insecure, off. And we would wonder, in a dark blasted by the white flares of lightning, if it would be necessary this time to go out into the pouring rain and repair my neglect.

The windmill had gone a number of years before, the tank in the garret sold; we had piped water and electric lights—the row of lamps had vanished; and after all, we half told each other, bent in a gathering doubt over the elaborate architectural plans, we could continue to get along with one bathroom. We had. We did! But then we were beyond retreat; we had started a process which it was not in our characters to stop. A special danger developed in connection with my inordinate love of detail; it might be reasonable for another man in my circumstances to rebuild his house, but where would I stop? Dorothy couldn't guess. That, however, didn't bother the architect; he listened to the tale of what I liked and demanded with a growing and unconcealed pleasure. My passion for detail was his.

I knew, generally, what I wanted, but he knew how to get it! We decided at once that the woodwork should be oak and white pine and, for the bedroom floors, wide planks of spruce. The floors downstairs would be oak, the boards wide; and when Mr. Okie suggested that the door frames be oak as well I instantly agreed. And pinned with oak pins, he proceeded with somber enthusiasm. That was the old way to do it. That, then, was our way. How, in the glow of my delighted acquiescence, was I to realize that oak beams large enough for my exterior doors were not commercially available? When, together, we repudiated the use of screws in the Dower House, I couldn't humanly visualize the subsequent kegs of hand-wrought nails, the carpentry.

I explained all this to Dorothy, pointing out the appropriate beauty of each decision and method; and, after a few faint questions, she surrendered to my enthusiasm and the inevitable. It would cost a great deal, she did say once more; but I overwhelmed her with the ultimate cheapness of doing a thing right. Our friends, too, our acquaintances, insisted on our doing it right. They were unanimously in favor of handmade nails, pegs and the widest flooring of oak. And cypress shingles, cut by a crew of niggers in a Louisiana swamp, hand split and drawn! How was it possible for me to have any other? It wasn't, Dorothy saw that.

The point of all this was, of course, the insignificant fact that we weren't rich; we couldn't begin to afford it. It was all principal and not income. What would happen if I got sick and could no longer write? Suppose people found what I wrote to be stupid and stopped buying it? Well, with this like a scarecrow flapping patched and sinister arms before me, I started to collect old iron and brass, locks and latches, hinges and knobs and bolts. I went to Francis Brinton and explained not what I wanted but what I must have; and my enthusiasm, my passion for fine historic detail, filled him with exactly the warmth it communicated to Mr. Okie.

Francis wasn't certain that he could get all the hinges I required, but he would try, and soon boxes of them began to arrive: H hinges, H and L hinges and six very rare pairs in the shape of large clovers; there were latches of very old types, the smallest brass knobs imaginable, as handsome as possible and almost impossible to turn, and box locks with keys like weapons. I took Mr. Okie to see Francis Brinton, and the meeting was very affecting—two men lost in their singleness of allegiance to the past in Pennsylvania. We were looking, specifically, for an old lantern for the portico, and we found one. We secured, too, I remember, a crane for the front-room fireplace; and a small pine corner cupboard with the same panel that Mr. Okie was copying for the dining room. I couldn't, just then, think of a place for it; but he said that the cupboard could stand on the floor.

Later Francis, in the unique willingness of his, took the cupboard back, a straw against the rush of appropriate trifles; and then other considerations engaged my fancy. There was a question of the stone that went into the Dower House; it must be weathered to the color of the original walls; a cold blue flagstone wouldn't do for the walks; and we took up the subject of buying old barns and working somnolent little local quarries, not without success.

During this, of course, I was writing; but what it was I cannot recall. The second draft of Cytherea—written like The Lay Anthony by the sea—was finished; I had given Mr. Okie a published copy of The Bright Shawl. The particular subject, the forms of the imaginary people, were submerged in the flood of three thousand words a day, fifteen hundred in the morning and fifteen in the afternoon; not an amount to permit much activity or pleasure in what of the day remained. Where the house was concerned my mind was a confusion of materials and contractors, surveyors and carpenters and stonemasons. The mill that furnished the exterior woodwork would not make the interior, a more skillful was required for that; the mill which supplied the floors was not to build the stairways—or was it merely that the contracted price for the interior woodwork did not include the stairs? Stairs, I was informed, were always computed separately. Certainly their cost justified a separate dignity. Out of the confusion, finally, an actual tall contractor emerged, Mr. Harry Farra; it was agreed that he should get, every week, the cost of his operations, together with a proportionate profit; and we moved out of the Dower House—did I say at the end of July? We were, then, neither cheerful nor excited; we left without any security of feeling that we'd return. I had never been able to regard the future with a confident mind; when I started a book it was with no conviction that I'd finish it—some day there would be an unfinished page on my table—and so, moving into the first of a series of rented dwellings, we gazed reluctantly back, down the hill, at the low long gray block of stone we were supposed to be restoring.

We could see the columns of the porch that was to vanish, the brick chimneys which were entirely wrong, but neither of us could picture the enormous improvements that were to take their places. We saw, in the drawings, that a flagged terrace would lie where the porch had been; but the porch was part of our consciousness and the other only lines drawn with colored pencils, at best a romantic preconception. The paper lanterns of summer parties had hung there; we had sat on the porch through long August evenings at once hushed, heavy with heat and musical with the low calling of the owls in the willow tree, wondering why no one would read what I had written.

We had lived on its steps watching a young Airedale terrier come back to life and gayety. And we were discarding it, tearing it away for a terrace.

It may have been the house that we were regretting, but it seems to me that it was no more than a symbol of lost days. We didn't, in our hearts, want to be hurried along, even by improvement. So much, during that short ride up the hill away from an old house, was changing; I had a feeling that our existence was at once more pretentious and difficult, and infinitely more expensive; I had an uneasy premonition of where my passion for detail would lead us.

Well, I hoped that any discovery of the fact that my stories were, really, stupid would not be made at once. There were Mr. Okie and Mr. Farra and the two Mr. McCormicks, and I don't know how many others, industrious men to whom I had promised comparatively large sums of money for a string of Saturdays running easily into infinity. I hoped they'd get them; I did indeed. Dorothy, at the top of the hill, wept. And, to save my life, I couldn't remember when or how I had agreed to be so thoroughly restored. It had all grown out of a few idle remarks, an exercise of the imagination. Some day, we had thought, we might be able to spend ten thousand dollars on the Dower House. Ten thousand dollars; ten thousand; ten! That had been in a period of innocence when we supposed the man who made the floors built the stairs. Arcadian.

Probably as Dorothy wept I became exasperated and pointed out to her, in a loud and perfectly hollow voice, that she was simply ridiculous in the face of such good fortune. Did she like brick chimneys on a stone house? Didn't she realize that the porch was entirely wrong? Would nothing please her? And saying this, with a manufactured anger, I was more uncertain, more bedeviled, than Dorothy. I had no faith in my ability to bring it about. At any moment I expected to hear the rude demand—what was all this nonsense? Mr. Okie would leave us in a restrained disapproval, Mr. Farra roll off his overalls and stride away on his long legs, the two Mr. McCormicks curse me semiprivately; I saw the carpenters decamping and heard the Italian excitement of the masons. I felt like a fraud.

Then I was only concerned with the rebuilding; I hadn't given the garden a thought; I hadn't the remotest suspicion of what, in the way of furnishing, was to happen to me. With our mixed sensations we must have looked back more than once before the house was lost to view. The willow tree, so soon to fall in a high wind, was both aged, thick and graceful with its fine branches; and I wondered how the birds that inhabited it would take the noise, the pounding and grinding and strange voices, which would rise around them. In particular the owls, for we were specially devoted to them; they were in the willow the night I arrived; and their calls, the soft flapping of their wings, had for years been woven with the darkness into my half-waking consciousness. In the evening they would sweep down and stand brown and erect on the grass.

But when, later, they went, it wasn't because of the clamorous change: The willow tree fell early in the morning; the young wrens in their nests died, and there was nothing left of the owls but a few later scattered hoots. Andrew cut the tree into firewood, he leveled the earth where it had stood and sowed grass seed, and not a trace was left of what had been. However, none of that was in our thoughts as we drove into West Chester, and Dorothy at once occupied herself with giving what air of permanence she could to a temporary dwelling.

She would remember when the actual work of destruction began, but it has slipped from my mind; the doors were torn off, the roof demolished and the inner walls broken. Immediately an appearance of desolation descended over our house; there were clouds of dust, the sound of ripping boards, and an open end, a room suddenly and indecently exposed to the day, was tragically comic; it looked like a set for a moving picture. Soon even the floors disappeared, the interior resembled a pit, with precarious boards across the cellar depth and informal ladders leading to nothing above. Piles of débris accumulated on the lawn, heavy-laden carts cut tracks through the grass, the grass largely vanished; and during the temporary stillness, the suspended ruin, of Sunday, the curious, the idle and the pedestrian stopped to speculate and to stare.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PARLEYVOO

(Continued from Page 15)

not far from Everton. Benson Reeves seized upon this opportunity to entertain the distinguished guest and show him over the Daily Record plant. It would be a wonderful thing, he said, to receive the French editor in his native tongue, by way of Wilfrid Smith, and the boss got up a little dinner at the Kenmore Hotel, at which Wilfrid would sit at M. Bourdon's right hand, and translate the remarks of the Frenchman to the company, and the remarks of the company to the guest.

Unfortunately, the day before M. Bourdon arrived, Wilfrid was taken sick, and remained ill for several days. It was not fatal to the Record's hospitality, because it was found that M. Bourdon spoke English perfectly, and the dinner was a moderate success. But it was no such triumph, of course, as though Parleyvoo had been there to receive the distinguished guest and make him feel at home in his own language.

After the French editor had gone Wilfrid returned to work with the sad, submissive look of one to whom Fate had been a dealer of cards not exceeding the nine-spot. Everyone felt sorry for him.

The great opportunity, however, for Parleyvoo to show his maximum value to the Daily Record, came with the turn of business conditions, the following August. The period of depression faded away. Merchants and manufacturers discovered that the United States had a few breaths left. People stopped giving away gilt-edge securities, and began taking their money out of the mattress. The Daily Record went from twelve pages to sixteen, and from sixteen to twenty; and finally, on Fridays, the paper began to be so heavy with advertising and text that the newsboys lost weight. Then there was joy in the eyes of Benson Reeves, and likewise in the eyes of Walter Packard, the owner of the opposition newspaper, the Chronicle. Both journals went out after circulation.

The Chronicle started it first, with one of those voting contests which are so dear to the heart of circulation managers who have never run one before. The Chronicle offered to send the six most popular young women of Everton and the surrounding territory to California for six weeks, all expenses paid by the Chronicle. The six most popular young women were to be voted for on coupons printed every day in the newspaper, each coupon counting one (1). But each subscription for one year counted one thousand (1000) votes. It was the old army game.

Benson Reeves had played the old army game in his time too. He gave the Chronicle plan the once-over, and declared the Record in. The Daily Record came in with both feet. Right across the front page, in staggering type went the announcement that the Record would send the six most beautiful young women, accompanied by a suitable chaperon, to Paris for six weeks—the young women of pulchritude to be chosen by readers and subscribers of the Record.

The Chronicle's voting contest faded like a photographer's proof. California was all right, wonderful climate, God's country, and all that—but Paris! And popular young women are all right, too—we all like to be popular, even if it's only with the street-car men—but to be elected beautiful! The Chronicle saw, too late, that it had not been excessive enough; it had not drunk deeply at the springs of real inspiration in voting contests. Benson Reeves had his rivals licked before they started.

Two or three hundred beautiful young ladies fought like tigresses for that Paris expedition, and the accompanying seal upon their charms. The votes ran high and profitable. Before the first thirty days passed, the Record had paid the expenses of the junket, and was riding sweetly.

"The six most beautiful young women, as chosen by Record readers," announced the Daily Record, "accompanied by a suitable chaperon, will have as their guide and courier a young member of the Record staff who has spent most of his life in the gay French capital. He knows everything worth knowing about Paris; knows everybody worth knowing; is a personal friend of members of the French cabinet; all official doors will be open to the Record party; and remember, the Record pays all expenses, even tips!"

When the votes were finally counted it was found that the six most beautiful young women in Everton and environs were, by name, Miss Mildred Hastings, Miss Alyce Kramer, Miss Annabelle Graham, Miss Belle Boylston, Miss Margaret O'Keefe, and Miss Yvonne Boyce. The winners themselves elected their own chaperon, a matron of thirty who belonged to the Unitarian Church and had been married twice. They felt that any lady who had been married twice ought to be twice as good a chaperon as a lady who had only had fifty per cent of that much experience.

The day before the party sailed, on the eleventh of November, the whole party of ladies were brought to the Record office and photographed, and shown over the plant. Each received her name, nicely cast into a linotype slug in the composing room, and each exclaimed "My!" when she saw the great presses in the basement—seven "My's" in all.

The ladies were escorted through the city room by their guide and courier; and here the beautiful young women looked upon a group of sour-faced reporters who were pounding their typewriters and trying to convey the notion that they were immune to female beauty. The guide and courier was a young man with curly blond hair and innocent, ingratiating eyes. Who but Wilfrid Smith? *Naturellement!* Who but Parleyvoo? *Parfaitement!*

After the cloud of beauty and perfume had disappeared, Johnny Murphy said to Frank Corby bitterly, "Some people have all the luck. You and I came on this paper together, Frank, twelve years ago. The only guiding I ever did for this paper was a bunch of little children from the deaf-and-dumb asylum. What did the boss ever let you guide, Frank?"

"I once guided the boss home when he was soused," replied Corby dolefully.

The six most beautiful women sailed from New York on the liner Statistic, for Paris, via Cherbourg, on the following day. That was the eleventh of November. On the eighteenth Benson Reeves, feeling well satisfied with himself, and urbane toward the world, permitted himself to address the State Newspaper Editors' Association, at Clifton Springs. He not only addressed the assembled editors but he made some mention of the little party of refinement and beauty which the Record had just sent to delight the eyes of the Parisians. He shook hands with everybody twice, and when his hands were not thus engaged he frequently shook hands with himself.

During a lull in the festivities a country editor approached the editor of the Everton Record, and proffered his hand shyly. "You wouldn't know me, Mr. Reeves, but it's a great satisfaction to me to meet you, and know that you've got a man on your staff who used to work for me. In fact, I taught him the newspaper business."

"What was the name?" asked Benson Reeves absently.

"My name is Fernald—of the Bennetsville Enterprise. The young man's name is Smith—you know—Wilfrid Smith. I'm mighty glad the boy is making ——"

"Hey? What's that? Oh, Smith! Wilfrid Smith? I guess you're mistaken. I've got a lad named Wilfrid Smith—but he is another kind. He came to me straight from Paris."

"But Wilfrid went right from my office to yours, I know," replied Mr Fernald, puzzled. "Why, I know the boy—have known him all my life, Mr. Reeves. He was never outside Bennetsville till he left me. I took him out of high school. He was always a bright boy ——"

"Describe this young man," suggested Benson Reeves, with a little tremor in his voice.

The country editor described his Wilfrid Smith. He described him so accurately that Benson Reeves suddenly left the country editor still in the act of describing, and pounded his way to the cloakroom.

"My hat! Any hat! Say, get a move on, will you? And call up a taxomobile—I mean autoraxi—anything on wheels! I've got to get back to Everton!"

A few hours later Joseph Jolliffe, city editor of the Record, was amazed to see the burly figure of his boss lurching toward him. Mr. Reeves was wearing the hat of a much smaller-headed man, and his tie had slipped around under his ear. His voice was choky, and he wheezed.

"Say—Joe—I'love of Mike—this boy—this Parleyvoo—you know—he's never been in Paris—nowhere—he's only a country hick—filled us with a lot of bunk—cable somebody to meet that ship with the wimmen on it—never mind the expense—somebody who can speak French—meet 'em at Cherbourg—telephone the White Star Line—tell 'em money's no object, Joe ——"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, boss!" cried Jolliffe. "Let me get this. Are you trying to say that Parleyvoo never was in France?"

Reeves fanned the air wildly for a minute before speech came. "He's a hick from upstate, I tell you, Joe—met his old boss today—Smith's never been across a big river—never saw a Frenchman—get hold of the White Star Line and have 'em meet the wimmen at Cherbourg."

"Too late, boss," replied Jolliffe, slowly filling his corncob. "This telegram came in a few hours ago." He pushed a yellow blank toward the boss, and Reeves' eyes popped at it:

"S. S. Statistic landed passengers safely at Cherbourg yesterday four P.M."

"Safely!" groaned Reeves, collapsing into a chair. "Safely! Joe, we're ruined! The paper is gone! We've sent six innocent young girls over to that country with a skate who's got nothing but a bucket of apple sauce!"

Jolliffe lighted his pipe and smoked reflectively. Then he remarked cheerfully, "Boss, a boy with Parleyvoo's gall don't need to speak French, nor nothing. Don't worry, boss. He'll be engaged to all six of 'em by the time he gets back. Or maybe the French will elect him president or something. Smith is a darn good reporter."

II

THREE hours out from the Statue of Liberty the good ship Statistic ran into a smart blow from the southwest. The galaxy of youth and beauty from Everton and vicinity had been marshaled in deck chairs on the lee side of B Deck, and Wilfrid Smith had just begun to explain furtively that one does get so rusty in a language when one has not been using it for some time—when the Statistic playfully shipped a sizable sea over the bow and gave a peculiar lurch. Wilfrid went down to his cabin to brush his hair, and did not return.

When the steward poked his head into Wilfrid's cabin, a little later, the young man was looking extremely pale and careworn. On the berth beside him was a pamphlet entitled French Conversation in Thirty Lessons. Wilfrid had lost interest in the book temporarily. When asked if he wanted anything he moaned feebly. He knew that what he wanted most was not obtainable on board ship.

The Statistic wallowed along through the night, and Parleyvoo's soul was heavy; but he had a light stomach. When his internal organs were not hurting him his conscience was. Altogether, his conscience hurt him less than his innards.

As the ship performed like a playful mastodon doing the shimmy, Wilfrid amply regretted that he had been a liar. He wished he were back in Everton. He would say to Benson Reeves, "Mr. Reeves, I have shamefully played upon your sensibilities. I have never been in Paris. I do not speak French like a native; unless we agree on meaning a native of Labrador. I was graduated with high honors from the Bennetsville High School, for my proficiency in French. With the help of a dictionary I can read any French written by the old masters. But speaking French, as you know, is different. I am intensely sorry, Mr. Reeves, and I shall hereafter try to be a more truthful young man."

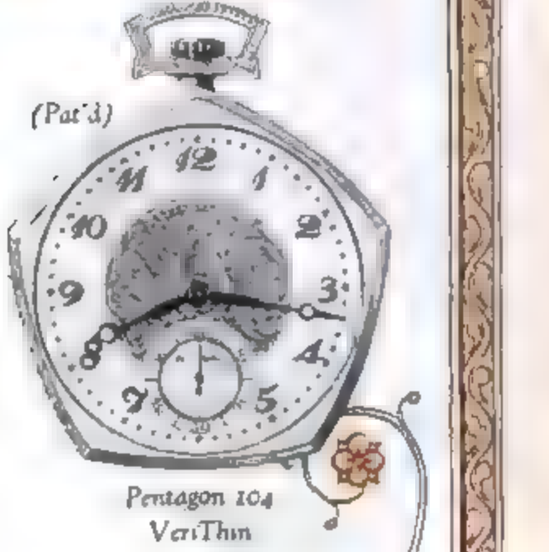
But the ship was rolling on, and Wilfrid was on it, or under it, or somewhere, and he was in charge of the six most beautiful young ladies in Everton, plus a chaperon.

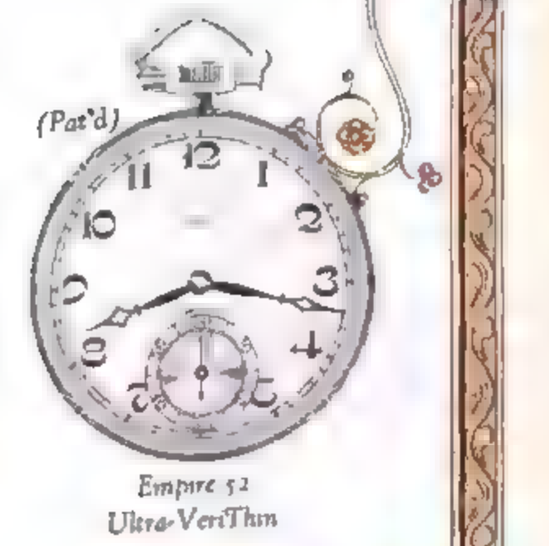
His head ached dully. How could he have been so clean mad as to let himself be dragged into this? There had been ample time, before the ship sailed, to disappear. He could have fallen down in the street and frothed at the mouth. He could have jumped into the Hudson River. He could have hit a freight train for the West, grown a beard, and started life anew. Instead, he had gone like a lamb to the slaughter, armed only with a pamphlet, purporting to teach conversational French in thirty lessons, which he had been able to snatch on

(Continued on Page 157)

The very latest Cartouche
How the Gruen Cartouche makes possible greater strength and accuracy by providing double the movement space
Cartouche 103
Cartouche 104
WG 17

Gruen Watches presenting definite technical advantages





Watches are bought mostly on faith. The purchaser selects by appearance and for the rest relies upon the manufacturer's name and reputation.

Such guides are ordinarily safe enough. But if you are buying a watch of small movement or a watch of special grace and thinness, you should know at least a little about the technical advantages that definitely insure its durability and accuracy.

If it is a woman's wrist watch, for example, you should know that the Gruen Cartouche embodies a really notable advance in the construction of movements for small watches.

Into the oblong case of the Cartouche, Gruen has fitted an oblong movement instead of the usual round one. This provides more space, making possible greater size, strength and accuracy of parts, without detracting from the daintiness of the watch.

If it is a man's watch you should know that a pocket watch made thin can retain its serviceability only when it owes its thinness to technical improvements in the construction of the movement itself.

A number of such improvements contribute to the slender grace of the Gruen VeriThin and Ultra-VeriThin. But the basic principle in each is a logical and scientific rearrangement of wheels.

Like all important advances in any art, this principle, explained in the diagram below, is a simple one and can be understood readily by the layman.

Naturally, the watch you desire to own or to give is a watch of graceful dress and yet one whose time-keeping excellence you know will give satisfaction through many years of service. Why not, therefore, select one of the Gruen timepieces pictured here?

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show them to you, as well as other Gruen Watches in a large variety of models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at very moderate cost.

Cartouche 103 (Pat'd)—Solid white gold, engraved, $60

Cartouche 104 (Pat'd)—Solid white gold, engraved and inlaid with enamel, set with 4 diamonds, $85 to $100. Other designs, $100 to $2500

WG 17 (Pat'd), Precision movement—Solid white gold, hand engraved, $75

Pentagon 104 (Pat'd), VeriThin, Precision movement—White or green gold reinforced, $75, solid green gold, $100; white, $110. Others up to $500

Empire 52, Ultra-VeriThin, Precision movement (Pat'd)—Solid white or green gold, $100; white inlaid with fine enamel, $110, fully hand carved, $125; platinum, $450 to $550

Tank 8 (Pat'd), Precision movement—Solid green gold, hand carved intaglio design, $100; white, $110; plain case, green, $75; plain case, white, $85, green reinforced, $55; white reinforced, $60

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GRUEN *Guild Watches*

Wheel train diagram showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra-VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss in accuracy or durability of parts

Paige Broughams are now finished with Zapon

New Paige five-passenger Brougham

AFTER months of study and rigid tests covering every form of automobile finish, Paige engineers adopted Zapon as being the ideal type of permanent finish for this model of "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

In making Zapon the standard finish for the Brougham, the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company has insured for Paige owners the unrivaled beauty, the permanent attractiveness and lasting satisfaction that Zapon makes possible.

A finish that is smooth, deep, rich, velvety and permanently lustrous; a surface that mud can't harm, grit can't scratch, oil can't stain; a coat that alkali won't destroy, hot tar won't ruin and battery acid won't spot —that's Zapon, the finish the world has waited for.

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ZAPON

The automobile finish that stays new

Unrivaled

ZAPON

the finish the world has waited for

(Continued from Page 154)

the sly before leaving New York. It was the opinion of Wilfrid Smith, after reading the first of the thirty lessons, that the author knew even less about French than Wilfrid did. On the cover of the pamphlet was printed this inscription: "For the use of the American soldiers in France, 1917."

It explained something Wilfrid had often wondered about: Why it was that the soldiers who went to France came home, not only unable to speak French but almost unable to speak English.

No, there was no balm in this. This would never get anywhere at all. Then Wilfrid had an idea. Even on a British ship there must be someone in the crew able to speak French. He would pay liberally for a few lessons in conversational French. He asked the room steward. His steward didn't know, but possibly the smoke-room steward might. The smoke-room steward didn't know, but offered the information that the assistant smoke-room steward who used to be with him six or seven years ago, on the Caronia, of the Cunard Line, spoke French fluently. Questioned as to where this man was at present, witness replied that he thought he was on a P. & O. boat, somewhere in Australia.

Then the room steward had the bright idea that the chef was a Frenchman. Why, of course, Frenchmen were all chefs, therefore all chefs were Frenchmen. Wilfrid staggered down below, into the region of lush odors, and sought the chef. After some earnest conversation with a man in a white cap, under the shadow of a kettle of boiling cabbages, Wilfrid discovered that he was not talking with the chef, but with the pastry cook, a cockney. The pastry cook, however, was personally acquainted with the chef, and volunteered, for a small stipend, to introduce Wilfrid. They walked for several hundred yards through a series of pleasing vapors, wafting the pungent odor of fried salt pork and onions and oyster stew into Wilfrid's receptive nostrils, and then discovered that the chef was a Czecho-Slovak, who spoke eleven languages, including the Croat, but not French.

But the little man with a long knife, who had overheard, threw back his shoulders and cried, "*Moi, j'suif'çais!*"

Wilfrid thought that the "*moi*" in this sentence was French. The rest was doubtful. But it was worth a chance. He turned to the little man with a long knife and asked, "*Est-ce que vous êtes Français, monsieur?*"

The little man understood this perfectly. He replied with flashing eyes, "*P'l'ment-m'sieu'suisp'sienhuitu ne'ronaissement!*"

"*Ah, oui!*" replied Wilfrid with a wan smile, and to the great astonishment of the French person, who had laid aside his knife for a good long confab, Wilfrid suddenly thrust out his hand, shook the other man's fist quickly, and staggered from the kitchens.

Wilfrid went back to his room and lay down. His head cavorted like a young leopard. But it was clear enough that he had no chance of learning conversational French from a man who either had lost most of his front teeth or spoke in a remote dialect of the time of Rollo the Northman. Every time Wilfrid thought of the utter lack of vowels employed by this man with the knife, he grew sicker. If they all talked like this in France, his body would be found floating down the Seine toward Marseilles—or toward Bordeaux, he didn't recall which at the moment—instead of being dragged from the purely domestic wetness of the Hudson.

The weather moderated slightly in the morning, and Parleyvoo went on deck. He had some beef tea, and felt better. His seven ladies gathered around him and sympathized with him deeply. They had been having a perfectly gorgeous and peptic time, flirting mildly with the ship's officers.

"Now that you feel better, Mr. Smith, do teach us a few of the more ordinary sentences in French," pleaded Miss Graham, a statuesque blonde.

Wilfrid brightened up. He could teach French to this crowd of beauties, because they had never heard any French. So he confided a few great secrets to his charges such as, if they wanted somebody to open the door, they must say, "*Ouvrez la porte, s'il vous plaît,*" or if they found anybody silly enough to be carrying a red umbrella, they could say, "*Je vois un parapluie rouge!*"—I see a red umbrella. Wilfrid knew perfectly well that they would probably never want a door opened, and that even if they saw a red umbrella they probably wouldn't rush around trying to tell the French people what they had seen—but he was loading them with the same kind of freight he had been carrying. He would gladly have imparted some useful conversation to them, but he couldn't. Useful conversation was just what he needed himself.

Miss Graham acquired all that Wilfrid told her, and pronounced it just as he did. He was sorry for that. The rest of the party also pronounced the words slowly and distinctly, and gazed upon Wilfrid with the admiration of astonishment—all except Miss Yvonne Boyce, the diminutive and roguish-looking brunette, who seemed to be forever looking at him out of the corner of her eye, while a faint smile hovered on the borders of her most adorable mouth. Wilfrid began to be uneasy every time Miss Boyce looked in his direction. He felt that he wasn't going to like this young woman at all. Either she was peevish at heart, and sardonic and contumelious, or she already suspected that he was not a gay returning Parisian.

And she wouldn't try to learn French conversation from the old master. She shook her head and said, "Oh, I never could say it that way. I'll let Mr. Smith do all my talking for me."

He didn't like the way she said that. It might be innocent enough; and it might not.

About noon the barometer fell again. So did Wilfrid. The barometer fell ten points. Wilfrid fell about twenty feet, and landed in his bunk in the cabin; and when the room steward came in and asked if he could get anything, sir, Wilfrid groaned and muttered, "I feel awful. Is it always like this?"

"This is nothing, sir. You should have been on the old Lucania in 1899. She turned completely over, twice, so quick that the men playing poker in the smoke room never spilled a chip."

The weather turned worse. The six beautiful young women from Everton had to get along without their Parisian guide during the remainder of the trip. They got along fairly well. Once in a while one of them would say, "Have you seen Mr. Smith?"

And another would reply, "Which Mr. Smith?"

By the time the Statistic passed the Bishop Light the beautiful young women had almost forgotten what Wilfrid looked like. They were all engaged to all the deck officers except the captain, who was a stern, unpromising man.

Came Cherbourg at last. The Statistic stopped rolling after she got inside the breakwater, and a dozen or more passengers who were not known to be on board came out of the bosom of the boat and made ready to go on board the tender which was to take passengers and baggage to the city. Among those now present was Wilfrid, sometime called Parleyvoo, Smith.

Aside from the slight delay caused by two of the Everton beauties leaving their hand bags in their rooms, and another leaving her purse in the lounge, and another declaring that one of her trunks was missing but afterward recalling that she had left that particular trunk at home, after all, the bevy of sheer loveliness was finally put ashore and rounded up to go through the customs, and to have the customs go through them. The very frenzy of this operation worked in Wilfrid's favor. It was clearly impossible to act as interpreter for seven different women at once, when their effects were scattered along several hundred feet of benches.

All through the tumult Wilfrid observed that the only one of his charges who gave him no difficulties at all, and who seemed to be extremely lucky in completing her arrangements with the customs officials, was Miss Boyce. And yet—Parleyvoo felt that he could never be friendly with this young woman. He didn't relish that queer, oblique, accusing, humorous glance which she gave him from time to time, beneath her black lashes. He felt that she was a natural enemy.

As it happened, Wilfrid was obliged to interpret for himself alone. He did this very effectively, and it cheered him up. When the customs officer rasped out, "*Au-'nd'cier?*" Wilfrid replied brightly, "*Ah, non.*"

It began to look as though he could get as far as Paris on "*Ah, oui*" and "*Ah, non.*"

The Paris boat train wheezed within the quai-station walls impatiently. The last Everton beauty had just relocked her trunk, and Wilfrid was ready to rush the whole party aboard the train, when it developed that Miss O'Keefe and Miss Boylston were missing. They had got through with the customs, it seemed, and just stepped outside to have a look at a real French street. Wilfrid stepped outside to get them. They were not visible. The only people in sight were insane taxi drivers, an infuriated populace shod with solid wood, and two or three resplendent gendarmes. There was nothing for it except to ask the gendarmes.

"*Avez-vu vous*—I mean *avez-vous vu deux madames vous savez* out here—*deux madames Américaines?*"

The reply came clear as crystal: "*Pas-'n'ver'p'tit'vol'an!*"

"*Ah, oui,*" murmured Wilfrid, and staggered along the street, having first taken exact measurement as to the door whence he emerged.

In less than fifteen minutes he had found the wanderers. They were surrounded by a crowd of willing Gauls, all desirous of helping them if they could find what was the matter.

Wilfrid rushed them back into the station, and found that Miss Kramer and Miss Hastings had stepped out in search of the Misses O'Keefe and Boylston and Wilfrid. Also the chaperon had temporarily disappeared; but Wilfrid was reluctant to inquire, as the remainder of the party seemed to assume that she would be back presently.

It took twenty minutes more to rescue the missing pair of beauties from a notion shop, where they were in danger of acquiring several yards of lace made in Collinsville, Connecticut.

By this time the train upon which Wilfrid had set his heart, had disappeared. There was another train in its place, marked, "Granville, Folligny, Paris, Omnibus."

Twelve or fifteen porters, staggering under trunks and bags, were waiting for the magic word. Wilfrid had to make sure about this new train.

"*Ce train-ci, allez* to Paris, *nespar?*"

The uniformed guard inclined his head negligently and emitted the simple response, waving his cigarette: "*Pasvolen-vatengarlmpt'pas.*"

"*Ah, oui; merci,*" replied Wilfrid. To hesitate was to lose. The sign said Paris clearly enough. "This way—*marchez!*" he cried.

"*Bee-yay!*"

"What? Oh, *oui, oui!*" *Bee-yay* was tickets, without a doubt, for the uniformed guard had produced a steel punch from his pocket.

A look of surprise came over the guard's face as he thoughtfully punched the tickets—first-class tickets which had been issued to Wilfrid by the purser of the Statistic. "*P's'v'tenv'y'pas?*"

"*Ah, oui,*" replied Wilfrid boldly.

The guard laid a fraternal hand upon Wilfrid's arm. He seemed to be indicating some hope, or fear, or remonstrance, or perhaps it was only a pleasant comment upon the weather. "*V'lanevlm'vol'pas?*"

"*Ah, oui.*"

The guard had done all he could in the matter. He let the fifteen porters swarm down upon the buggage van, and saw the Everton party swarm into a third-class carriage, against all the gesticulating of one of the porters.

The guard lighted another cigarette and smiled benignly. "These Americans! They no prefer not to voyage to Paris on the rapide," he told himself. "It is to them the amusement to depart from the regularity. The State Railway of France has no desire to deprive Americans of the joy of proceeding to Paris over any route they choose." So the train whistled shrilly, and bore the Everton beauties from Cherbourg Marine.

It was not much of a train. By eight that night the omnibus—which Wilfrid had been convinced was an express, because he reasoned that omni meant all, and bus meant bustle, that is to say, hustle and bustle—had got so far into Normandy as to lay up at a place called Ste.-Marie-Fougères-sur-Briandac, while the train crew went into an *estaminet* and celebrated their luck in getting so far. At Voisy-la-Laiterie-sur-Ille-et-Bidocq, the train stopped to permit some foot-warmers to be thrust into the heatless carriages. It was going to be a cold night in Normandy—the coldest night the Everton beauties ever spent in Normandy. The omnibus, by means of a good deal of enthusiasm on the part of the crew, had already achieved some thirty miles, having attached to itself, and detached at various stations, a score of box cars containing fertilizer, cider apples and farm machinery, as well as a few neat and not-so-neat cattle.

"How I wish I could smile at Dinner!"

"It is the time of day when a smile does so much to make everyone happy.

"But I seem to be all fagged out after the day's shopping and housekeeping. John says that a smile from a cheerful wife at dinner makes the day end in a golden glow of happiness and contentment. A pleasant dinner and a cozy talk in the firelight are so much better than over-tired people with frazzled nerves. John, too, often gets home tired and cross. We are not nearly so congenial as we ought to be at dinner. I wish we didn't get so worn out during the day."

* * *

It may be your shoes that are doing it, madam, and your husband's shoes, too. Feet get strained and tired. Both of you feel the effects of foot weariness, though you may not realize the cause. A pleasant evening depends on rested people. If you would rather be all smiles than all in, try Cantilever Shoes, built with consideration for the feet.

Their natural lines make the 8,000 steps a woman takes during the day far less tiring, for natural lines mean foot comfort.

Men who use footwork as well as headwork during the day discover that the Cantilever flexible arch harmonizes with the flexible action of the foot, and so does not weary them.

Cantilever Shoes have a well-set, moderate heel, scientifically placed to take the weight off the inner and weaker side of the foot, and distribute the body weight evenly. This avoids foot-strain.

A change to Cantilevers will help your feet and improve your nerves. Make the change today and enjoy the evening.

You will notice the difference as soon as you take a few steps in the

Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Store or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells [illegible] (except in New York and Chicago). [illegible] Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

The Domestic Science Sewing Room—one of many Class Rooms in this School which have sanitary floors of Blabon's Linoleum.

The J. Sterling Morton High School, Cicero, Ill.
Ashby, Ashby & Schultz, Architects.

BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

5000 square yards in a single building!

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this 32-page, 9" x 11" brochure, by Hazel H. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cents.

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of pure ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors are pressed clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

Blabon floors of Linoleum! This installation in the J. Sterling Morton High School, Cicero, Ill. shown above, is but one instance of the confidence that architects, builders, and owners all over the United States have in Blabon floors. Not only for schools, but for churches, hospitals, libraries, theatres, clubs, hotels, offices, industrial buildings, and private residences.

Blabon floors of Inlaid, Plain, or "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum, being resilient, are quiet and comfortable to the tread. This adapts them especially to public buildings. They are beautiful and durable. The patterns and colors go through to the burlap back, and never wear off during the long life of the linoleum. An occasional waxing and polishing adds life and enhances their beauty.

Blabon floors are easy to clean, economical to maintain, and adapted to fireproof construction. They are permanent when cemented down over builders' deadening felt paper. This makes the seams watertight and practically invisible.

There are many places in the home where Blabon's Printed Linoleum, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage. A good floor varnish applied once or twice a year helps to preserve the original appearance of the pattern.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in an assortment of sizes.

Any good home-furnishing or department store can show you Blabon's Linoleum. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

It grew colder and hungrier—much hungrier. There was no place to eat. The stations along the road began to be closed for the day. Nothing faintly resembling Paris lighted up the horizon. The tired wayfarers were mostly asleep, with their pretty heads leaned wearily against one another—all except Miss Boyce, who looked anxiously at Wilfrid now and then as he paced up and down the corridor madly.

Finally the train stopped and did not seem willing to proceed. An employe of the French State Railway entered and uttered some nervous language, to which Wilfrid replied "*Ah, oui!*" But this was not sufficient. The employe indicated strongly to Wilfrid, as man speaking to man, that the time had come for all decent people to leave the train and go home.

"Paris?" asked Wilfrid tremulously.

"*Ah, non!* Folligny."

"Change for Paris possible?"

The employe shook his head. He knew of Paris, but only as the wistful gentleman in the poem knew of Carcassonne. All he knew definitely was that the train had to be swept and put into the yards for the night.

It seemed to be a good time to leave. Wilfrid woke the sleeping beauties and they got out on the platform. A faintly illuminated sign proclaimed that this was Folligny. The station was open, but unheated. A one-candle-power electric bulb burned over a fireless stove in the center of the room. In the ticket office an unfortunate employe was working over some accounts. Wilfrid tapped on the closed window, but the man inside did not look up. He was not interested in tappers. There were no more trains to anywhere, or from anywhere. Why should tappers tap?

"This is the worst train service I ever heard of," said Wilfrid to his charges. They sat down on benches and pounded their feet against the floor to keep the circulation good. Wilfrid went out. Nothing was moving except the planets in their orbits. And, yes—down the track some men were doing something to the rails, under a great flaring torch. Wilfrid went down to question these men.

Now one of the men was an obliging man, a man who would take any amount of pains to help a stranger. He did not understand Wilfrid any more than Wilfrid understood him, but he knew that Wilfrid wanted to go somewhere on a train. So he held up five fingers, and then bent half a finger. It was clear! Half past five! It was now two o'clock of a frosty morning.

When Wilfrid returned, three of the beauties were weeping hysterically, and the rest were trying to comfort them. The three weepers were merely frost-bitten. The interlude served to kill time pleasantly until 5:30, when a train came into the station and offered to take the party almost anywhere. There were no other passengers, except a workman with a bag of steel wrenches, which he threw around sportively to hear the noise it made. Some trains of the State Railway operate because people want to ride on them, and some merely move because the schedule says so. This seemed to be one of the latter. But this train was warm—compared with the station.

It was about quarter to eight when Wilfrid, peering from the window, saw a city coming slowly into view. The other watchers had seen it too. "Is it Paris?" they cried.

Wilfrid was learning not to be too optimistic. "I—I believe so," he replied. "It looks like a large place."

It was Rennes. A neat problem now presented itself. This was not Paris. It was Rennes. The Everton beauties were visibly starving to death. If they got off the train here to eat, would the train suddenly move on before they could get back—taking their baggage with it? It was not a very good train, and they did not feel attached to it, but it was a train, and it might be going to Paris. A native gentleman on the platform, to whom Wilfrid appealed through the window, said something to which Wilfrid hadn't even the heart to reply "*Ah, oui!*"

Again the employes of the State Railway settled the question for Wilfrid. Two of them came in and suggested that if Wilfrid and his party were quite through with this train the State Railway wanted to use it somewhere. They pointed to the ground, and then looked wise and shook their heads. The train went no farther. That was it.

"*Nous allons à Paris,*" insisted Wilfrid.

They did not believe him. Why should they? The party was not faced in the right direction.

Wilfrid shook his head. "*Ah, non!*"

"*Ah, oui!*" replied one of the trainmen.

"*Ah, non!*"

"*Ah, oui!*" The train hands were getting excited—purely amiable excitement. They liked an argument like this. It did not strain their intelligence.

Miss Boyce came to Wilfrid's side and said in a low voice, "Really, Mr. Smith, I think we'd better get off here. These men are saying that the train doesn't go any farther, and that it will be an hour and a half before the Brest-Paris express comes through. There is a restaurant in the station, and we can get something to eat. We are really almost famished. I wouldn't think of interfering with you, for I do think you are very pleasant and cheerful under the circumstances; but really, I'm afraid we can't go on this way indefinitely."

Miss Boyce turned to one of the men and spluttered, like an electric discharge from a wet trolley wire: "*Qu'est'ce'qu'est'ce'qu'mon'-pas?*"

The trainman touched his hat. "*C'est'n'-s'l'ne's'l'dame.*"

One trolley-wire discharge led to another. First Miss Boyce hissed, and then the trainman let go a terrific volley. Miss Boyce replied with light artillery. The trainman came back with a whole park of heavy metal.

"Yes, Mr. Smith! It is eight hours from here to Paris, this man says. He says we can get a very good breakfast upstairs in the station. He says he will see that our baggage is taken care of and put on the Paris express. You don't mind my interfering, do you?"

"Miss Boyce," faltered Wilfrid, "I don't know what to say to you. You have saved my life for the moment. I shall commit suicide, of course, as soon as I see you all put up at a Paris hotel. I didn't know you could speak ——"

"I was born in Montreal," replied the young woman. "Our family name was Bois. People mispronounced it so often we changed the spelling. Do please forgive me for ——"

"Ah, Miss Boyce!" said Wilfrid, from the heart.

"*Ah, oui!*" replied Miss Boyce without a smile.

III

BENSON REEVES ran his hand through his hair, sighed deeply, and threw a cablegram upon Jolliffe's desk. "This boob I met at the newspapermen's convention must have been a liar," he roared. "Read that!"

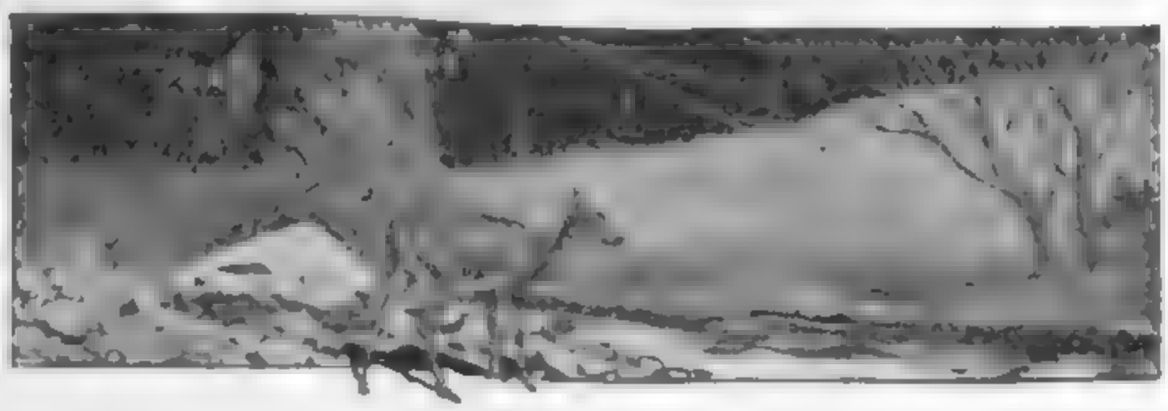
The cablegram said:

"We are having a wonderful time, seeing everything, doing everything. We just love Paris. Mr. Smith is lovely to us. From your grateful guests."

"Now what d'ye suppose would make an old man like this hick editor in Bennetsville try to defame the character of Parleyvoo, Joe? This boy is the real thing. How could these gals be having a swell time if Parleyvoo wasn't showing them around, just as he said?"

"I dunno," replied Jolliffe. Then he added, "Smith's a good reporter."

But when the party returned to Everton, Wilfrid Smith did not return to the Daily Record. He went to work in the insurance business, in the office of Henry Boyce, father of Yvonne. Later he married Yvonne. They were very happy. He never, never told her an untruth about anything.



E & J Type 20

Watch These New Headlights Multiply on the Streets

Amazing Results From E & J Type 20

The exclusive attributes of Type 20 are:—
Positive non-glare.
500 feet or more of white light penetration. (Twice the distance of ordinary lights.)
Illuminates the way even through fog, dust or smoke.
Uniform illumination from the very front of the car.
Illumination which extends beyond both sides of the widest road.

Note how rapidly E & J Type 20 headlights will multiply on the streets from this time on.

Every time you see the two glowing amber balls you will know them as the *headlights which make night driving safe.*

E & J Type 20 is the one headlight which must supersede all the faulty, glaring, eye-straining, dangerous headlights in use today.

E & J Type 20 is positively without glare. It illuminates the whole road perfectly for distances up to 500 feet and more—*twice the distance of an ordinary headlight.* It spells the doom of the dimmer because it eliminates the glare.

In this headlight, optical science has at last produced the headlight which means *safety both for the car with the Type 20 and for the car approaching*—the headlight which approximates daylight driving conditions.

E & J Type 20 costs more because it must be manufactured with the greatest optical precision—but it is worth its additional cost a hundred times over in the safety it gives by enabling the driver to *see* at night.

Its sleek, massive beauty adds greatly to the appearance of any car. Cowl lamps in the same design.

Eighteen states recognize the present danger from glaring and dimming headlights and have passed rigid laws for headlight regulation.

In 30 minutes you can safeguard your night driving and legalize your car lighting. Write to us, or go to any one of 7200 motor car dealers and E. & J stations.

When ordering a new car, specify E & J Type 20 headlights and the car dealer will give you credit on the regular equipment

"THE SAFEST LIGHT IN MOTORDOM"

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 6-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

The modern kitchen cabinet is just as necessary as the telephone

And let it flame in the mind of every woman in America that no other piece of furniture can do so much toward freeing her from an age-old bondage. This modern equipment, by which household work is raised to a higher plane, is in very truth a scientifically matured laboratory for reduction of labor in skillful preparation of better foods. Built-in cupboards do not serve this purpose. A new birthright is this kitchen cabinet idea—multiplying woman's powers, hence as vital as motor car or telephone.

Here is highest expression of the kitchen cabinet builder's art

"Fifteen famous features," a surpassing combination of convenience and sanitation, give this new Sellers Klearfront the distinction of marking a high point of progress in scientific kitchening. Matchless beauty, together with every desired factor of efficiency contributing to the ideal cabinet. All shown in booklet P-2, gladly sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. See the cabinet, a masterpiece in white or French gray, at the better shops. Easy terms.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

THE DAY OF THE MONEY LENDERS

(Continued from Page 22)

I was told the other day by a spokesman for an overcrowded nation that unless the world found an outlet for its overpopulation there would inevitably be a war within five years between a group of overpopulated nations led by his own and those nations which were holding land or colonies which they did not need. "It will be the industrial and overpopulated nations against those with agricultural lands, with a low birth rate or a large acreage per capita," said he. But he forgets that this would throw Latin against Latin, Slav against Slav, Teuton against Teuton; and that race is the strongest of all loyalties. He found difficulty in charting his prophesied war on a map of Europe

No one denies the multiplicity or the persistence of the hidden fires, but I have been unable to find anywhere in Europe a prophet of war who could speak coherently and come down to details with any proof by reasons more potent than the reasons for peace, welcome or unwelcome peace, willy-nilly peace!

On the other hand, the reasons against war are standing up all over Europe like cathedral domes and church spires. The peoples triumphant in war are even more tired of war than the vanquished. In Constantinople Turkish men and women, even those from Anatolia, speak of war with a dull-eyed weariness or with an almost imperceptible drawing back as from an old menace. In Spain the peasants are saying, "Why bother about Morocco? We want our boys home again." In Hungary the small landowner gazes out across his fields and says, "Some day the lands belonging to the Iron Crown of Stephen must be returned to us. The day will come. But today no more war!" In Germany the men whose productive power will free the land of debt—the workers of Germany—have the conviction in their hearts that unless the burden of toil becomes too great it is useless to look toward the bent sword for relief. In France they are saying, "To have the big force of Europe is comforting unless it causes the franc to drop to nothing." In England the reluctance to consider war is so great that the forces of revolt in Egypt, India and the Near East are counting, even too much, upon that reluctance. The taste of war is bitter in every mouth. It is no desire for war which lives in the hearts of people; this generation has seen the inherent desire of mankind for conflict come to a head, burst disastrously for everyone. I find today no fever in Europe, no high blood pressure; I find, rather, fatigue and chill—a desire for a fire on the hearth of home. Nothing but someone's crass folly can bring war to Europe now. The fear of war is abroad, but it is seeing old ghosts rather than new realities.

Enter the Money Lender

Therefore, if the curtain is now being raised on a new act—a new epoch—on the European stage it will not be Mars who will come with a clanking of armor to the footlights.

The character who will now appear to do a turn of five or ten years is quite a different character. Enter the money lender, who steps in the world's calcium not with the clanking of baser metals but with the alluring clinking of gold and the rustle of silky credits. This is the day of the money lender!

Having occupied for the best part of three years an official post of vantage in watching Europe, I believe that I saw this day coming: now having revisited Europe I see that day at hand. On the whole, the most significant present phase in international affairs is the diminishing power of governments and the increasing power of financiers over the destinies of peoples and of peace.

When Japan could obtain no further war credits and made peace with Russia through the good offices of Roosevelt, the Nobel Peace Prize was given to the colonel. It is said, perhaps without substantiation, that he remarked, "This prize should really have been given to Kuhn, Loeb & Co."

Today, as perhaps never before in history, the destiny of the world is, for the moment, at least, in the hands of the financiers—the money lenders. I do not wish to be mistaken in my meaning: "Money lenders" is by no means a term of reproach or scorn. As I use it, it does not mean usury or base motives. On the contrary, it is quite possible that the next ten years may see money power as a force for peace much more potent than mere propaganda for peace. Money, in the next epoch of Europe, will do the talking. It will not talk so much, as the League of Nations, but even more powerfully than it. It will talk and it will act; it will have, for its day, an unusual authority and powers, and though it may abuse this power and could do so if it were a foolish king, it is much more probable that it will do its best to make its power beneficent, not because money can be depended on for either wisdom or goodness, but because just now the interests of wisdom and goodness are one with the interests of safe investment.

The French War Debts

The phrases which it is necessary to use to show the extent to which money and credit have already invaded the power of government and politics are not particularly pleasant phrases, but I do not use them in an unpleasant sense. The "day of the money lender" suggests perhaps the exaction of pounds of flesh, but I do not use it so. If I show the power of this new king in world affairs, I am only describing the truth and not deriding those who have found it necessary to pawn some of their property in order to preserve it, nor am I reflecting necessarily upon the financial middlemen who have just begun to scent their power. I realize that nations with patriotic populations regard with reluctance and humiliation various forms of going to the pawnshop, particularly when it is not only necessary to pledge pieces of national property, such as liens on railways and other activities, but also to a greater or less extent to pledge freedom of action, the power of taxation, promises to be good, and even, at times, to turn over functions heretofore considered functions of government to the money lenders or their commissioners and agents. There is only one comfort for nations compelled to put goods or their self-determination in hock: It is that the real misfortune is in their bankruptcy or their dire need for credit rather than in the form of relief which it is necessary to seek. An insolvent man may cry out that he is too proud to go to the money lenders, but the real misfortune to his pride is rather in the hollow sound of his purse.

Perhaps it is natural enough for some nations which need credit to resent suggestions which imply their insolvency. I happened to be in Paris and in touch with certain French politicians and public men when an American who has had postwar experience in Europe, and who is something of an expert on reparations and interallied debts, made a speech in New York. He said in substance that when America had suggested or approved the Dawes Plan for the fixing and payment of Germany's indebtedness we had asked France to forgo a part of her claims on Germany. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, said he. If we can ask France to scale down her claims on Germany, why cannot the world ask us to scale down our claims against France?

Now there were plenty of Americans, and some of them my own acquaintances, who found some justice and force in this speech. If told that it caused a considerable resentment in France these persons would be astounded. But it did cause resentment. And why? Because when the scaling down took place in the case of Germany a string was attached to it. The Dawes Plan contemplates a kind of limited receivership. It contemplates restrictions of a kind on the freedom and independence of action of the debtor. It contemplates an agent with powers of no mean proportions applied to the pledges and pawns which are security. It was a composition of creditors, taking new liens. In order, therefore, to say that the United States must scale down the French debt to us because we had approved the Dawes Plan, to say what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, implies that if we scale down the French debt we should have what the French had from the Dawes Plan—a new agency for administration and collection—a kind of

Women Like to Spend Their Own Money

She knew there was something she could do to keep her soul alive, her income steady, her *self* well-dressed. She felt she would succeed!

The Girls' Club is giving women their own spending money, making them independent, every day of the year. It will do as much for you.

"WHAT on earth will she do?" said her doubting relatives.

"My dear!" whispered her friends, "she never earned a penny in her life."

"Isn't it too bad?" said her in-laws, "that she wasn't trained to do something? Every woman ought to be taught——"

"Oh, well," concluded the world, "pretty bad for her. There's just *nothing she can do.*"

But don't be too sure—said the brave little woman in question. Friends, relatives, in-laws—the world—she was much too wise to take their answer.

Her Secret

She knew there was something she could do—to keep her independence—a way to earn money, that would enable her to go on living in the little home, dress herself and the children well, live up to the old standards.

For she knew about The Girls' Club—and The Club's plan for earning money. She had filled in just such a coupon as you see below, and she was confident that she could succeed.

She did! She added $150 to her income every month. And that is why relatives, friends, in-laws and the world at large, refer to her today as "That wonderful woman."

The Girls' Club Plan

The Girls' Club way to earn money is open to every woman. If you are thinking of spring clothes for yourself or the children, new hangings for the windows, a lamp for the living-room, the prettiest Easter hat in the world—

The Girls' Club will show you how to earn it. We are doing just this every day. Doing it for thousands of women like yourself—stay-at-home people, mothers, grandmothers, business girls, school-girls.

From $5 to $150 a Month

So if you're worrying about money—*don't do it.* There's a way to solve this problem. A way you'll like. A plan that can add from $5 to $150 extra to your income every month.

Interested? Then fill in the coupon and mail it to us. We'll tell you all about it and be glad to do so. No capital is necessary—no business experience. And the money begins to come in right away.

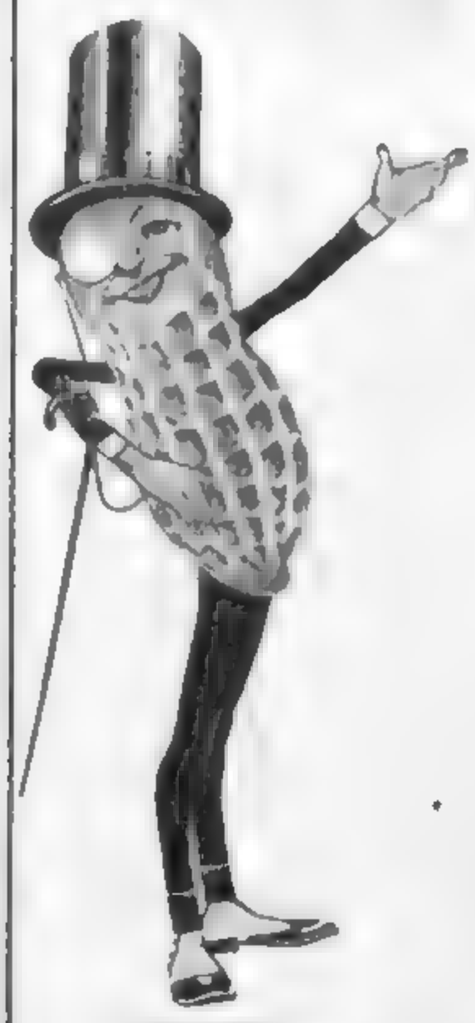
The Manager of THE GIRLS' CLUB
441 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me how I can earn money by your plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

"I could eat a bushel of them!"



MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Nickel Lunch"

You don't have to be hungry to want Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts. It just naturally makes you hungry to even think about them. Great big, brown, crisp fellows that seem to pop into your mouth before you know it. Every one big and plump, every one perfectly roasted and deliciously salted.

In between meals—that's when they taste best. Remember, they are as nutritious as any food you can buy. "The Nickel Lunch". You won't forget how good they taste.

Ideal for the kids and how they do scramble for them! Just 5 cents everywhere.

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

receivership. And that was the reason for resentment in certain circles in France, because the French are clear thinking and logical and are a long way from inviting a receivership, limited or unlimited; are a long way from being ready to accept what the American speech maker described as sauce for the gander.

In many cases where the observer in Europe of today finds intense hunger for money and credit, which, tested not only by appetite but by expectation, has now reached its maximum, there may be no need of anything like receiverships or even pledges of national assets. Loans are made as well in cases where internal conditions and peaceful tendencies inspire confidence of investors, as in those instances where limited management of the debtor's affairs follows the money to see that it is not wasted.

The money lender as the new King of Europe, the temporary successor of the god of war, appears in many rôles.

This principal character in the new European production may appear as one nation extending credit by cutting down the debt owed to it by another nation, with or without political conditions. An example is the case of the United States scaling more than a third off the British debt.

It may appear as a composition of creditor nations reducing a debt, by scaling down or by extension of time, taking in exchange a partial control of finances, and pledges and liens of such revenue as comes from railways, specific taxes and other sources. An example is the case of the plan which Dawes and Owen D. Young helped to work out for Germany.

It may appear some day in the rôle of a conference of several nations readjusting their claims upon one another in accordance with capacity to pay and with other equities.

It may appear in the rôle of one nation loaning money to another to maintain influence with the latter nation, to furnish an ally with money even when the ally uses the money to purchase armament. One would not have to go far in Europe to hear the examples given of British financial help to Greece while Greece was holding Smyrna; or of French assistance to the nations of the Little Entente while there was in process a buffer corridor of little nations between Germany and Russia.

It may appear as a banker's loan to a government, but only whenever such a loan may be floated, whenever the buyer of bonds—the investing public—can be induced to purchase shares in it by their belief in the wisdom of the loan.

It may appear in the form of investment in the industries of foreign countries—loans and participation.

A New Phase Beginning

However it appears, a Europe which is returning with increasing progress toward normality of mind and of industry is ready to welcome, at least for this particular act in the world's history, the money lender as the newly enthroned king. I have heard an extraordinary chorus in all the countries I have been revisiting: "Our dire need is credit. These are not the times for revenge or conquest. We are tired of politics, tired of laws, tired of talking, tired of debates, tired of documents. Give us no more dreams. Give us daily bread—and credits!"

By the ears of one who has been most of the postwar years in Europe this chorus is heard without particular surprise, but I doubt whether its full significance and volume have yet reached most Americans. The last year or two has made a great change; we have come definitely through the act when the tired god of war still sat on the stage but spoke only in stupid whispers; we have come to a new scene, a new act, a new phase, a new epoch.

In 1922 I went from my post in Rome to Vienna during the darkest days in Austria. An American capitalist had said to me, "Austria is a country carved down to a grotesque and impossible economic situation. Vienna, developed as the capital of an empire, has one-third of the population of all of present Austria, and Vienna cannot be supported. Just now if a rich man comes along with fifty million dollars he can buy the country and put it in his pocket."

There was just enough truth in this to set anyone to thinking that some international body should be created to act as a trustee—an agency for states needing to borrow and a guardian of the interests of those willing to lend. I had advanced this idea informally to delegates at the Conference of Genoa. It did not appear to me then that the League of Nations was sufficiently detached from politics, sufficiently aloof from international balances of power and intrigue to meet the requirements of an international trust officer. I felt then, as I do now, that it is a pity that the League cannot be reorganized into a body which is nonpolitical, which never is a busybody, which pretends to no self-power or interference, but does its effective work only through administration, as an agency for international standardization of practices, customs, equipments, and as a body which could offer its good offices to those voluntarily seeking arbitration or to those requiring the service of a trustee or other agency serving the general welfare. I said this in substance at a luncheon given by that competent and faithful representative of the United States, Minister Washburn, of Vienna, in the summer of 1922.

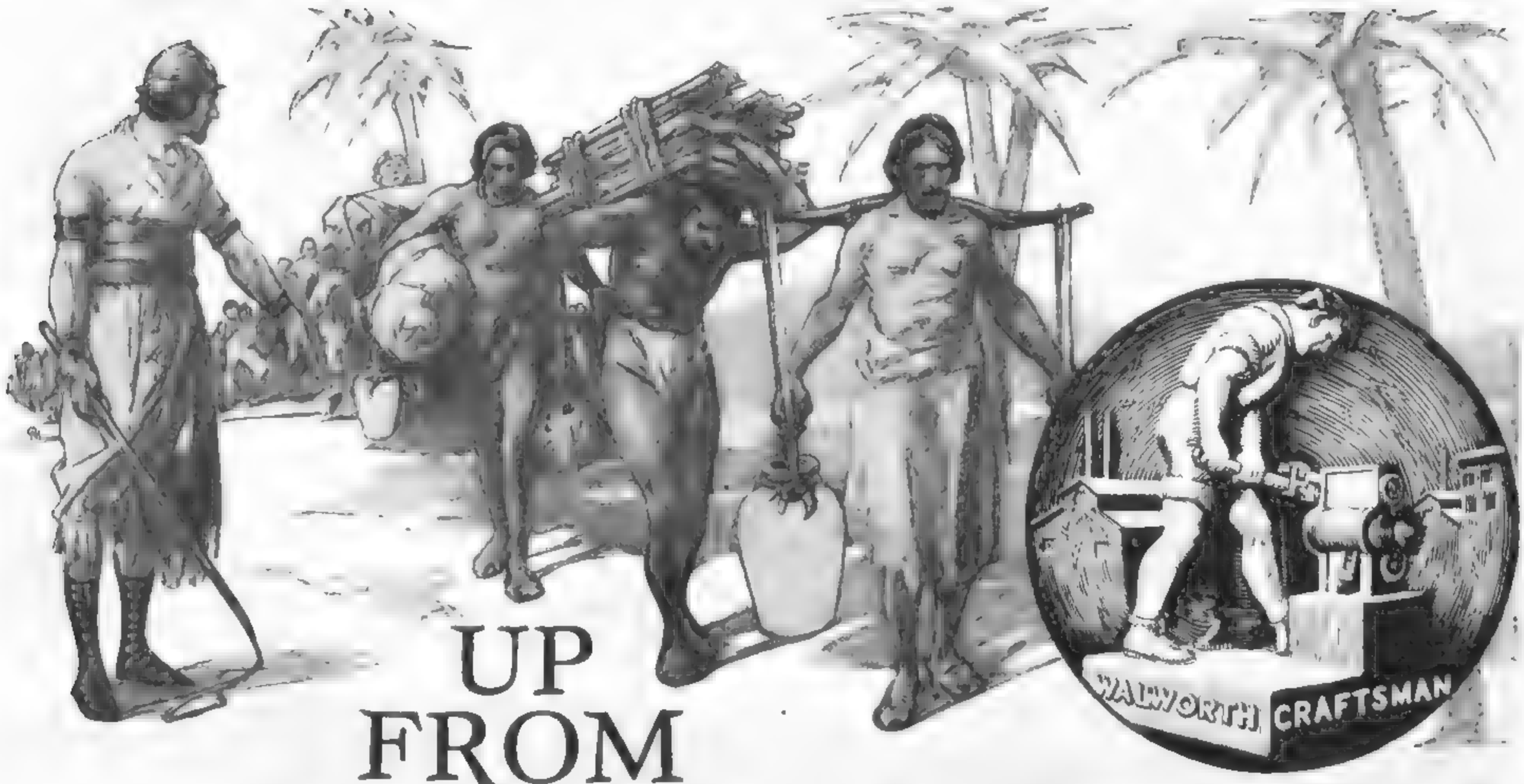
A little more than two years later in Vienna I return to almost the same spot where I made this suggestion. It had appeared to a group of American senators and congressmen, delegates to an international conference of lawmakers, and to certain Austrian officials and Viennese bankers at Washburn's luncheon, as almost impossible of fulfillment. And yet today at this same spot I meet Zimmerman, the agent of the League of Nations, which is acting most excellently as the international trustee for the financial rehabilitation of Austria.

Mr. Smith and His Job

I pass on to Hungary, and there again I now find a state so stripped of riches, of agricultural lands, of mines and resources, so bound around with countries like Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, all erecting, in behalf of infant industries, tariff barriers against Hungarian industry, that the economic life of Hungary has become like a plant trying to sprout in a cellar. But in Hungary I find Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a lawyer from Boston, whom some of my Hungarian acquaintances privately call the Good King. He is the commissioner general of the League of Nations. He is the agent of a trustee for the borrowing state on the one hand and of the money lender on the other.

Because the League improved its form of trusteeship in the period between the relief given the disintegrating Austria of two years ago and the loan to Hungary put in operation about a year ago it is more worth while to study the situation in Hungary to see to what a beneficial extent the money lender—the new principal character on the European stage—has invaded the powers of governments and political forces. If it is necessary to call functionaries by their names, the Great Jeremiah, as the modest and plain-speaking and direct-acting Smith is often called, is a receiver appointed for a nation. The factory management—the ministry and parliament—is retained, but to secure the safety of the loan—which is about two-thirds British—and to insure the wise expenditure of moneys lent for rehabilitation, the agent of the League of Nations has almost limitless power. The old governments of Hungary when revenues by taxation were exhausted called in the printer and inflated the currency. Now the issue of money is in the hands of a new state bank, and in practice the agent of the League can veto new issues or initiate them. He can, in practice, veto taxation measures or initiate them. He can, at his discretion, stop further payments of installments of the loan deposited outside of Hungary. He can effectively prevent legislation which appears to endanger the financial responsibility of the nation. The absolutism of the financial dictatorship of Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston, is an absolutism which makes the dictatorships of Mussolini, Kemal Pasha, and Primo de Rivera appear pallid. But Hungary welcomes his presence. His job is to put Hungary on her feet. He does it without tail feathers; he is as free from suspicion as only a citizen of a nation which does not belong to the League of Nations can be. Furthermore, it now appears that the progress toward financial stability and balancing of the budget has exceeded the estimates of those who projected the financial plan. His work has been done on a plan mapped out at first by an imposing committee of international bankers whose services probably could not have been bought but were freely given to an international trustee—the League.

(Continued on Page 165



"Whatever You Build, You Need Walworth"

UP FROM SLAVERY

When America threw off the curse of Joshua

"There shall be none of you freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water . . . "

THIS was the ancient curse of Joshua upon the false ambassadors of the city of Gibeon.

Yet the inhabitants of every nation of the earth slaved under this yoke of drudgery for nearly 2000 years. Only a few people were rich enough to win freedom from these tasks.

EIGHTY years ago most householders either drew water from a well or went to the town pump for it. They still hewed wood for the open-grate fires and hot-blast stoves in their homes. They still shivered in their offices as kings had shivered for centuries before in the great halls of their palaces.

Even New York City had never had an adequate public supply of water until 1842. Then the pipes of the new Croton Reservoir brought it plentifully into every home that chose to "take" water, and the fame of American plumbing began to spread.

This same year a man named Walworth installed the first steam-heated building in America—the old Eastern Exchange Hotel in Boston. The emancipation of the American home dates from that year.

TODAY you turn a faucet or open a valve and the harnessed forces of steam and water shoulder the burdens of the Gibeonites which once enslaved the world.

The first valves and fittings which made modern plumbing and heating possible were manufactured by the Walworth Company. Today Walworth makes every item of installation equipment which must be used wherever steam, water, gas, oil and air are piped and driven to serve civilization.

Whatever You Build, You Need Walworth

If you specify Walworth valves and fittings your architect, contractor or engineer will see that you get equipment that will be dependably *right* in every technical detail to give power to a manufacturing plant, life to an office building, or comfort and convenience to your own home.

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO.
BOSTON, MASS.
Plants at Boston, and Kewanee, Ill.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

WALWORTH

VALVES, FITTINGS AND TOOLS

for STEAM, WATER, GAS, OIL AND AIR

Better Methods Replaced the Ox Team

There is a better Carburetor to replace yours. Thousands of car owners are equipping their cars, both old and new with

Special Stromberg Carburetors

They give the best possible results because they are especially designed and engineered for each particular make of car.

They make your car start easy, warm up quickly. Produce greater power, get away like a shot and with it all pay for themselves in a short time in gasoline saved.

130 representative American manufacturers use Stromberg Specially Engineered Carburetors as standard equipment.

Over 3000 service stations in the United States.

Prices of special carburetors and complete equipment:

Buick	$24.00	Hudson	$28.50
Cadillac	32.50	Jewett	24.00
Chandler	24.00	Maxwell	19.50
Chevrolet	19.50	Nash	22.50
Chrysler	24.50	Oakland	22.50
Cleveland	24.50	Oldsmobile	19.50
Dodge	19.00	Overland	17.50
Durant	19.00	Reo	24.50
Essex	24.50	Star	18.00
Ford	15.75	Willys-Knight	19.00

(Prices slightly higher—Pacific Coast and Canada.)

Have your car Stromberg equipped. Make a change for the better. See your local dealer or Stromberg Service Station—or mail us your check and we will send you a Special Stromberg Carburetor direct. Be sure to mention make and model of your automobile or truck.

THE STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.
68 East 25th Street Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from Page 162)

Smith perhaps is the best symbol now to be found of the new predominant rôle which finance will claim in the coming European epoch. The figure of the money lender—the true force behind Smith - elbows his way through the old gang of actors—the discredited Marx, the baffled politicians, the yelping unrealities, the impractical chest thumpers. It is a figure of realism. No dreams in this money lender. Instead a kind of cold impersonality—but an impersonality rather comforting for this particular period! A laconic creature—sometimes benevolent—capable of power for evil, but usually risking hazards only on the good, the wise and the restrained. A little of a bully perhaps. He may say, "I hold in my hand salvation; sign here!" But at least he does not say, like the labeled idealists, "I have salvation," when in fact the hand may be pale with emptiness. He is no evangelist exhorting to dance and make merry, to pray, laugh and then weep over false hopes. At his best he exacts only thrift and labor.

At his best this new hero of the piece this new king, the money lender—does business through international action such as the Dawes Plan for resurrection of Germany. He may act, as I knew when I was in China in 1917 he would have to act, through an international commission to put China into some kind of cohesion. He is a good disciplinarian. At his worst he may become an unbearable tyrant, forbidding, perhaps, the impulse for international war, but whipping workers to production to such an extent that he will breed class wars all over those territories of the earth where mankind has already suffered most.

The World's Fountain of Credit

At his best he may be the principal whose agent is some trustee like the League of Nations. It is said that one of our Presidents who had insight and realism about China once remarked that trying to do anything with China was like attempting to nail a piece of jelly to the wall. Now it would not be amiss for the League of Nations to utilize the power of the money lender; the League would be successful if it even succeeded in making China jell.

It is conceivable that Russia may turn over some morning and be ripe for the new king. Though a thousand nations recognize Russia, it is only the sound of brass and tinkling cymbals. Only when Russia may be ripe for recognition by the money lender will Russia hear the sound of gold. If the world has an interest in the salvation of China and Russia—the seats of the oldest and of the newest civilizations—it will not abandon either country to the competition between financiers by which discipline will be lost or evil done or investment wasted on the willful old man or the incorrigible stripling. It will look for an international trusteeship to enforce discipline and, equally, to forbid abuse, corruption and usury.

Everywhere in Europe today—from the shores of Ireland to the Bosporus, from the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Baltic—there is one interest in the United States. Do not believe that this interest is in us as the nation that walks like a preacher. Do not believe that this interest is in us as a nation that enjoys being a political busybody. Europe has learned at last that we are neither, and she has always known that the sword does not fit our hand. The interest in the United States—find it in Spain or in Angora, in Latvia or in London—is the interest which arises from the realization that for this epoch in Europe it is the money lender who must hold the stage and that we are potentially the greatest ultimate source of credit in the whole world.

A cabinet minister of one of the new small powers of Central Europe told me, "A great deal has been said about your entanglement in Europe and your advice to Europe. May I say to you that I do not think you have any particular obligation there? May I be frank enough to say that except for the possible exception of a great power which wishes to use you in European politics there is no desire to entangle you? You are more useful when free to act. May I say still more? Your advice appears to come more from those of you who are eager to give advice rather than from those who are most qualified to give it. Perhaps, therefore, unless it be advice as to American industrial methods and effective management, we could get along without advice unless it pleases you so excessively to give advice that we must listen."

He paused. Then he said: "I think your great obligation—your great moral obligation—lies in the fact that you may be the controlling factor, the guiding spirit in this epoch of finance. You may lend for peace, but be careful that you do not lend for war. You may lend to stop wars between nations, but be careful that you do not lend so that you inflame wars between classes. You may lend wisely, so that success of lending will give further assurance to invite the savings of your people to more good work, but be careful that in haste you do not lend foolishly and so turn away from Europe and from struggling peoples the confidence of your investors. These I believe are your truly noticeable moral obligations."

Today there are enough thoughtful Europeans of this kind to make an American observer gasp. At the end of a long look in Europe just now I find myself somewhat awed by the prospect of this era of supercapitalism, if one must call it so. How long it will last, heaven only can prophesy. How extensive it will be, only the angels may foretell. Where it will lead in the end, neither I nor any other man may know. Other nations than our own may have, and will have, a share in it. But if the conscience of America is awake it will so permeate the three factors in the movement that we may play a decisive part in making the use of money a good and not a bad or dangerous instrument.

The three factors in America are:

Government, because to a large extent our national administration still remains powerful enough to guide bankers, to approve worthy movements of loans and veto, if necessary, wasteful and ultimately vicious dispositions of our credit and investment;

Bankers, because in great measure the conscience of bankers extends beyond the mere impersonality of the new chief character in international affairs—money—and may operate with effectiveness to guide the investors of the United States;

The investor himself, because, say what one will about the cold blood of investment, claim what one will about the sensitiveness of the pocket nerve, I have too much faith in the American conscience to believe that the ordinary investor of my country will willingly choose to invest in evil at 8 per cent rather than in good at 5 per cent.

Unfortunately, perhaps, as I see it after a study of Europe, we are not so much exposed, in our extension of credit, whether by the process of scaling down old debts or creating new loans, to errors of conscience as we, who are far away from Europe, and the victims of propaganda, are exposed to errors of judgment—of unintelligence.

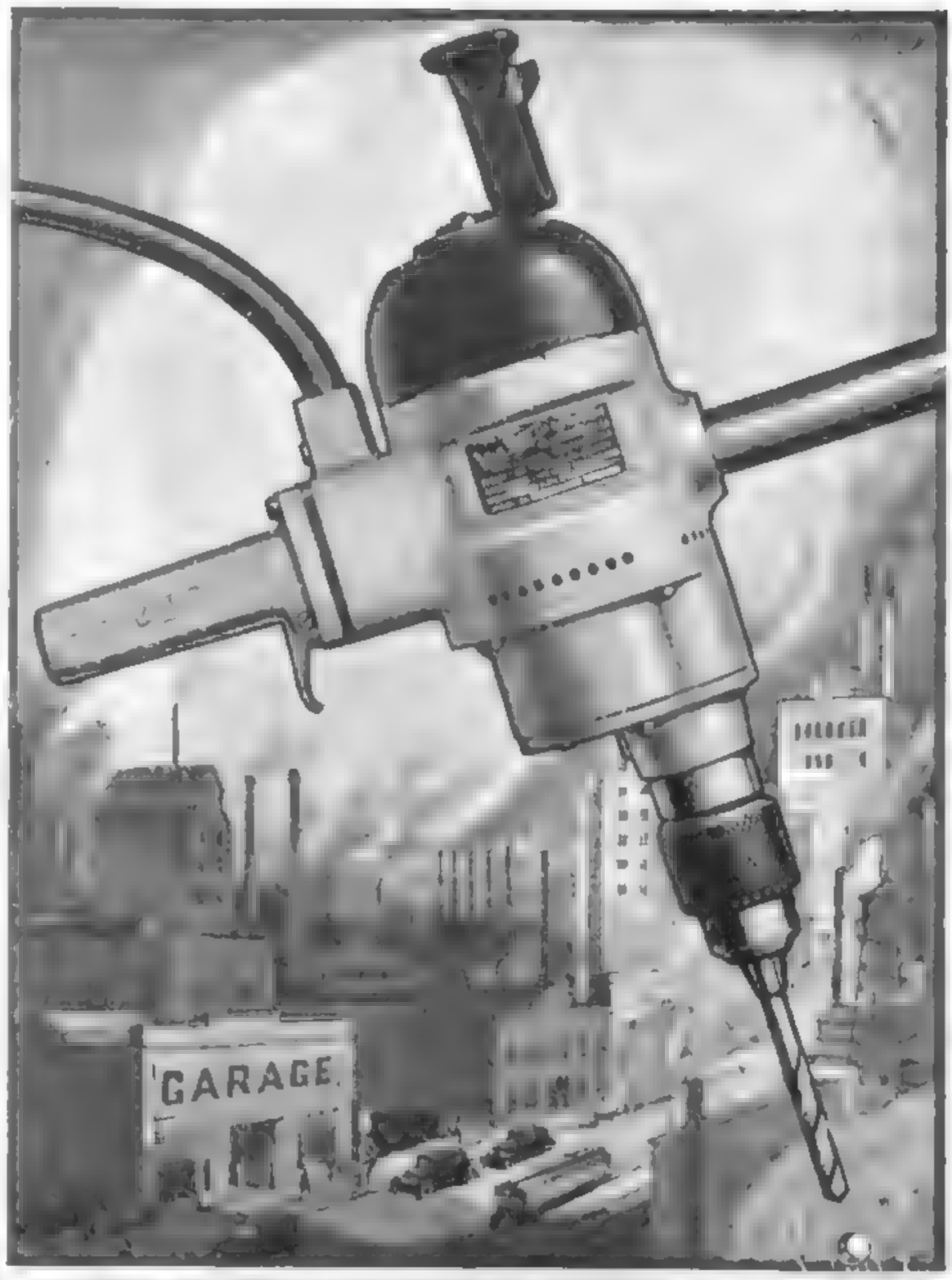
The Return of Money Power

Perhaps our first moral obligation of intelligence is to recognize that money power is coming back—that it will have now its day of being king. I think it was Christmas Day, 1918, that Trotzky, in the habit of issuing periodical bulletins of political philosophy, on the whole worthy of attention if not of agreement, said something of this kind: "International capitalism, when it undertook war, committed suicide. Capitalism lives by authority. But the soldier, though he may appear on the surface as the embodiment of authority, is ultimately the human creature who has learned lawlessness. He has learned to kill, to destroy property, to engage alternately in lawlessness and idleness. It will take nearly half a century to restore the sense of authority. Capitalism—the power of money—will not introduce authority or restore its own power in this period."

Trotzky may be a bad prophet. International supercapitalism is about to come again to bat. The recognition of this is our first obligation of intelligence. And if capitalism—call it, if you will, international supercapitalism—is to continue and to extend its day, our next moral obligation is to see to it that capitalism not only has wisdom of its own that it may not be improvident but also that it is conscientious enough to prove its value to the happiness, the order and the freedom of human beings.

After painstaking studies of Europe I would if I could erect for my country certain warnings. Let me place first the warnings which appear, superficially, completely selfish.

First of all I would give to the power of governments a warning which probably Coolidge does not need. The warning is this—do not allow American capital to dribble into Europe merely to pick up interest rates.



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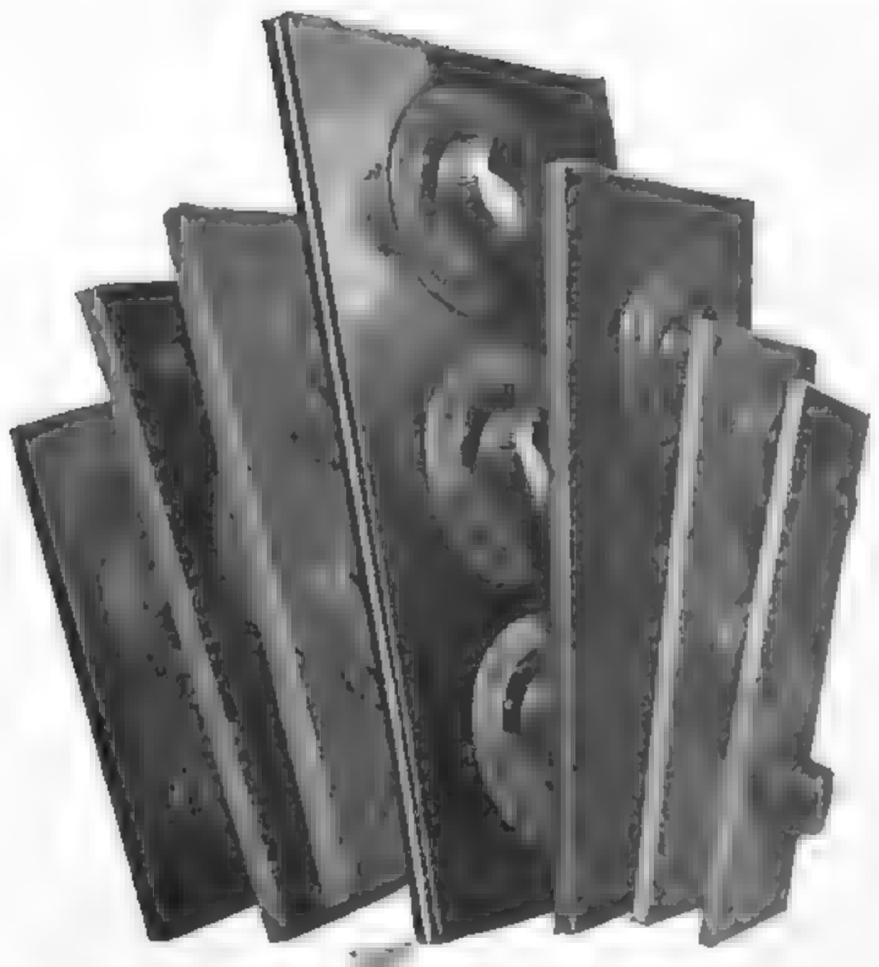

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The world's experience is quite against that procedure. The power of international capital—even when conceived as a beneficial power—does not rest upon mere interest rates. The power of capital abroad rests also upon the ability of investment to drag trade after it. We had an excellent illustration during the war when our bankers made loans to foreign buyers. These loans never left the United States. They were consumed in the United States by the purchase of American goods. Since then the problem of exercising the greatest scope of the power of money has, in many instances, changed. Today it may be that some of our loans must be made to procure the production of goods abroad which, even in spite of our own tariff wall, may be used to pay the indebtedness to us incurred in the past.

On the whole, this first lesson—that loans should not be merely the means to gain a safety of principal and a high interest rate, but that, with proper coöperation of government, bankers and investing public, they may be used to procure also prestige, power and the by-products of purchases of home goods in some cases and payments of past indebtedness in others—is a lesson we may learn from old hands, the British. It is also as easy to be a wise money lender as a foolish one. It is, for instance, wholly improvident to give a loan, one of our dribbling loans, to Nation A, who will pay 7 per cent for it and turn around and loan it to Nation B, who will promise to use it to buy railway equipment in Nation A's market rather than in our market.

After all, we are new at this game. Even from the point of view that our loaning power may exercise a good rather than a bad influence on the world, the maximum of that power is procured by eliminating the financial middleman. One of the most prominent and most experienced representatives of American influence abroad said to me the other day, "Someone should have the courage to say that the average American business or financial man abroad is a fool who in his secret heart knows that he has lost his way."

Helpless Money Lenders

I know exactly what he means. I am familiar with the American pilgrim to the shrines of European high interest rates and commercial opportunities. I have just been meeting in various corners of Europe such pilgrims. It may be in a Central-European country, where good industries are paying 24 per cent for their money. The American money lender arrives to investigate the safety of credit. He does not speak the language. The telephone in his hotel baffles his college-graduate secretary. He misses appointments. He is unused to the national temperament in bargaining. The financial middleman on the ground—some local banker—talks a dozen languages; he has local credit information at his finger tips, he has political alliances, he knows how to dodge taxation, just or unjust. The result is that if any loan is made it is made not to the industry but to the local banker. He pays the American 10 per cent and exacts 24 per cent from the industry.

And at this point we can draw a lesson from Germany. One of the largest industrial magnates of Italy said to me: "If Germany found it richly profitable to exploit Italian energy and resource before the war, you Americans have even a better opportunity now. But, mark my words, it is useless unless you adopt the German policy of setting up a financial center in Italy and a source of credit information. The fountainhead of Germany's foreign influence was her banks planted in other lands, her credit men planted in foreign banks. You were in Russia during the war? Yes. Well, then you know that in wartime even Russian wholesale houses drew credit information from a house in Berlin, and even acceptances, discounts and insurance. What machinery have you Americans established for credits? None! You have money, but only some other nationals know what to do with it! You can take a lesson from the old Germany. The Germans learned by centuries of experience. They maintained outposts, and their influence because of these financial outposts was so powerful that not only in Russia but in Italy they succeeded sometimes in crippling the production of war material, even in wartime."

But there is a higher duty for America even than the duty of intelligence and of unity of action between Government, bankers and investors, which must be aimed at preserving for us, in the days when the money lender is the newly crowned king, the power of our financial influence. This is the duty to use whatever power of that kind we can summon for good and not for evil ends. Mere good intention is not sufficient. Mere sentiment, uneducated, is at the bottom of the basket of Folly.

Credit and Sentiment

If America has a primary obligation today it is to avoid two rocks in the channel of loans. The first is the danger that our financial resource shall be used by nations desiring to build defensive or aggressive European blocs of war power. This leads to war. The second is the danger of assisting in a régime of supercapitalism, which leads to putting upon nations in financial difficulty too great an obligation to produce hastily for repayment. This obligation is borne by the workers; it is borne by the masses. If it is too great a load it will be—do not doubt it!—the last straw on the back of patience and restraint. It would lead to class war.

I have talked just now with a statesman who has had much to do with the financial destinies of a country in Central Europe. He said to me, "We are not aloof from your settlement of debts and extension of credit to the great Nation A. We owe A money. If A has settled her debt to you I can settle my country's debt to A. When that happens I can engage in economy. I can balance my budget. If I should do so now, then A would say, 'Behold you are prosperous. Pay me. Pay me in full.' This is the reason why we are so interested in what the United States will do. One thing leads to another; it sets all the European clocks ticking."

I might have said to him, "These are words of honey. But may I ask how you came to contract new debts to A since the war? Was it not to build up a military force not only in behalf of yourselves but in behalf of an alliance with A? Do you wish my people to pay the bills of that war-bloc policy?"

I met a workingman on a third-class carriage on a train. I said to him, "Things are better now? Your country has a loan—a chance to get on its feet."

"Well, yes," he said, looking at his hands. "But I have been through the war and I am tired. Then we had peace and nothing to eat. Have you children? One of my two died, during our worst winter. Now we have the loan! Things are better? Perhaps. We are asked to speed up, to speed up, to speed up! God only knows where it will end."

It is no longer useful to invoke any supposed American moral obligation to become entangled in European politics. Our real moral obligation in the coming epoch will be in the profound duty to keep our credit-giving power free from blithering sentiment and out of the reach of nations or middlemen who may use it to build for war or may dedicate it to destruction or to the oppression of laborers, whether they are nationals of our old allies or of our old enemies, who already have suffered, are willing to go to work, but must not be worked to the bone.

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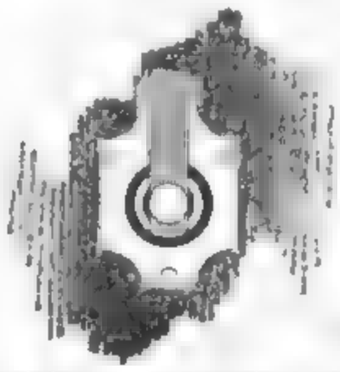

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Thorola

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS

IS GOLF A GAME?

(Continued from Page 9)

I saw an advertisement in a newspaper not long ago of a golf club that was making an appeal for more members. The advertisement stated that the membership was distinctly high class; and that all possible social lines were most rigidly drawn in the election of members. However, it was clearly apparent that, notwithstanding this rigid social discrimination, the club wanted members. So it had to go out in the newspaper highways and byways and seek them. It was exclusive and advertised that the facilities to be enjoyed by its members were somewhat more extensive than those of the better country clubs. Notwithstanding all this and the rigid social discrimination, this club needed members as this resort to public solicitation of them proved.

We have built a superstructure on this once simple and enjoyable game called golf that is fantastic, foolish, frenetic. We have overorganized, overfinanced, oversocialized, overexploited, overbuilt, overwritten, overritualized, overseriousized, overimportantized this pastime of beating a small white ball around a series of eighteen links with a variety of wooden and iron clubs until it has lost all resemblance to a game and has become on the one hand a commercial, a vast financial enterprise, and on the other a diversion so complicated with rules, precepts, psychologies, clothes, social distinctions, money-spending, writing flubdub, and an enormous cluttering of other similar bunk, including, especially, the prodigious bunk that it is an important and weighty matter instead of a fairish sort of occupation for a free afternoon. However, that's us; that, to put it another way, is U. S. When you think of what we have done to the once innocent and harmless and enjoyable game of golf, and what that now sophisticated and engineered and efficiented game has done to us, the whole business seems incredible. And is.

The Reign of Ostentation

I do not know how many golf clubs and courses there are in this country—several thousand, no doubt—but I do know that any person familiar with our golf insanity can make a list of twenty clubhouses and courses that cost more, in their aggregate, than the combined golf clubs in Scotland, where the game originated, and in England, where it developed. There never was a million-dollar golf clubhouse in England, and never will be; and as for Scotland hoot mon! Courses in these countries are, mostly, natural courses, made playable by rational expenditures, and not the manicured, heavily engineered and architectured, silver-plated affairs we Americans have lavished money on. Golf in England and Scotland is a game, a diversion. It would take a page to tell what it is over here, but only one line to tell what it is not, said line being: It is only about four per cent golf, and the rest swank.

Our golf progression has been national in its scope. This elaboration has not been confined to any one section. We are all guilty, from one end of the country to the other. In essentials, the development has been identical whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific Coast, and proceeds along two lines. In one instance a golf club is organized on a modest basis, and a course of nine or eighteen holes laid out adjoining an adequate but not ornate clubhouse. Presently another club in the same locality begins to rebuild a clubhouse or course in order to show those outward and visible signs of superiority we nationally cherish so much—the signs of having money and spending it, or, more frequently, the signs of spending money whether we have it or not. Naturally and inevitably, the members of the other club cannot stand for anything like that. So they begin to rebuild and expand also. And in this struggle for more expensive houses and courses the thing has developed to what it is today, a country speckled with ornate clubhouses, ridiculously expensive courses, and many of them but two jumps ahead of bankruptcy and required to assess and assess and assess to keep going at all. It works the same way in the smaller places. Every prosperous and enterprising city or village must have a golf course. Usually the beginnings are adequately modest and modestly adequate, but let the next town or city down the road show signs of expansion and this town expands too. They throw money away, not to the betterment of golf, but for the gratification of local pride. They inflate themselves by inflating their golf. It is inevitable. You will find golf clubs all over this country where the members are staggering under their heavy outlays actuated by their desire not to be outswanked rather than by any great devotion to golf as a game. The game is incidental, but the palatial clubhouse and the plus-fours are imperative.

The second instance of our golf progress is collateral to this, and inspired by the same motives, but minus the modest start. This development starts at the top, not at the bottom. Surveying the golf layouts in their localities, a group of men for various reasons decide to make a splash that will outsplash all other splashes hitherto attempted. And they throw a million into a golf club, or two millions, and fetch out clubhouses that are sumptuous beyond belief and golf courses where even the sand boxes are silver plated. What care they for overhead—or for golf, either, if it comes to that? Ostentation is what they are paying for. And they get it.

A Close-Up of the Game

Of course much of this sort of stuff is fostered by resort hotel keepers, but that is good business with them, and purely business, and does not come under any sport or similar head. In as much as we Americans demand ostentatious golf, the hotel keepers see to it that we get it, but even so, there is considerable evidence to the effect that in certain localities the hotel keepers have overdone it. Apparently there are not suckers enough to finance the overhead in every instance, although the limit of golf suckerdom seems to stretch to infinity. In any event, some of these vast and ornate plants are not doing any too well, whereby the American golfing public acquires a modicum of merit.

Having thus set forth this preposterous material side of golf as it is done in the United States, let us now turn our attention to the game itself. Is golf a game? Originally it was, and it still is with a small proportion of the persons who play it. Golf in its essence is an outdoor diversion which is played over a series of eighteen links, each beginning with a more or less elevated and level place, called a tee, from which the players drive off their balls, and ending in a putting green which has a small round hole somewhere on its surface. The game is to get the ball from the tee, by means of propulsions with a variety of golfing implements made of wood and iron, and into the hole in the putting green in as few strokes as possible. Various natural and artificial hazards are interposed to the easy progress of the ball, and the links vary in length from six hundred yards, which is about as long as any of them are, to seventy-five yards, which is about as short as any of them are. A course of 6000 or 6100 yards meets all the requirements of the ordinary golfer, the paying golfer, but in the past four or five years we have been lengthening our courses for reasons set forth elsewhere, and now the golf intelligentzia sneer at anything less than 6600 or 6700 yards.

A vast amount of skill can be developed in the use of the various golfing woods and irons, and what some people can do with them in the way of hitting the ball to great lengths, in placing it advantageously on the greens, and in getting it into the hole, is amazing—amazing in exactly the way that expert tennis, or expert billiards, or expert squash, or expertness in any other game is astonishing, especially to the overwhelming number of those who play the game and who try to do these same things in the same way. An arbitrary number of strokes is allotted to each hole—sometimes three, most often four and on the long holes five. This is called par, and means perfect golf. That is, when par on a hole is four, and the player makes that hole in four he has done

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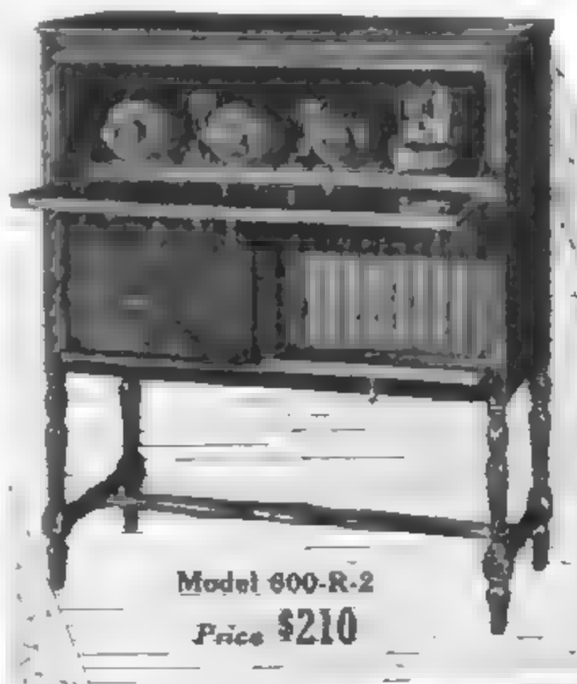

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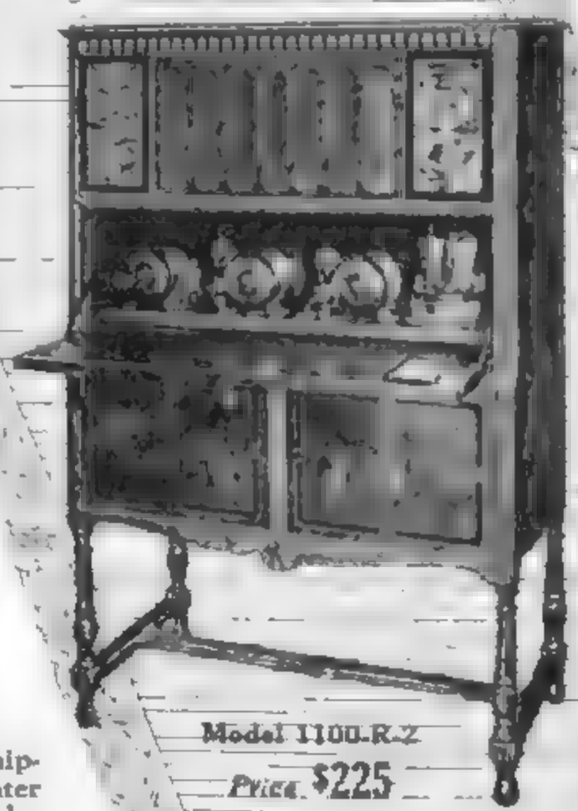

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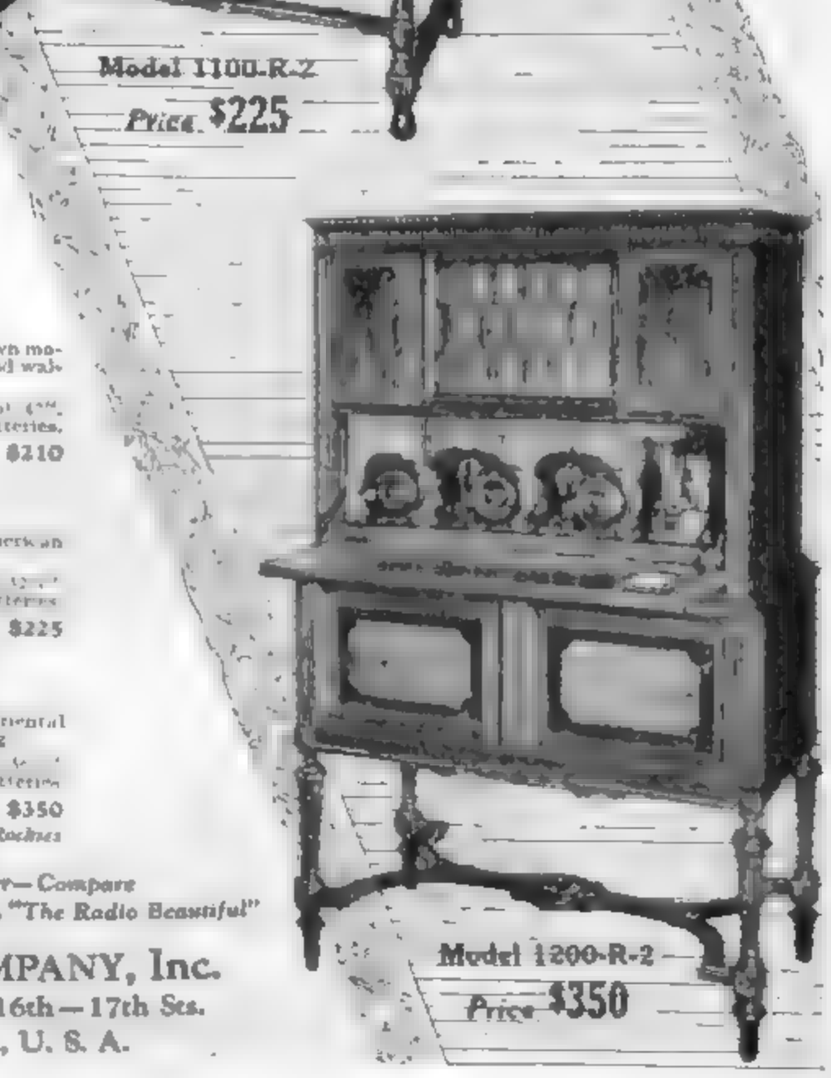
All Models Equipped with Atwater Kent Five-Tube Open Radio Set of great selectivity, tone, distance.



Model 600-R-2
William & Mary Style

American walnut or English brown mahogany duo-tone. Rosewood and walnut inlay.

Length 38", Depth 15½", Height 42". Complete without tubes and batteries.

Price $210

Model 1100-R-2
Stuart Style

English brown mahogany or American walnut duo-tone.

Length 42", Depth 15½", Height 42". Complete without tubes and batteries.

Price $225

Model 1200-R-2
Louis XVI Style

Selected American walnut and Oriental burl. Floral oak interior lining.

Length 42", Depth 15½", Height 42". Complete without tubes and batteries.

Price $350

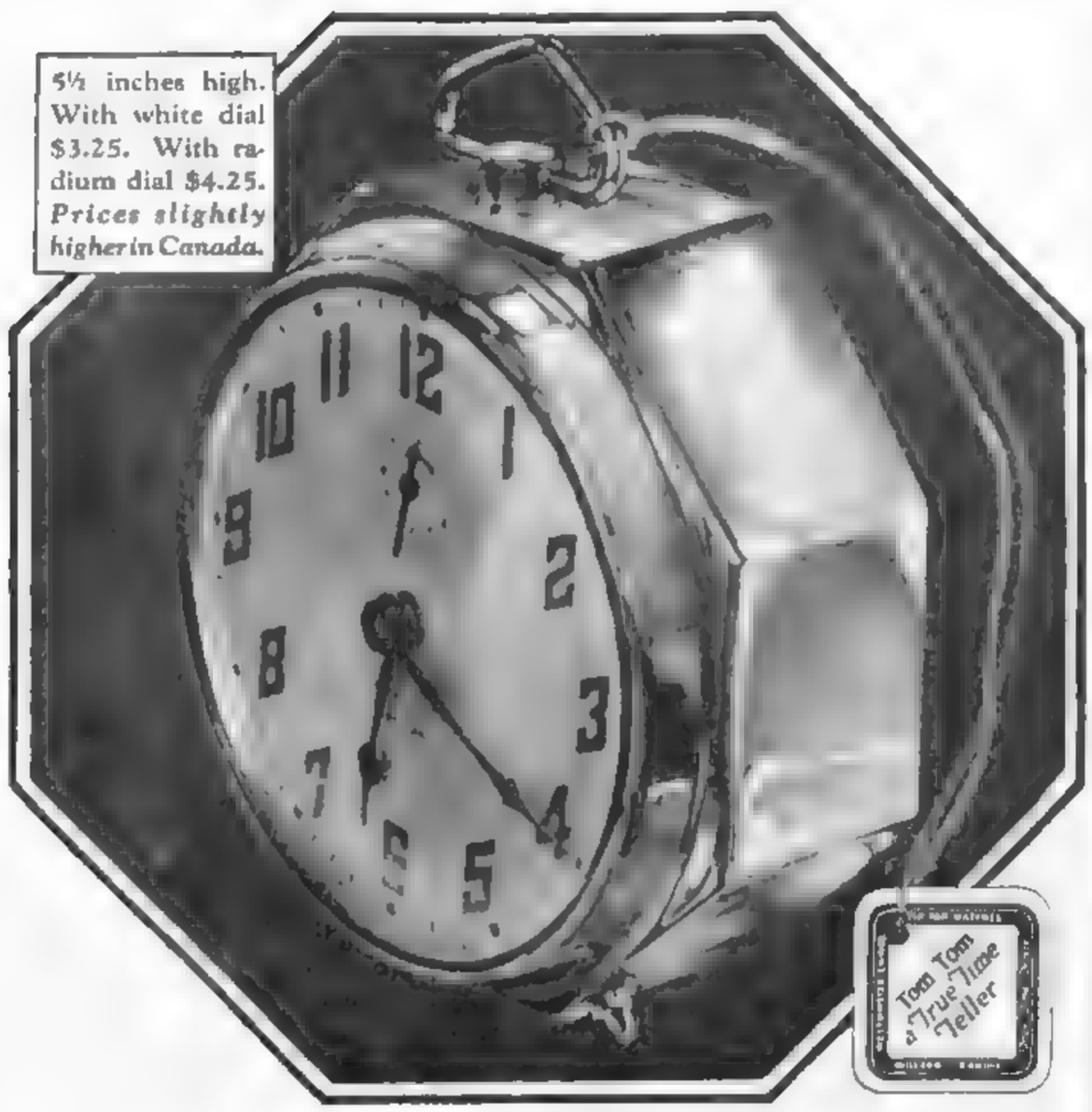
Prices Slightly Higher West of Rockies

See Your Dealer—Compare
Write Dept. R for brochure, "The Radio Beautiful"

POOLEY COMPANY, Inc.
Indiana Avenue, 16th—17th Sts.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Model 1200-R-2

Price $350



5½ inches high. With white dial $3.25. With radium dial $4.25. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

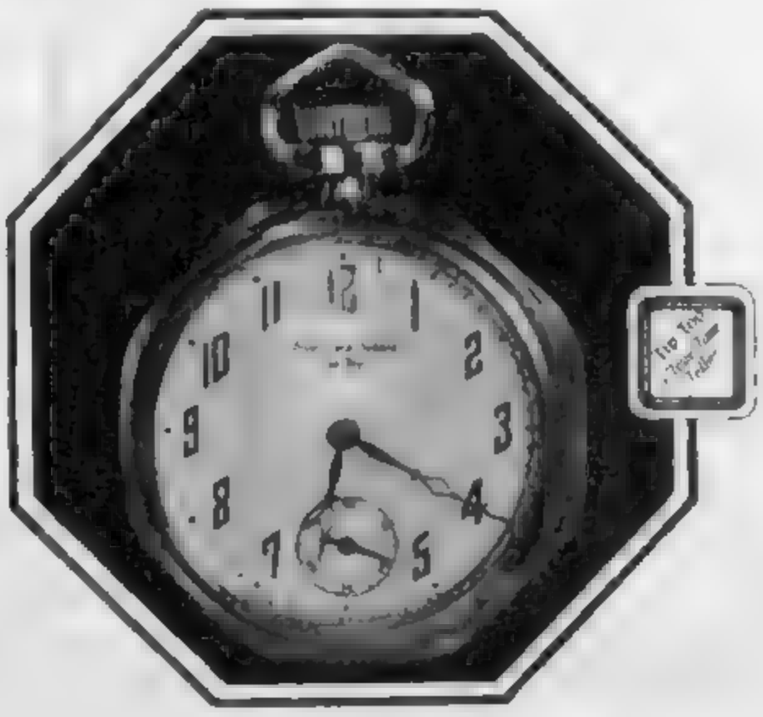
"Tumble out!" *shouts* Tom-Tom

HE MAKES you tumble out . . . if it takes all his twelve insistent calls to do it. Twelve clamors in ten minutes, at half-minute intervals. Each one loud enough to rouse you sure.

Tom-Tom's mighty considerate too . . . ticking his accurate time so low you scarcely know he's around. Even with every other sound dead still, even in a room with ten Tom-Toms, you hardly could hear them tick! The time is absolutely dependable; tested for accuracy 48 hours, and keeping accurate time for 40 hours after winding.

See how good-looking Tom-Tom is. Handsome octagon shape and curved glass front that lets you read his time at any angle of light. He's superb for almost any room in your home. With top-ring to match the octagon, cubist figures, his curves, lights and shades are artistically perfect!

Tom-Tom has a junior by the name of Tidy-Tot, dial 2¼ inches. Same octagon shape convex front, repeating alarm and silent tick. Go to your dealer and ask him to show you these distinctive clocks. The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn. Clock makers since 1817.



Tip-Top, the beautiful octagon True Time Teller watch. With soft quiet tick. White dial $1.75. Radium dial $2.75. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

all that was expected of him as to strokes; albeit, by virtue of the enormously over-elaborated importance those who make their living at the game attach to certain ways of doing things, he may have been extremely unscientific in his methods of getting his par.

The initial delusion of the man or woman who takes up golf is that it is a vigorous exercise, which, of course, it is not. To be sure, it affords an opportunity for a more or less leisurely stroll over three and a half miles of turf, out-of-doors, and that is something, but it is not vigorous exercise. A round of golf played by two persons in ordinary health and vigor takes about two hours and a half. And granting that these persons do not walk in a straight line, which they do not, mostly, but zigzag across the course after their erratic balls, they walk, say, another mile. Fancy calling walking two miles an hour exercise, especially when even that strolling is punctuated by a large number of stops when others are making their shots, by waits at tees where benches are provided so these vigorous exercisers may seat themselves, and so on.

Walking as an exercise does not begin to be vigorous until you do four miles an hour, and it is only vaguely an exercise as done on the links by the average American golfer.

The swinging of the clubs must be taken into account also. That, it is claimed, means much to the shoulders and arms, and so on. It may mean something, but not much. The golfer does not carry his clubs himself and thus add to the exercise they all talk about so much. Certainly not. He hires a small boy to tote the bag of instruments with which he operates in such sacred solemnity, in order that his mind may not be distracted from the momentous business in which he is engaged. The average golfer swings his clubs about one hundred times in the course of a round, and those clubs weigh a pound or so. However, about half of those swings are on the putting greens, where they are not swings at all, but mere strokes or taps, and thus about as much exercise as making a mark with a lead pencil. And a good many more are chips with mashies, and short strokes for approaches, and so on.

A Sad and Stodgy Diversion

Compared to real exercise, such as tennis or squash or a four-mile-an-hour walk or a gallop on a good horse, golf is a mild affair, but at that it is well worthy of the vogue it has, because it does get otherwise sedentary folks out-of-doors, and it does, if utilized as a game instead of as a serious job of work, provide diversion to those who have the faculty of being diverted, which many Americans have not.

As a vigorous exercise for the vigorous, golf isn't much. Conversely, as an exercise for many of those who toil at it, it is too much. When we first began to play golf in this country it was sneered at as an old man's game, and a lot of old men believed the sneer was based on fact. The truth about golf as a game is that good golf is a young man's game, and the younger the better. The outstanding golf players everywhere are young men, although there are some veterans who still are great. But the idea that any man can make himself into anything but a mediocre golfer if he does not begin until after middle life—if he does not begin before forty—is a delusion. It can't be done, speaking in terms of par golf, which are the terms all authenticated, ticketed, professional and writing golf persons do speak in, and none other. Golf is an old man's game if old men will play it like old men and not try to play it like young men. They won't, however. Hence that column in the newspaper where they gather in the statistics about the enthusiasts who drop dead so numerously on the links all about the country.

The trouble about golf in this country is the trouble about many other things in this country. We are immoderate about it. We are immoderate on the material side of it and we are immoderate on the physical side of it. Most of all, we are immoderate on the mental side of it. There is where we shine. Golf, as played by the majority of Americans, is a solemn, stodgy rite, a concentrated, complicated, sad and serious job of work. We make it a task, a round of miserable and, mostly, frustrated effort to do certain things the way only a certain gifted few can do them, a three hours of worry, futile effort, mental anguish, violent passions, loud profanity, eternal alibi, nervous strain; and there is no joy in it. We Americans do not play at golf. We work at it. By all the niblicks from San Francisco to St. Andrews and back again it should be play, and not work.

Also there has developed, at many clubs, a pernicious gambling feature in golf. And in our overplaying of the game and overcapitalizing it, we have overplayed and overcapitalized the betting, as we have every other phase of golf. We do not let our betting stop with small wagers to add to the zest of the competition, staking a dollar three ways, or two bits or half a dollar a hole. Often heavy betting is done, not only by players but on players. Big Calcutta pools are sold on tournaments, and some of the betting by individuals is very heavy, particularly at the richer clubs. I saw a putt on an eighteenth green one day that meant the winning or losing of two thousand dollars. Some men who were gamblers rather than golfers were playing and by a series of carryings-over and doubling they had come to this preposterous outcome

One of the leading golf amateurs in this country told me a time ago that the growth of gambling in golf, between players and on players, was hurting the game enormously. I suppose the two-thousand dollar putt I saw was uncommon.

I never heard of a greater stake on one stroke, but bets of a hundred dollars and more a hole are not at all extraordinary at many clubs, and this sort of stuff does not do golf any good.

Tragedy on the Putting Green

As I have said, I have been playing at golf—playing at it, not working—for twenty-five years, but I make no pretensions of any expertness at it save in one regard—I get fun out of it. I refuse to take it seriously, save as a diversion, and am fairly well known in golfing circles as one of our leading golf scofflaws. I contend that all this solemn stuff we see printed in books, read printed in newspapers and in golf magazines, hear declaimed in clubhouses and locker rooms, listen to as exhorted by hugger-mugger professionals and, worst of all, see exhibited on the links—is entirely extraneous to the real object of golf, which is to have a good time in the open air, enjoy a friendly competition with fellows you know over skill at hitting a golf ball, and do it all with a light and joyous spirit instead of in a dour and laborious striving. I contend that it really means nothing permanent in a man's life whether he makes a birdie on a golf hole or doubles par provided he gets some fun out of it. Of course, as we play golf in this country, the missing of a short putt is a tragedy, and the taking of eight strokes on a par-five hole is a calamity second only to a plague.

I assert that all there is to the game of golf is hitting the ball after your own fashion as best you can, and that all this elaborate system and schedule and science built up as to golf strokes by men who get their money teaching golf, and men who get their money playing golf, and men who get their money writing golf, is bunk. I call the attention of all and sundry to the men who hit the ball hardest and farthest. If there was a set science and schedule and system to hitting a golf ball, the best golf players in the country would all hit a golf ball the same way. Do they? They do not.

If it were possible to gather all the golf teachers and pros and so-ons of golf in one place and let each one demonstrate how a golf ball should be hit, exactly as he tells the poor fish who pay anywhere from a dollar and a half to ten dollars a lesson for his expert advice, and then go up on a tee and hit a ball himself, what would happen? This: There wouldn't be one out of five hundred of them who would go through one-tenth of the gyrations he asserts to the gaping pupil are absolutely essential to the correct golf stroke, and most of them would plaster the pill at least two hundred and fifty yards down the fairway. Out of any fifty, any hundred, or the whole boiling of them, no two would stand exactly alike, grip exactly alike, swing exactly alike, or do anything at all connected with the stroke exactly alike.

"Ha," shout the golf teachers and golf writers, "there is where you make your mistake. Granted they do not present the same appearances in any degree in any of their stances, grips, swings or what nots, the great, overwhelming, crushing fact is

(Continued on Page 173)

Robert L. Blanchard
of The Van Kannel Revolving Door Company, world's largest manufacturers of revolving doors, and Vice-President and sales director of The Combustion Specialties Corporation, manufacturers of Combusto Draft System

The shorthand Executives used to say:

'She's busy now. Let it go.'
Has all she can write today
'I used up her time dictating.'
"She can't get out all she's taken."
'She can't help me with other things.'
'Forgot it before she came in."
She was out to lunch."
If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind.'
Out sick, so my letters have to wait.
"When here alone, I'm helpless.
"All this saps my initiative.

Freed from the fetters of shorthand–

How much more work can be turned out by a man using The Dictaphone than by the same man who clings to shorthand?

FIFTY per cent more, some executives say. Others set the scale far higher. But *every* Dictaphone user finds his output amazingly increased.

Robert L. Blanchard, of The Van Kannel Revolving Door Company and Vice-President of The Combustion Specialties Corporation, discovered that he could *triple* his activity.

Sales expanded nearly 300 per cent last year, making necessary fifty new men on the sales force. Conferences, sales talks, telephone calls, correspondence—like a relentless flood they threatened to drown him.

In less than ten days, however, Mr. Blanchard had the stream flowing over the spinning wax cylinders of his new Dictaphone. Natural, perhaps, that a man interested in developing and merchandising the modern revolving door should turn to the modern Dictaphone method of handling correspondence and office routine.

For here is what he discovered: The Dictaphone keeps his mind free from cluttering details. After an important interview or telephone conversation, or when an idea comes that needs letter or memorandum form, he can get it off his mind immediately whether Miss Constable, his secretary, is on hand or not. Any and every spare moment—day or night—he can answer correspondence.

Because of the hours The Dictaphone salvages, he now has time for real administrative work,—for solving sales and production problems, developing new policies.

Miss Constable on her side found that she doesn't have to write letters twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter. She isn't delayed by waiting for dictation or interrupted in carrying out the work she is responsible for. She has time to relieve Mr. Blanchard of innumerable executive details. The Dictaphone has promoted her from secretary-stenographer to assistant!

Madelyn Constable is secretary to Mr. Blanchard in the highest sense of the word. Freed from taking dictation, she has time to relieve him of a load of executive detail.

The shorthand Secretaries used to say:

'No one else can read my notes.'
"Yes, I do mind staying late."
"Cold notes are maddening."
"Corrections, corrections, corrections."
"Shorthand is nothing to boast of.'
"Swell chance of a raise. I've no time to show initiative!"
I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
"Those awful waits while he chats over the phone!"
"Hours wasted while he's in conference."
Nothing doing until 3, and then two days' work."

Shed routine—at our expense.

You know that an executive's success depends upon his ability to plan new enterprises, develop new policies! But are you giving yourself *time* for creative work? Are you freeing yourself from the burden of routine, that enemy of constructive thinking?

You can do it *now*—by giving The Dictaphone a trial.

Just get in touch with the nearest Dictaphone office and say you want to test The Dictaphone—a New Model 10. It's yours for as long a test-period as you desire—without expense or obligation.

Look in your Telephone Book for nearest office

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION
154 Nassau Street, New York City

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

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Made and Sold a Better Way

Can You Tell WOOL

There are four little secrets about telling what is wool—and what is not. No one can fool you if you know them. Simpson is glad to have these tests applied to all its goods—for there is not a yard of shoddy in our establishment.

The four ways to tell all wool fabrics are explained in a little book we'd like to send you. It has a lot of other facts that every man should know about the clothes in which he invests his money.

Write for a copy of How to Tell Wool to—

J.B. SIMPSON INC.
CHICAGO

Here's a clothing advertisement that contains some *news*.

And ends with a big surprise!

Simpson used to tailor only for the *trade*. Now, we make tailored to order clothes for the *individual*. The same high grade of work but marketed a less expensive way.

All men can pay the price that now buys Simpson quality.

Any man who pays more does so because he wants to.

The Simpson story is soon told. Read how a Simpson suit is made and sold. See if you could ask more of any suit or coat. See if you can imagine a more satisfactory way to buy one.

First, realize that these clothes are *all wool*. We have never made them of anything else, and never will. Our styles are full of individuality but without a single "freakish" feature. *Simpson styles are good style anywhere.* Our tailoring standards are so exacting that a tailor who has worked for Simpson can work for any house in America.

No clothes can be quite like these. Your measure is taken by a direct representative. He understands our method of measuring. We understand his measurements. Every suit or overcoat is then cut and tailored to your individual measure and always ready the tenth day.

Simpson suits and overcoats are not a sideline. You cannot find them on a table in the store. Nor be measured for them in a haberdashery. Our own representative offers you the Simpson line. He brings you a wealth of beautiful fabrics—to your home or place of business—at your convenience. He is a man worth knowing—has a business worth holding. See him when he calls, or ask us to put you in touch with him *now*.

And now for the good news! There is only one *grade* in Simpson suits and overcoats, and only one *price*. Whatever your choice of material or model *you pay only $31.50*. (Except when you order one of our breezy Summer suits of special Tropical weight all wool at $21.50!) That's what modern methods have done to the high cost of clothes!

To ambitious men who are seeking a business opportunity: there is no pleasanter work than representing Simpson, and none that can pay you better. We may have an opening in your territory; we will tell you if you write us. Just ask for our new book, The Simpson Plan, and our application blank.

J. B. SIMPSON, *Inc.*
CHICAGO
New York · Detroit · Boston

Tailored to Measure Clothes Direct Representatives Everywhere

(Continued from Page 170)

that in the essentials, in the basic things, they are all alike. That will hold you, you poor mistaken fish." But does it? It does not as we do golf in this country.

It would hold me fast as in a vise if these golf teachers and writers confined themselves to those essentials, to those basic principles. It would stop me dead in my tracks if these golf pastors and masters would admit that the basic principles are the ones that count. But they do not. When you take a golf lesson in this country, save in a few instances where the teachers are not peddling pronations instead of selling facts, you are jargonized into a haze with angles, incidences, charts, pivots, pronations, rhythms, grips, stances, and so on, with a vast and incomprehensible patter that seeks to, and does, envelop what really is a simple business in a cloud of intricacy that is about as understandable as Einstein's theory of relativity, and about as useful to a pleasant afternoon on the links.

I am making no criticism of golf teachers, *per se*. No person, man, woman or child, should take up golf without first going to a teacher and learning the few essential, basic things. No person, old or young, will be as good a golfer without lessons at the start as with lessons at the start—lessons that instruct as to grip, stance, swing, and so on—that give the intending player an idea of what to do and a glimmer of how to do it. With these, golf is up to the individual who tries to play it. He can do it, or he cannot do it, and that is the sum and substance of it.

There are exactly two essentials—basic—in the game of golf, instead of all this stuff that has been dingdonged at the incoming player since golf began to have enough of a status in this country to make it profitable for specialists of various sorts to take hold of it and muss it all up for their own profit. These two basic principles can be stated in a few words, mostly of one syllable. The first is this: Keep your head down and your eye on the ball. The second is this: Hit the ball, and hit it easily and cleanly. Around these essentials have been twined pronations, and rhythms, and psychologies, and mental attitudes, and concentrations, and timing, and tuning, and turning, and stiffening, and relaxing, and pivoting, flexing and inflexing, and coördination, and all this and that, until the American golfing public has been led into the belief that golf is a serious and an important and a momentous undertaking, and must be so regarded.

A Joke for Every Stroke

This situation is as full of jokes as the usual musical comedy isn't. Joke Number One is that golf in this country was developed and paid for and is maintained and paid for by men who have the money, and that means, up to about ninety-five per cent of the supporting class, men who did not take up golf until they had established themselves so securely in their business and professions that they were able to indulge themselves in the matter of paying for recreation. Hence, men ranging toward middle age and over. These are the props of golf. Look over the contributing membership list of almost any golf club and see. These are the men who make the sad ceremonial of golf, mostly. These are the men who fall hardest for all the bunk. These are the men who perform the rite of golf when they go out instead of playing the game of golf. And in the name of the blithering baffy, what's all the shooting for?

If these concentrated and complexed golfers would take a look at themselves, at the game and all the rationalities of it, they might see a great light. Probably they wouldn't, but they might. The basic inescapable fact about golf is that out of the two or three millions or perhaps more golfers in this country there are not ten real expert par golfers living who took up the game after they were thirty-five, and not a hundred who took it up after they were thirty. A man who does not begin to golf until he gets to forty or thereabouts—in the majority of cases the dead line is thirty—can no more become a par golfer than he can become a Tibetan lama.

Look the real golfers over. At their tops they are very young men, mostly, and even in their advancing years they are practically all men who began playing when they were boys. Still, the United States is all cluttered up, from end to end and up and down, with men of maturing and mature years who wear themselves to frazzles on the links seeking to attain the unattainable instead of taking what golf offers them in a joyous spirit, which is, now and then, fair proficiency and always a lot of fun. Golf is a tragedy with ninety per cent of our players, a serious business and, hence, as ordinarily played, a deadly bore.

The second joke is a scream. As golf developed in this country and showed vitality and vogue we Americans naturally and congenitally began improving it and elaborating it and making it more expensive, and one way we did all three was to turn our improving passion loose on the implements of it. We began playing golf in this country with gutta-percha balls which had sufficed abroad for many years. Soon some inventor stepped in with a livelier ball than the gutty, and then it was all off. We found we could get more distance, naturally, with a lively ball than with the dead gutty, and we went to it because distance is the god of all golfers.

Lively balls and livelier balls and liveliest balls came along, and it was discovered that the courses were too short for the long hitters who, aided in their prowess by the lively balls, were getting distances that ruined the game on our comparatively short courses. What to do? In stepped the golf architects and golf engineers and gave the answer: Lengthen the courses. So there began in this country the saturnalia of course remaking and lengthening that was at its peak a year or two ago and caused the expense of golf to the ordinary player to mount to almost prohibitive figures, and the difficulties of it also.

Comic Opera Tactics

We strung our courses out to 6600 and 6700 yards, but this lengthening had to stop somewhere because there was a bottom to the contributing purse of the players. However, it cost the golf supporters of the country uncounted unnecessary millions, and when the courses were all lengthened it was found they were still too short. Again: What to do? The intellectual giants who spent all this money on lengthening and penalizing courses to meet the demands to the lively ball pondered the problem and finally decided they must shorten the ball. So now they are prescribing another sort of a ball that won't go so far.

Consider that situation: First they lengthened the courses to meet the demands of the long ball, and now they are shortening the ball to meet the demands of the long courses. A comic opera could be written about that.

The third joke is that notwithstanding all this enormous overelaboration of the game, all this alleged science, this teaching and discussion bunk, this incredible mass of hocus-pocus that has been twined around the game, and that has been accepted as gospel by the golfers who pay the upkeep of the courses and support the game, the vast majority of American golfers cannot make an honest round of eighteen holes—honest—in less than ninety strokes to save their golfing lives. Suppose it were possible to draw a line across some level space big enough to accommodate a few million people, out on a Kansas or Nebraska prairie, say, and herd all American golfers there.

Then, if all golfers who can honestly do less than ninety were placed on one side of the line, and all golfers who range from ninety upward were placed on the other side of the line, it would be found that a hundred times more golfers were on the upward-of-ninety side than on the other.

Now par on most regulation golf courses ranges around seventy-one. Seventy-one strokes exemplify real golf, or seventy-two. Thus the vast majority of golfers in this country cannot come within eighteen or nineteen strokes of real golf. They are at least a stroke a hole to the bad, and the majority of that majority all more than that. The average golf game in this country ranges from ninety-five to a hundred and ten strokes per round. I mean golf with no adventitious lead-pencil aids, or forgotten strokes, but decently and honestly played. And that is the best most golfers can do now, have ever been able to do, or ever will be able to do. Why not recognize the facts and quit all this solemn drudgery, and go out with a light heart and play as well as is possible, and let it go at that?

Well, why not? Principally, I suppose, because we Americans are not gaited that way. We have no rational philosophy of enjoyment or attainment. We fall harder

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Very simple—by using Ditto; although they had been quite sure, a year before, that they had no particular need for Ditto.

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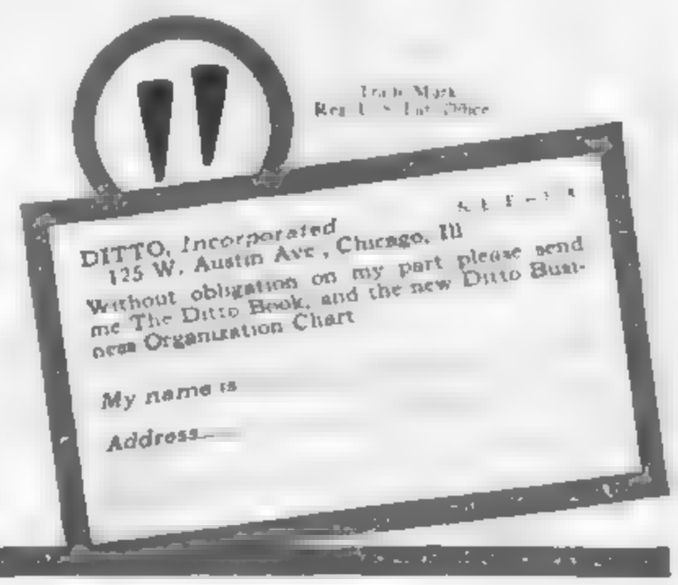
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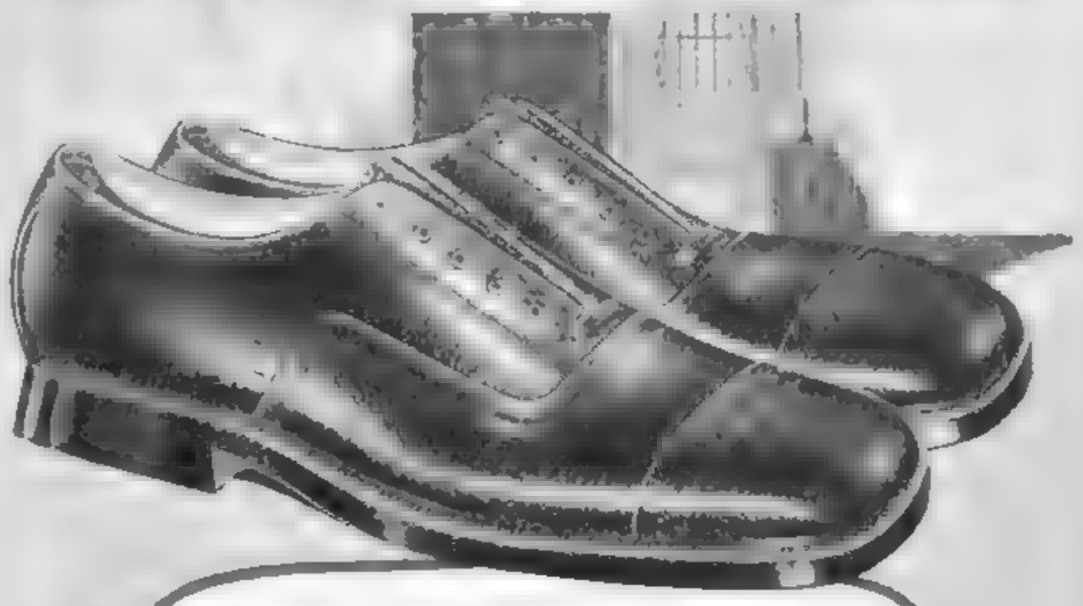

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for a theory than any other nation whatsoever and are blinder to a fact. A hard-headed, conservative, successful business man who realizes his opportunities, holds rigidly to his possibilities, does not try to spread out beyond his limitations, becomes a golfer, and immediately he begins to seek the unattainable, which is all right enough, but he makes a tragedy of his failure to find it. He becomes a serious golfer, than whom there is no more boresome person extant.

Look them over. Watch their stern, set faces, observe their vast even if ineffectual concentration, see their unending struggles and, most ridiculous of all, attend their ceremonials and requirements, their absurd seriousness with a trivial matter, their laborious heavings and strivings to do what they cannot do and never will be able to do. Hear them curse when they flub a shot. See them throw their iron away. Watch them slam their putters into the turf. Put your hands over your ears when they abuse their caddies. Note the tremendous tragedy of a foozled drive. Listen to the constant stream of alibis. Observe them when they announce their strokes and conveniently forget that missed one in the rough or in the trap. But don't laugh. Do not laugh. The poor devils are dying.

All this is comic enough, but the real farce is in the ceremonials attending the progress of these hapless creatures around a course. They are business men or professional men or what not, but men who do things one way or another, who meet emergencies, handle big problems, make great deals, are accustomed to difficult and dangerous and trying ordeals, who meet business and professional competition boldly and with American directness. But what are they on the golf links? Finicky, nervous, irritable, exacting, unconscionable bores.

Watch them on a tee. A great and a solemn ceremony is about to be pulled off. It is impossible for any of these to maintain the necessary equilibrium of his gigantic mind unless there is a sacred hush. There can be no movement among the others. There can be no noise, even the slightest. Each must stand back and away and out of the vision of the fevered eye that this player knows he must fasten to the ball. The slightest stir will so disconcert this intellectual giant that he will miss or fuddle his stroke. Hush! A great and important thing is about to be done. Stand petrified while he twists and waggles and wavers and glares adown the fairway. Absolute silence for the supreme moment in a life. It is an outrage never to be forgiven to breathe, even, while he decorates the tee. There is a comic strip for you—a two-hundred-pound human being, more or less endowed with the divine gift of a thinking and reasoning mind, standing up there and demanding all this sacred tosh, else he cannot hit a golf ball with a club made for that purpose. And that's the way with ninety per cent of them.

A Solemn Moment

It is worse on the putting greens. There is where the rite reaches its apotheosis. That is the locale of the supremely sacred stuff. It is desecration, heresy, the unmentionable crime, for those not actually involved in the ponderous business, to the putt to be made to be else than fossilized while this weighty affair is negotiated. No one may stand in the line of the putt without rebuke. No one can be in any position whatsoever, within sight of the tail of this nervous eye, with his shadow across the line of the putt or on the hole, with any rustle or movement whatsoever, without grossly infringing on the stability of the mental attitude required for the matter. There must be a solemn hush. The business is sacrosanct.

This golfer, albeit he may be a husky of two hundred pounds, and a leader in finance, or business, or medicine, or law, is a shy, timorous, shrinking, easily flustered being on a putting green, and it were criminal recusancy not to freeze into immobility and remain so while he goes through the usually fruitless ceremonial of kneeling down and surveying the line of the putt, walking around and getting the topographical layout of the few feet his ball must traverse, measuring the distances, and so on, with elaborate and ritualistic hocus-pocus before he misses the putt.

Once, not long ago, I was playing golf with a man who is highly successful in an extremely competitive business, a big, muscular two-hundred-and-ten-pound bundle of blood, muscle and energy, a cold, hard, practical person, who battled his way up with his two fists. I was away on the first putting green, and made my putt. I stepped back out of his vision and froze into a statue.

He had a putt about four feet long to make to halve the hole. He stood glaring at me, and I wondered what crime I had committed, and shrank into as small and as immobile a compass as possible. He waved his arms and glared. I did not comprehend.

Finally with a groan he went over to the cup, took out my ball and almost threw it at me.

"What's the idea?" I asked him.

"Idea?" he sputtered. "Idea? Why, that's an outrage! How can I putt when that ball is in the cup?"

Not a Game But a Rite

Slowly it dawned on me. This burly, two-hundred-and-ten-pound, hard-headed and hard-fisted captain of industry could not control either his mind or his muscles sufficiently to enable him to make a four-foot putt because a small white golf ball, weighing about two ounces, was resting at the bottom of a tin cup six inches deep and four inches across and sunk into the ground.

That wasn't an extraordinary demonstration. Scores of similar things happen on every golf course in this country on any day when golf is being played. I could instance a hundred showings of this ludicrous, this farcical intensity and solemnity with which we Americans take our golf. But what's the use? Every golfer knows of them, and most golfers practice them. I repeat: Golf isn't a game with us. It's a rite.

And it's all wrong. We have overexploited the game of golf financially. We have oversolemnized it mentally and physically. We have surrounded it with a vast incubus of swank, expense, importance and conventionality. Wherefore, as one golfer who does not think that it takes a year off his life to miss a putt or flub a drive, I call on all others of the light-minded golfing minority, who do not think there is anything sacrosanct about golf, who do not think it is a sacred social ceremony or a gambling medium, and that it is a fairish sort of game if played in the decent company of other light-minded persons and not on the same course—which is only occasionally possible—with those hordes of toiling, drudging, laboring, absurd persons who take their golf seriously, to see if anything can be done about it.

Let us join and put forth a clarion call to our joyless golfing countrymen and ask such of them as possess even a rudimentary gland of humor to lay off this serious assiduity, this stern and dreary devotion to golf duty that marks most of the golf in this country, this forsaken, fantastic, forlorn, industrious golf, this golf of precept, ritual, futile striving and grave and momentous effort, and let a little sunshine into the game. Intrinsically, it is a good game. But in these United States it has been stupidly developed into a preposterous, ritualistic, conventionalized, too expensive and utterly incongruous ceremony.

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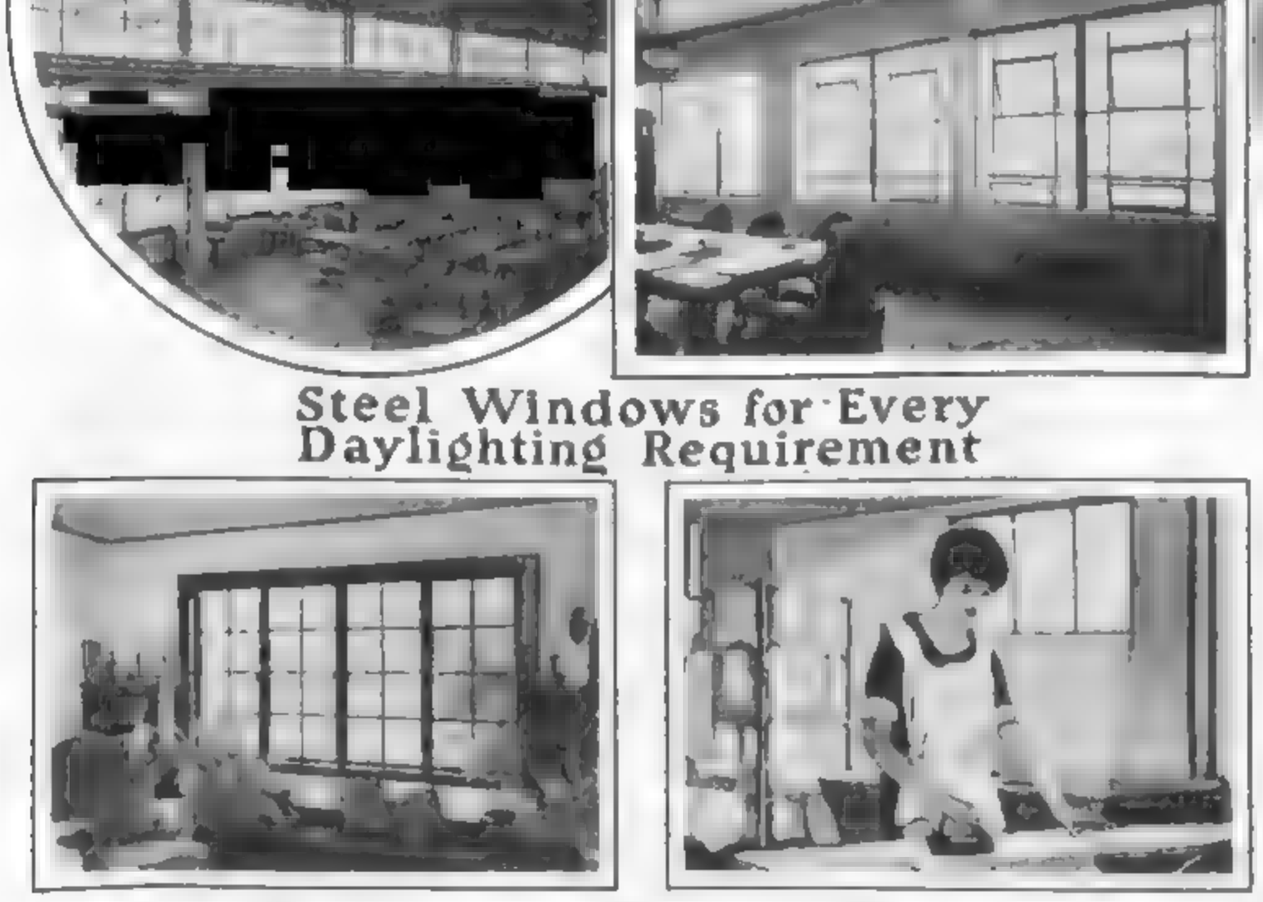

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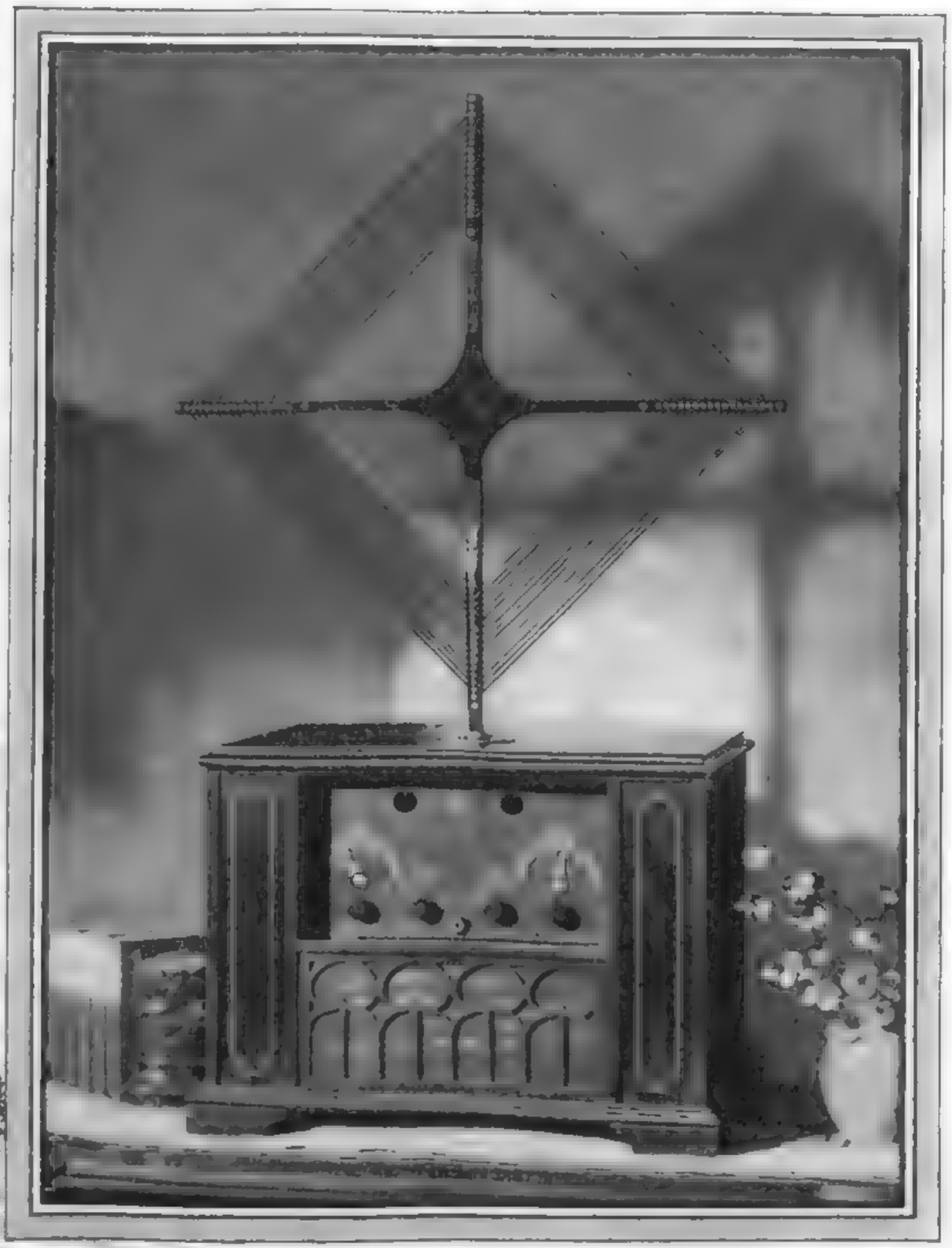

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WINTER FISHING

(Continued from Page 23)

the finer distinctions within those types there is really no difference. Your trout will rise to one as readily as to another.

If a man's fly book contains twelve varieties, he is equipped, for then he will possess a sample of each kind or type. No; I am not going to name them; this is a conversational, not a controversial article. If trout will not rise to one of these, they are not rising at all; and if perchance you catch a few on some freak or some minutely differentiated variety, those few would have risen anyway to one of the old reliables.

Sure! I know all about that time when you tried all the flies in your book—spent the better part of the day tying them on in fact—and then when you reached Number 48, which was a Markwell's Murderer, you got a creelful. But I cannot agree with you that this experience proves anything in favor of including the Markwell Murderer and all the other fifty-seven varieties in your book—unless, of course, it amuses you. That is a legitimate excuse. One fishes to amuse himself. When you finally began to catch 'em on that fly, you naturally stuck to it. But if you had changed to the good old Brown Hackle—of which the Markwell Murderer is a fine-spun variety—you would have had just as good luck. It merely happened that the fish began to rise coincidentally with your arrival at the Murderer in your conscientious progress through your fly book.

For fish have those strange freaks. My brother, Mrs. White and myself were once fishing one of the larger streams in the Sierra Nevadas. We were several miles apart. All of us had the same experience—that is, we cast with absolutely no success for a long period of time; we changed flies experimentally; and all at once we struck it and began to catch them by the dozen. Back in camp, we compared notes. We found that each of us had at last hit upon a different fly as the proper medicine. But we found also that with all of us the trout had begun to rise at the same hour. How they pass the word so instantaneously that it is time to eat I do not know; but it is a curious fact that this experience is very common, that at a given moment, through all the length of a stream, the trout will wake up and begin feeding.

And the fly you have on at that moment gets all the credit!

The Bolshevik Lure

But within the common-sense limits above mentioned, trout do sometimes display preferences so marked as to astonish even the old-timers. We once made our way in to a very remote lake in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, where many years before someone had planted Eastern brook trout. They had increased in numbers and had grown to a size that made even a difficult journey well worth while. Of an evening, one could take from twenty to forty fish, none of which weighed less than two pounds, and some of which went over four. That is, we could do so after we had constructed the Bolshevik fly. Before that we raised a few once in a while. Then by experiment and elimination we discovered that what those fish wanted was red, and no foolish compromise. The flies that had no red on them were completely ignored; those with red tails or bodies, like the Royal Coachman, aroused more interest; the Parmachene Belle was pretty fair, and, as everyone knows, the Parmachene Belle is wholly red and white.

"Well," sez we to us, "if that is your debased and radical taste, you shall have what you want."

So we took a huge fly as a basis. I think it was a Number 4—ruthlessly shore it of its wings, and on it tied a chunk of scarlet worsted from Mrs. White's sash. It looked like an old-fashioned curtain tassel when we got through, and when one cast it, it fell with an effect of devastation. Nevertheless that was what they wanted, and we snared them as before described.

Often this extreme choosiness confined to one locality is due, I am convinced, to some local condition that affects the action or the appearance of the bait used. The bizarre or unusual element in the said bait merely compensates for that condition; brings it back to normal, so to speak. On the east side of some islands, for example, one can take salmon on the McMahon type of wabbler, while on the other side of the same island they won't even look at it, and if you would succeed, you must make one of your own according to the local pattern. Now these are the same salmon, presumably seeking the same prey. It is probable that underwater swirls of tidal current exist in the latter case which destroy the action of the McMahon type and necessitate something in the way of a new design; and it is more than probable that by way of result both wabblers, each in its own water, wabble in identically the same manner.

By this time many who have read these articles have registered a praiseworthy and indignant mental reservation. Twenty to forty heavy trout at a remote lake each evening! And if possessed of the vigorous combative temperament, they may have made up their minds to write me about it. And I shall be the first to applaud that determination on the basis of the facts as understood.

Exercising the Fish

Only, the facts are not all in possession. I have never knowingly and willingly wasted a fish in my life. Furthermore, there is never any excuse, no matter what the circumstances, for anyone anywhere to kill more than he can use. Most people seem to think that they must make a bag, get the limit. And if they happen to be in some remote locality where people to give them to are scarce, they catch them anyway, and try to smoke them or salt them or do something else to ease their consciences. Sometimes they have no conscience, and heap them up—after the inevitable photograph—to rot on the bank. I have seen it done; but such people are in no sense sportsmen; and in a future, more enlightened age will be shootable at sight. Still, the tendency is natural. One can eat only so much fresh fish at a meal; and one hates to quit after catching just one big one.

But there is no necessity to quit. I always catch all the fish I can, or as many as will satisfy my sense of enjoyment of an afternoon's sport. The trick is very simple—I just put them back. It can be done successfully, safely, without the least harm to the fish, provided one observes a few elementary conditions. In the first place, do not allow him to slam about against anything that is hard and dry. The landing net is all right, for that is wetted in the process of netting. In the second place, always wet your hand before grasping the fish's body. A dry hand tends to remove the delicate coating of slime, and that sometimes allows the growth of a parasitic fungus. In the third place, do not put back any fish that bleeds. Keep that fellow for the pan. However, if you fish with a fly, as you should where sport is your object, you will find that hardly one in a hundred must be retained for that reason. If you observe these simple precautions, you may fish to your heart's content, comfortably assured that you can have a good time and that the only effect on the trout is to provide them with healthful exercise and variety in what must after all be a somewhat monotonous life.

For it can be emphatically stated that it does fish no harm to handle them if the handling is done in a proper manner. The manipulation required to remove a fish hooked lightly in the gristle of the jaw is as nothing to that necessary for the expert stripping for roe in the hatcheries. Yet even then the average of harm done is negligible. And when you finally release him, do not just chuck him overboard with a splash. Sink him gently below the surface and quietly open your hand. He will lie there for an instant motionless; then all at once the realization will come to him that he is free. With a quick flip of the tail he will dart down into the depths, swift as an arrow, leaving behind him a comical impression of surprise and relief. Try it; it's fun. And you will find that shortly you will be reversing the usual fisherman's procedure; instead of saving the big ones and throwing the little ones back, you will be letting the five-pounders go and keeping the delicious six-inchers for the pan.

One summer many years ago it happened that I was so situated that I could experiment with some of these things at considerable leisure. For a number of weeks I was in permanent camp by a wonderful trout stream north of Lake Superior, where the

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brook trout ran up to seven pounds in weight. The stream was of good size, almost big enough to be a river; but it consisted not of a uniform deep flow but of a succession of large deep, clear pools separated by broad shallow riffles. Having nothing much else to do, I arranged by a series of rock barriers and woven willows a series of weirs across three of these riffles by which two of the largest pools were separated from each other and barred from the stream.

Thus I became possessed of two large containers almost in the nature of aquariums. Then I would spend days catching all the fish out of the upper pool and transferring them into the lower. After this was successfully accomplished, I began on the lower pool and returned them to the upper. Some of the larger fish I marked by making small nicks in the hard edge of the gill covers. Thus I determined that one rather sardonic old three-pounder—named Alphonse—I had, before the summer was ended, hooked and landed no less than seventeen times! He did not seem to learn by experience—or perhaps he did. Perhaps he came to enjoy it, and looked on his battle as part of his daily dozen; or possibly he rose when he wanted a change of scene or wished to go visiting in the other pool. At any rate, it seemed to do him no harm.

It amused me also to try to determine, by means of marked fish, just how soon after being caught they would begin again to take the fly. The shortest period of which I could be certain was about eighteen hours; though I suspect the period to be much shorter in some cases.

The Fish That Fight Best

The fighting quality of game fish is largely dependent on environment and circumstances. For this reason a violent discussion as to relative gameness of the different species is wholly futile. To institute a true comparison one should take them in the same waters. The Dolly Varden, beautiful as he—or she?—is, one does not ordinarily consider on a par with the rainbow or the Eastern brook; nor does one expect it to rise vigorously to the fly. Yet I know of waters on the British Columbia coast where occasionally the Dolly makes up its mind to rise freely, and when it does it gives as good sport as any fish I ever hooked. In a certain cold river up in that same coast the cutthroats fight with all the speed and jump and dash of any rainbow that ever swam. And I have seen places where either the rainbow or the Eastern brook is so sluggish as to be unworthy of attention.

Nevertheless, once I had an opportunity to settle, in my own mind at least, the relative merits of salmon and trout, pound for pound. I was fishing a certain river for trout, and I may state by way of parenthesis that they are there to be had large and lively. My rig was the usual five-ounce fly rod, the seventy-five feet of enameled line and the six-foot leader. For the moment I was not casting a fly, but a Colorado spinner; a mere flick of metal which one casts and uses almost as one does a fly. This was the exact paraphernalia with which I have caught many trout up to and including nine pounds of weight.

After a time I got a noble strike, and the fish started away at once so strongly and rapidly that I had the greatest difficulty in turning him, and only succeeded just about as my twenty-five yards of line was down to the last. Then I gave my attention to fighting him. By his actions he ought to be a very large one, and as the hook on my little spinner was very tiny, I thought it good policy to get him in before it had worked itself loose. Therefore I gave it to that fish as hard as the tackle would permit. But do my very best, it took me just one hour and ten minutes to get near enough to use the net. Then I discovered that I had caught a seven-pound coho salmon on its way upstream to the spawning beds. After salmon enter fresh water for the purpose of spawning—on the Pacific Coast, that is—they are not supposed to bite, so this one was a distinct surprise. Acting on this hint, I next evening went upriver with a proper salmon outfit and caught a forty-one-pounder in fast water!

But the point of this especial incident is this: I have caught a considerable number of seven-pound—or thereabouts—trout, and in waters where the trout fight hard; but never has it taken more than twenty minutes or a half hour to net that size fish on this tackle. The salmon, of the same weight, required double that time; and, as I said, I was not babying him either.

To be sure, there is one other consideration—a seven-pound salmon is rather a small one, while a seven-pound trout is a big one. Every fisherman knows that the quality of the fight does not depend entirely on the size of the fish. Of course, the sheer weight of the very large ones counts in a tackle-breaking contest, so that you cannot land them quite so soon, but I am talking of dash and fighting spirit. There is a sort of medium weight in any species of game fish that combines the maximum of speed and determination with sufficient solid avoirdupois to make them effective. With trout, that weight is usually between two pounds and three and a half; with coho salmon, between five and fifteen. And even when you come to the big springs you will find that though it may take you considerably longer to land the fifty-pounder, and though he may put you in more danger at times, nevertheless it is the twenty-five-pounder that will give you the hardest, liveliest fight for it.

Speaking of fights, it may—or may not—surprise you to learn just what pressure you are exerting on your fish by means of your rod. Generally people overguess; judging, I suppose, by how tired their wrists become in the course of a long struggle. It amounts, on the average fly rod, to from a pound to a pound and a half at the tip. This is at the maximum, when the rod is describing its full arc.

It is a truism to say that the weight of your tackle should be adapted to the weight of your fish. Slaughtering yellowtail or salmon on tuna tackle is small sport, though it is frequently done by supposed sportsmen who wish to boast that they have caught these fish on the rod. On the other hand, one should not go to the opposite extreme and so handicap himself by such light rods or lines as to neutralize his own skill and throw success into the category of pure luck. When a man does the job properly he is entitled to the result.

Nevertheless, there are times there is a lot of fun in experimenting to see what can be done in difficult circumstances. It is often possible to do so without jeopardizing valuable tackle. In case you have sea room, as with fish such as the small bass that lurk around the edges of kelp beds in deep water, you can have a lot of fun by substituting for your line a spool of ordinary black sewing thread. You do not wind this on the reel. By pounding a small nail part way in one side of the spool to act as a handle, you can, with a little ingenuity, attach the spool itself as a reel to your rod. With this rig, in deep water, it is perfectly possible to land bass up to three pounds in weight. If the thread breaks there is no great loss. You will lose a lot of fish, of course; but then there are a lot of them. And as soon as you have determined by expertment just how much of a strain your rig will stand, you will be astonished to see how your percentage of success will mount.

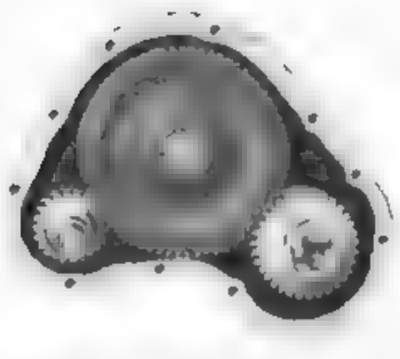
A Question of Ethics

All this is fishing for sport. There is also fishing for fish. By this I do not mean the fellow who sits on the bank with a bob and a worm. He is fishing for sport, too, though in a humble and benighted fashion; and the same basic rules of sportsmanship obtain for him as for his scornful brother with the dry fly. But to some of us there come times when the fish ceases primarily to be game and becomes a mere article of food. Then his acquisition becomes a matter of expediency. At such times your hungry wilderness traveler may, with—to my mind—essential justice, become somewhat unethical. He is justified in employing any means whatever to get that fish, with the single proviso that his methods are not widely destructive. Thus he may use a stick of wood to club 'em to death—if he is that clever; but he may not use a stick of dynamite. Between the two is the difference between one fish—possibly—and a poolful of fish. The laws of sport are formulated to regulate the methods of taking game fish so that those methods shall be fair from a sporting point of view. But fishing for fish is just going to market. Sometimes you can get a by-product of sport in going to market, but not always.

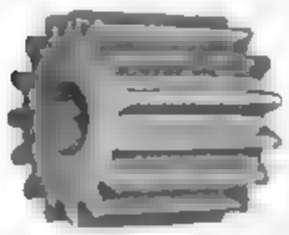
Once upon a time I came upon a trout stream in the high mountains. It was the first I had seen for some time. I was traveling alone with a saddle horse and a pack

(Continued on Page 181)

In your radio set— in your factory— in your home—



More than a million cars now have these silent timing gears.



Many industrial gear drives use Celoron silent pinions.

Whenever there is need for insulation, in radio sets, in current lines, in electrical appliances; wherever power is transmitted, in automobiles, production machinery and household equipment—there are countless uses for Celoron.

CELORON is a comparatively recent product of the modern laboratory. It is a new substance with new chemical and physical properties.

Chemists describe Celoron as a laminated material bonded with phenolic resin. Electrical engineers call Celoron the ideal insulating material.

You are probably using Celoron or Diamond Fibre today in your radio set, telephone, vacuum cleaner, and automobile. For the uses of Celoron and Diamond Fibre are many and varied. In many cases they have taken the place of rubber, glass, and porcelain as insulating materials. Celoron also takes the place of metal in industrial and automobile gears.

The distinctive characteristics of Celoron are its mechanical strength, its high insulating properties, and its ability to shed water. These qualities make it particularly valuable in radio and wireless telegraphy.

Celoron is impervious to heat, oil, water and most chemicals. It defies steam, withstands cold, resists moisture. It is practically indestructible and actually improves with age.

Celoron may be drilled, tapped, sawed, bored and machined. If you desire further information regarding this dependable insulating material, write us.

Celoron Panels are used today by leading radio manufacturers and more than a million radio fans.

Send for this sample

We will gladly send you a sample of Celoron 5 inches wide and 7 inches long which is large enough to use in making a wave trap. Just send us ten cents in stamps to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

The Diamond State Fibre Company
Bridgeport, Pa.

Enclosed find ten cents (stamps or coin) for a sample piece of Celoron 5 inches wide and 7 inches long.

Please send me also a copy of your interesting new booklet, "Facts about Celoron."

Name

Address

DIAMOND STATE FIBRE COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, PA., and CHICAGO, ILL.

Toronto, Can.—Branches and Sales Offices in Principal Cities—London, Eng.

The oldest and largest manufacturer in the vulcanized hard fibre-laminated technical materials industry

Cameo Quality RECORDS

35¢
10 inch double disc

15¢
7 inch double disc

Cameo Quality Formed a New American Habit

Cameo is the original 35c record—but that is only part of the story.

Cameo was the first record of genuine, unalloyed quality to sell at the price. And *still* that's not the whole story.

Cameo not only *started* on a quality basis but is going to *stay* there.

Form the typical American habit of looking for the Cameo name when you buy records and get the newest hits as soon as they *are* hits.

These new Cameo releases—just out—are as enlivening as a spring tonic. They have the sparkle and tunefulness and zip that will keep many a phonograph going long after bedtime.

DANCE

627 BECAUSE THEY ALL LOVE YOU *Fox Trot* — Bob Haring and His Orchestra
HAVE A LITTLE FUN *Fox Trot* — Dixie Daisies

640 TOO TIRED *Fox Trot* — Bob Haring and His Orchestra
BEETS AND TURNIPS *Fox Trot* — Varsity Eight

643 PRINCE OF WAILS *Fox Trot* — Bob Haring and His Orchestra
LAFF IT OFF! *Fox Trot* Laughing Chorus — Weston and Young

641 DOO WACKA DOO *Fox Trot* — Varsity Eight
HAPPY (Watchin' All the Clouds Roll By) *Fox Trot* — Varsity Eight

645 GOTTA GETTA GIRL *Fox Trot* — Bob Haring and His Orchestra
I CAN'T STOP BABYING YOU *Fox Trot* — Egan Olympic Theatre Orchestra, Pittsburgh, Pa.

642 THE ONLY ONLY ONE (For Me) *Fox Trot* — Paul Van Loan and His Orchestra
LONELY ME *Fox Trot* — Paul Van Loan and His Orchestra

646 Oh, MABEL! *Fox Trot* — Varsity Eight
EASY GOIN' MAMA *Fox Trot* — Jack Denny and His Orchestra

VOCAL

650 ROSE MARIE, From "Rose Marie" *Tenor Solo* — William Robyn
DOWN IN PICKANINNY ALLEY *Tenor Solo* — Addy Britt

649 COME ON OVER *Tenor Solo, Piano Acc.* — Mulle & Stept
BABY, WHAT IS YOUR NAME? *Tenor Solo, Piano Acc.* — Mulle & Stept

648 ELIZA *Duet* — Salt and Pepper
'WAY OUT WEST IN KANSAS *Duet* — Salt and Pepper

637 AT THE END OF THE ROAD *Tenor Solo* — William Robyn
BLUE EYED SALLY *Duet* — Bernard & Robinson, Dixie Stars

607 THE PAL THAT I LOVED STOLE THE GAL THAT I LOVED *Tenor Solo* — William Robyn
WHERE'S MY SWEETIE HIDING *Tenor Solo* — Addy Britt

625 IN SHADOWLAND *Tenor Solo* — William Robyn
ALL ALONE, From "Music Box Revue" *Tenor Solo* — William Robyn

Take a selection of Cameo-Kid Records home to your youngsters and watch their faces light up! Blithesome Mother Goose rhymes—jolly little games—the tender lullabies that Grandmother used to hum—thrilling once-upon-a-time stories that arouse their child impulses—stirring patriotic airs—and all sung and played by famous artists that you know well!

Write for complete catalogue of Cameo and Cameo-Kid Records

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David Grimes Radio & Cameo Record Corp.
249 W. 34 St., New York City

Cameo records are sold by
S. S. KRESGE CO. STORES
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THE BURG CO. VARIETY STORES
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H. A. McELROY CO. STORES
G. C. MURPHY CO. STORES

[illegible] phonograph dealers [illegible] phonograph dealers through [illegible] the country

(Continued from Page 178)

mule, and I had then been out nearly five weeks. Naturally the thought of a crisp fried trout or so for supper seemed good. I unlimbered my rod and went to it. The stream here flowed placidly through a meadow, or park. I could see any amount of trout. They proved to be scornful trout. I tried every fly I had and offered them in every fashion known to what skill I possessed. Then I descended to grasshoppers and grubs from the decaying logs and such things. Nothing doing. I did not ask those trout to take any trouble about it. By the exercise of extreme and delicate care, time and again I floated the most luscious morsels right up against their noses. They merely stared in goggle-eyed detachment. If they deigned to notice my offering at all, it was merely, without perceptible movement, to fade slowly from view like a movie fade-out.

Thus, as the said movie would caption it, time passed and the imminent approach of nightfall marked the end of another day. So I went back to my simple camp and laid aside my fishing tackle and seized my trusty .30-40 and so returned. Selecting one good-sized fish lying in comparatively shallow water—a fish, by the way, that had previously and repeatedly made manifest sentiments as to my bait and efforts no red-blooded he-man could possibly accept after the third reel—I took careful aim just above him and pulled trigger. Stunned by the impact of the bullet on the surface of the water, he floated belly up. Unsportsmanlike? Sure? I was fishing for fish.

On another and somewhat similar occasion we found our trout in a tiny trickle of water, hardly big enough to be called a stream. They inhabited bowl-like pools not over four or five feet in diameter and a foot or so deep. This was the dry season. After the rains they probably had more elbow room. Just at present the whole thing was in miniature, including the fish. But however small they were, they looked good to us after a meager fare. The only difficulty was we had no fishing tackle at all. Still, we had a grain sack. So one of us held the sack open at the bottom of the pool and the three others constituted themselves beaters and tried to shoo them into the sack. It was not sportsmanlike; we were fishing for fish; but what with a grand row and splashing and tumbling about and much laughter we did get considerable low-grade fun out of it.

When the Fish Wouldn't Bite

There are times when fish are not biting, and that's all there is to it. One may snare an occasional exception; but take it by and large, about all that can then be done is to wait with what patience one can summon for a piscatorial change of mood. But there are other times when the water is ringed by rises in all directions, and still the whole repertoire of fisherman's skill fails to engage their attention. That always makes it interesting. It is then up to us to figure out the situation, to solve a new problem; and when once we find out what it is all about, we have added onto ourselves new knowledge for the future.

Many years ago a party of us were camped on a stream north of Lake Superior. We had been having our usual good luck for some weeks, and all at once the fish ceased to pay us any attention. None of us could tease them up, try as we would. No luck at all! Then one day, after this had been going on for some time, I got tired of casting after some hours of vain and varied efforts, and sat me down on a bowlder to smoke my pipe and enjoy the rush of the stream and the brilliance of the autumn foliage and the migrating birds and other things not connected with aggravating fish. Still, it was impossible to keep my eyes off the swirls that marked their risings or my mind off the problem of why they would not rise for me.

Thus finally a single little fact was forced in on my stupidity. It was autumn and the natural insects were dying and dropping into the stream from the overhanging bushes. It was on these the trout were feeding. That gave me an idea. I offered my fly again, but instead of manipulating it on the water, I cast it against the side of a bowlder and let it drop into the water of its own weight. It was taken instantly. From then on I had good sport, to the great mystification of my companions, who continued to draw blank. Yes, I told them; but not until I had put it all over them for a couple of days. That seemed only a fair reward for being a bright boy.

When the Bell Rang

But the time I remember with particular pride in my judgment as to the selection of just the proper tackle for the job in hand was many years ago in the southern part of Arizona. The place was a typical cow country at that period. It was so close to the Mexican border that many of the features of the old Wild West still lingered. Among others of these features was the town of which I would now speak. It consisted of one street fronted on one side only by a close-packed row of low one-story buildings with projecting wooden awnings. The other side of the street consisted of corrals of various sizes and a warehouse or so. Behind the solid front of the business section, shacks and adobes of all descriptions were scattered about haphazard, inhabited mostly by Mexicans. Beyond them was the Tin Can Belt, and beyond that again the open range.

The business section possessed a wide ramshackle sidewalk under its wooden awning, a continuous hitching rail along which drooped sleepy cow ponies, and an occasional water trough. There were two general stores, one drug store and the post office. All the rest were saloons and gambling houses. At the end of the row stood the hotel.

In the bar of this latter were accustomed to gather all the leading citizens, together with whatever cattle owners and their foremen happened to be in town. It was the swell dump, catered to the élite. Outside its door hung a huge bell, like a fire bell. Only it was not rung for fires, nor was it rung idly or without due and sufficient cause. When its notes smote the air the entire population within hearing—Mexicans, Chinese and negroes excepted—drunk or sober, high or low, understood that they were privileged to throng into the palatial barroom of the swell dump and there order what pleased their fancy and at no charge to themselves. In other words, that bell was a signal that the drinks were on somebody. But he who rang that bell rashly, in an attempt to mulct a companion without due cause of successful practical joke or its just equivalent, would find that the drinks were on him. So, as I said, the bell spake seldom, and then not idly.

I first arrived in this town late in the afternoon and put up at the hotel until an opportunity offered to join the J H outfit somewhere out on the range. Very soon I made the acquaintance of the leading citizens. They were a cordial and interesting lot, and I had a good time. Also they were most helpful in assisting me to what I

PHOTO. BY JOHN MCCORMACK, BANFF

Bighorn Sheep, Banff National Park, Canadian Rockies

DUNLAP
Celebrated
HATS
581 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Agents in all principal cities
The "Metropolitan" has the lines of youth. With the wide brim that fashion has made popular in the soft grays and tans. The Dunlap designers have caught the one best style for Spring
The "Metropolitan Special" is a variation of the "Metropolitan"—for the man who looks better in a hat with a less pronounced brim. It makes it possible for every man to be in style
A CAP is more than a cap when it has Dunlap style. Dunlap caps for 1925 are made of the softest imported materials, with the flat, square-cut visor our designers have brought from England.

With Stacomb, perfectly kept hair is now so easy to have

Hair that always stays in place
—yet never greasy looking

Smooth, well-kept hair is now so easy to have!

However dry and straggly your hair may be—however hard to control after washing—Stacomb will hold it just as you want it—*all day long*.

Yet you'll notice no oily shine, no sticky matted look. This delicate, invisible cream keeps hair *naturally* in place. It is actually beneficial and tends to prevent dandruff. Notice the immense improvement in the looks of men's and women's hair wherever you go today. Stacomb is responsible.

Not gummy or sticky. In jars and tubes (or the new Liquid Stacomb if you prefer) at all drug and department stores.

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Dept. A-53.

Stacomb
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE
Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-53
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.
Name
Address

Perhaps you could putt—

on an enlarged billiard table

But don't be too sure. If a billiard table with ordinary cloth were enlarged to the size of a putting green, the "grass" would look like very rough fairway.

But if the table were covered with Simonis Cloth, the "nap", the tiny fibers, would stand up like closely-cropped grass, more true than any putting green in the world.

Where do you play?

Ask the room manager if the tables you play on are covered with Simonis. Tell him Simonis lasts longer, wears more true, is better for your game and that *practically every important championship is played on Simonis covered tables.* Conti's record run of 477 at 18.2 balkline was made on Simonis Cloth.

We will gladly tell anyone where he can buy Simonis Cloth.

Simonis Billiard Cloth

HENRY W. T. MALI & CO.
Sole Importers of Simonis Cloth since 1826
25 Madison Ave., New York

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
435 Independence Square, Philadelphia; Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

wanted. In the course of the evening the subject of fishing came up.

"If you like fishing you ought to stay over a day and go out to Buena Vista Lake," observed the judge.

I expressed surprise. I had not supposed there was any fishing short of the higher altitudes of the White Mountains. I did not even know there was a lake in this lower and presumably arid country. They got out the map and showed me the lake. It was there, all right; and a good-aized lake at that, perhaps five or six miles across, to judge by the map. Also they convinced me there were fish in it—plenty of fish. You can tell when a man is telling the truth about such things, and there was no doubt as to their sincerity. They didn't know just what kind of fish they were—bass, they thought; but there were lots of them, and they could be caught. Most of those present had caught them.

"Oh, I don't suppose you'd call it much sport," disclaimed the judge. "You can't expect anything like what you've had in a real fishing country. But it's something to do. You can't catch up with your outfit for a couple of days; they're way over in the Double R country somewhere. Let's all go fishing. It'll make a good picnic anyhow."

This seemed like a good idea. Arrangements were quickly made. The judge had a good three-seated buckboard and a team broken to harness. The hotel keeper agreed to put up lunch. Every fellow was to furnish his own smokes and tackle. They offered to get me some tackle, but I had my short rod with me, as always. We separated with the agreement that we would assemble, fully prepared, in front of the hotel at eight o'clock the following morning.

The next day I was up early. I brought my duffel down into the hotel office, had breakfast, wandered out on the sidewalk to sniff the crisp desert air of early morning. The bell hung directly over my head. Its purport had been divulged to me the evening before, and as I glanced up at it some guardian angel, who was also a good sport, whispered something to my inner consciousness. In my kit upstairs was a set of the new geodetic survey maps, the latest large-scale accuracies, showing every fifty-foot contour and divulging detailed information the lithographed red-and-yellow advertising maps grandly ignored. I went up and looked at them. Then I returned my short rod to its case and sallied down the street to the general store. From it I borrowed my appropriate tackle and returned.

The buckboard drove up. The lunch and the drinks were packed away. The last member of the expedition appeared.

"Well, all ready!" cried the judge cheerily. "Get your tackle and climb in!"

I went into the office and brought out what I had borrowed from the general store. A pained silence fell.

"What—what is that?" finally asked the judge in a little voice.

"That, gentlemen," said I, "is my fishing tackle. I have been cogitating and I have concluded that though your statements of last evening are all strictly true, the manner of their conveyance was not without guile. There is indeed a lake; it is indeed full of fish. But the lake has been dry beyond the memory of man, and the fish have been fossil fish lo, these millions of years. That is why—if we must go fishing—I have brought this pick and shovel as the best tackle to use in taking them."

The judge handed the reins to his Mexican and slowly descended from his seat.

"And now, sir," he addressed me courteously, "will you kindly ring that bell?"

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. White.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Fits Through Your Windshield Glass

MOST everyone nowadays appreciates the unparalleled safety which the Fyrac Night Guide lends to night driving. But many do not realize its well-nigh boundless value in scores of other ways. 31 uses for the Fyrac Night Guide appear at the right. 31 uses. Think of that. And all these uses combined—including Fyrac's priceless safety factor—cost you less than a penny a day! *Only $12.75 installed.* Truly, the question is not whether you can *afford* a Fyrac, but whether you can longer afford to be *without* its safety, comfort and convenience at such a small cost. Controlled from inside the car, the Fyrac Night Guide is always in use, unhampered by curtains or closed windows. Installed by dealers while you wait; see it today.

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Makers also of Fyrac Spark Plugs

The right way to use the Fyrac Night Guide when blinding headlights approach is to keep its beam on the right-hand road edge. By doing this you will be able to:

1. Keep out of the ditch.
2. Avoid running onto skiddy gravel or soft dirt which frequently lines paved roads on either side.
3. Avoid hitting culverts or bridges.
4. Avoid hitting road walkers, bicycles, buggies, cattle, piles of repair material or other unlighted objects.
5. Keep from getting too far over to the left and colliding with the oncoming car.
6. Keep from running off the edge at dangerous railroad crossings.
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Trouble Lamp: The Fyrac Night Guide is removed from the windshield in a jiffy, for use as a trouble lamp, and is as easily replaced.

In addition to these safety uses, the Fyrac Night Guide proves its convenience in scores of ways, among them being:

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9. Finding street names.
10. Finding house numbers.
11. Following curve in road.
12. Pulling up to curbing on a dark street.
13. Turning into lane, driveway or alley.
14. As an auxiliary headlight on rough roads (shoot its beam in front of the headlights).

15. As a signal to cars ahead that you want to pass (shoot the beam out in front so the driver ahead can see it).
16. For safe driving behind car with large window in the back which causes a blinding reflection from your own headlights.
17. Finding a person on sidewalk.
18. Warning ahead at crossroads (shoot beam straight out to warn motorists on crossroads of your approach).
19. Finding a lost article on road.
20. Putting oil in motor.
21. Reading motometer.
22. Filling radiator in dark.
23. Making motor repairs.
24. Making tire repairs.
25. When headlights burn out, the Fyrac is worth its weight in gold.
26. Turning onto another road (shoot Fyrac's beam down the road; it lights the way before the headlights have made the turn).
27. Illuminating unlighted garage from outside through garage windows.
28. Unlocking garage or house door.
29. Opening gate.
30. Making camp at night.
31. Invaluable for mountain driving.

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the Legal Spotlight

No roofing material can equal Asbestos

IF YOU could see Johns-Manville Asbestos as it comes from the mines, before its everlasting fibres have been pressed into shingles or felted into sheets, no other roofing would suit you.

You have always known that Asbestos won't burn and that thousands of years have failed to rot it. But, do you realize what these facts mean in a roofing? Just this:

For a very slight difference in first cost, you can top your building (any building, see list below) with this kind of protection.

1. Lowest fire risk and insurance base rates.
2. Imperviousness to heat and cold.
3. Immunity to drought or soaking rains.
4. No painting or coating—(Who ever paints a rock?)

There are many kinds of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings to choose from:

Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofings for flat roofed buildings. Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles for homes. Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roll Roofings for sloping roofs of industrial buildings. Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding for skeleton frame buildings.

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Asbestos Roofings

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
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BLASTING ASBESTOS ROCK FOR PERMANENT ROOFINGS AT THE JOHNS-MANVILLE MINES

"One cup Pet Milk

1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
4 slices toast
1½ cups tomato soup
4 slices cooked ham
or 8 slices cooked bacon
4 tablespoons grated cheese

Mix flour and salt and add one cup Pet Milk slowly to make a smooth paste. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add tomato soup and mix well. Drop eggs one at a time into hot soup. Cover and let eggs poach slowly. Sprinkle with two tablespoons cheese. Arrange ham or bacon on buttered toast. Place one egg on each serving. Add sauce and sprinkle with cheese."

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Undiluted Pet Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost of cream.

Diluted with an equal part of water Pet Milk is extra rich milk—and costs no more than ordinary milk.

No *matter how diluted,* Pet Milk is *never skimmed milk.*

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(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

This might have been prevented!

Poison of Bad Teeth
Causes Malnutrition—
Interferes with Digestion and Assimilation of Food—Child Remains Undernourished

Examining an undernourished child

Don't wait to counteract tooth trouble

Prevent It!

Colgate's *removes causes* of tooth decay

These healthy little fellows know the safe way of caring for their teeth

THE time to fight unhealthy teeth is before disease sets in—not after. Give yourself and your family a chance to escape disease by the most effective and inexpensive method in the world—prevention.

Preventive science is the new development in dentistry. Its aim is to keep teeth healthy—and teeth can be kept healthy only when they are kept clean. Healthy teeth are as necessary to beauty as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion.

Causes of tooth decay must be removed—safely. Soap and chalk, scientists say, are the best agents yet discovered for cleaning teeth safely—and these are ingredients of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

"Washes", Polishes and Protects

Colgate's does not scrape teeth clean. It washes them gently and thoroughly. Washing action results from the mild vegetable oil soap. The chalk removes clinging particles of food and the soap washes them away. The mouth is left in its normal condition—refreshed and clean.

There is no grit in Colgate's, for grit scratches tooth enamel and thus invites decay instead of fighting it.

Colgate's contains no dangerous ingredients. Its function is to cleanse and protect.

The Safe Course

See your dentist at least twice a year and use Colgate's regularly. It is priced as sensibly as it is made—25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

Free—2 week trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 977
199 Fulton St., New York City
Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

This offer good only in U. S. A.

BAD TEETH and malnutrition are closely associated. In the United States 68% of the school children have defective teeth: 22.7% suffer from malnutrition. (Authoritative figures.)

Dr. Robert Hugh Rose,* in his book "Eat Your Way to Health" says, "If these defects were confined to the poor it would not be such a reflection upon our conception of how to nourish the nation, but the rich suffer about the same as the poor."

When teeth decay, either from faulty diet or from lack of care, development of the child is retarded both physically and mentally. Poison from decaying teeth permeates the body. Then serious trouble starts. Dread diseases may develop. Even life itself may be cut short.

Many cities have undertaken preventive dentistry in the schools. Philanthropic organizations have taken hold. Big business institutions are making tooth care compulsory. It means better work from employes, and fewer absences.

As education advances—as the serious effects of unhealthy teeth are becoming known—more and more forces are combating this national defect. Conditions can greatly be improved.

Give the child a chance!

These New York City school children are being given a chance to escape the consequences of unhealthy teeth.
Healthy mouths lessen the danger of "catching" disease.